Collier's

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

JUNE 7, 1941

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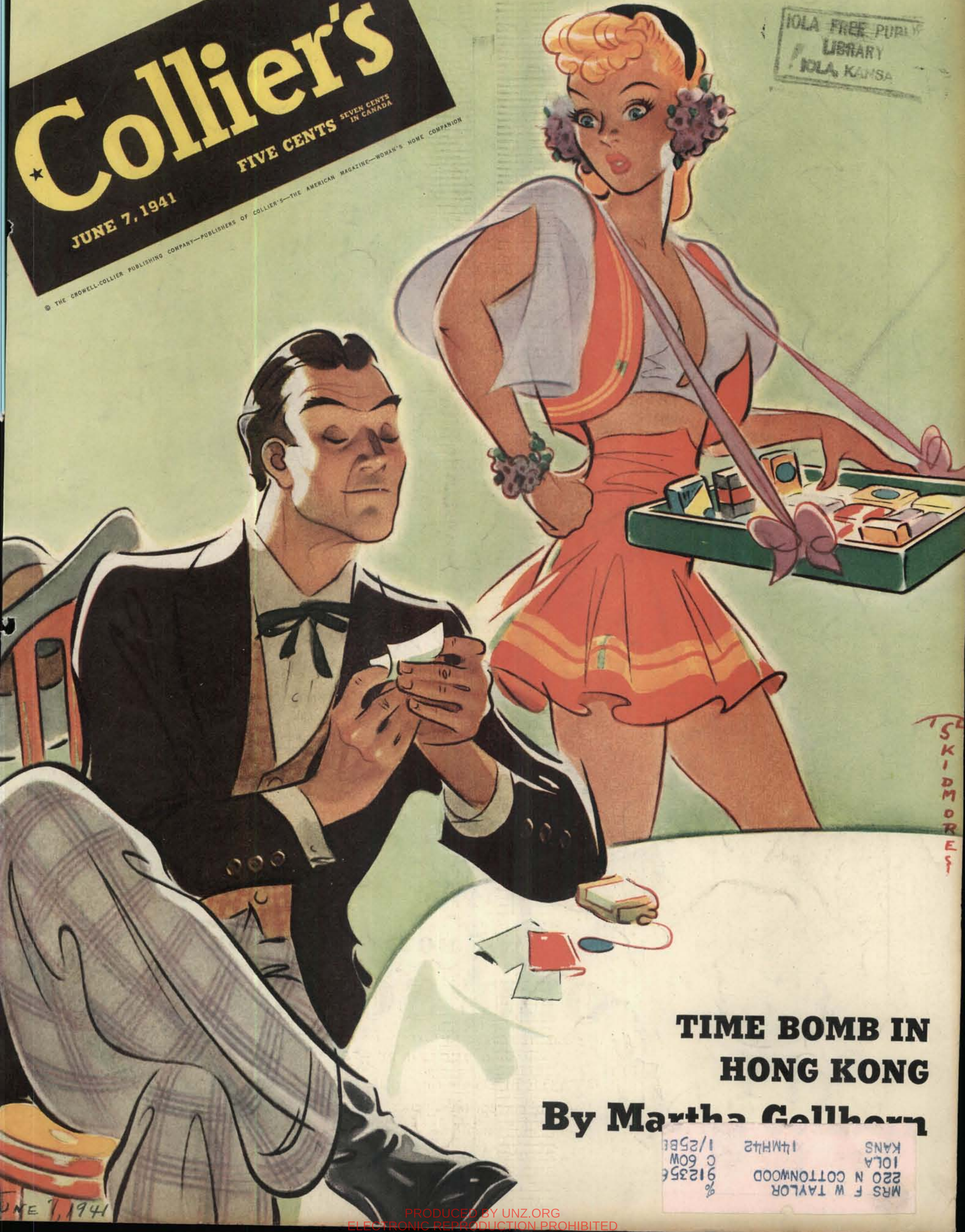

JUNE 7, 1941

TIME BOMB IN HONG KONG

By Martha Gellhorn

MRS F W TAYLOR
220 N COTTONWOOD
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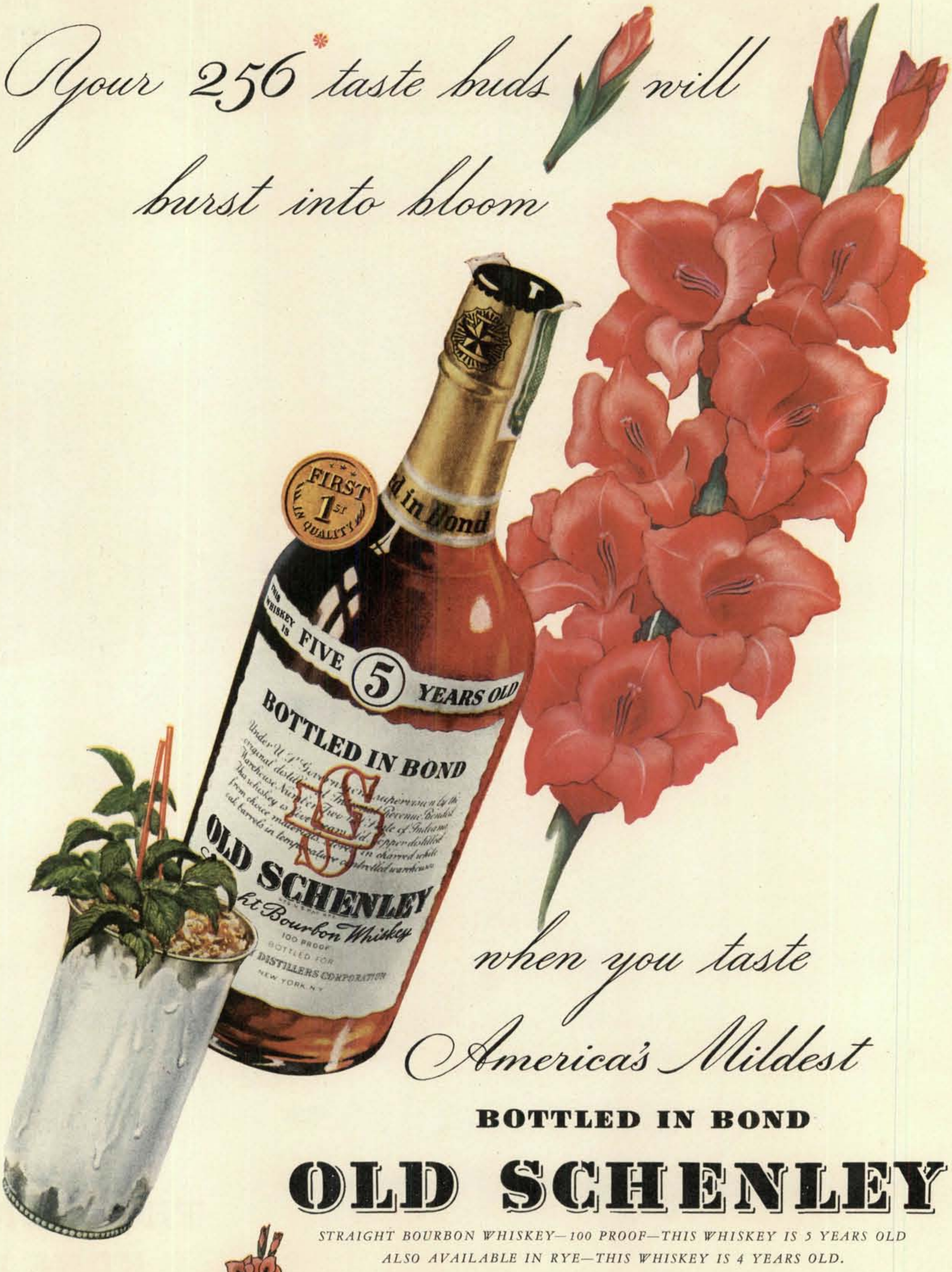
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your 256 taste buds will burst into bloom*


FIRST 1st IN QUALITY
in Bond
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Bourbon Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.

when you taste America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF—THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD
ALSO AVAILABLE IN RYE—THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD.

* TASTE BUDS are tiny palate nerves upon which your keenness of taste perception depends. As a normal adult you possess 256 such buds...each one of which will tingle with pleasure when you savor the flavor of America's Mildest Bottled in Bond OLD SCHENLEY.

Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, Edition No. 1, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, Dept. B.

"I don't care how lucky you are, there's one *CHANCE* you *dare not* take!"

"Before I tell you what it is, let me say that in twenty years of handling salesmen, it's the No. 1 Jonah. I know. Because I once took the chance myself . . . and lost. Let me give you the picture . . .

"For years we had been trying to get a crack at some of the immense and profitable Apex business—without success . . . couldn't even get in.

"Then one day Fate gave me my chance . . . dumped me down in a coast-to-coast plane in a seat right alongside Apex's president.

"What a break! What an opportunity! And did I muff it? One hundred per cent! All unconsciously too! Once on a friendly basis, he actually drank in everything I had to say about our line . . . asked a hundred questions. I thought I had done the best job of quiet, restrained selling of my career . . . paving the way for a future contact. But at Salt Lake City he asked the stewardess to switch him into the seat across the aisle and from there on he was 'icicles.'

"I couldn't understand why then, and I never knew until a chance remark I overheard months afterward revealed what had irritated him. Know what it was? My breath. It killed my chances cold . . . just as it can kill so many other men's chances.

"So I am saying to you men, now, that your breath is one of the things you dare not gamble on as long as you're working for me.

"So here's an order. Don't forget it: before you make your calls, help put your breath on the more agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic."

You May Not Know

You, yourself, may not know when you have a case of halitosis (bad breath); that's the insidious thing about this all too common condition. Unknowingly, you can offend the person you are most eager to impress. That's bad . . . in business and social life.

The Easy Precaution

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But fortunately, there is a delightful, easy precaution against halitosis due to the fermentation of food particles in the mouth, which some authorities regard as its major cause.

Simply rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine Antiseptic. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, and less likely to offend. Your entire mouth feels cleaner, fresher . . . wonderfully invigorated.

In business life, just as in social life, it's plain common sense to look after your breath before appointments at which you would like to appear at your best.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office. Tuck a bottle in your suitcase when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE BUSINESS OR SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

Collier's

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JUNE 7, 1941

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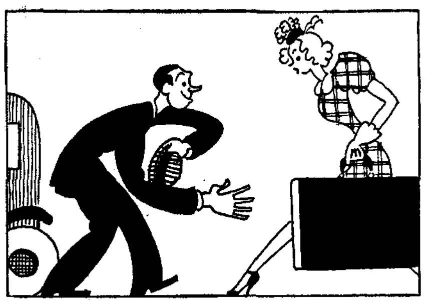
COVER T. D. SKIDMORE

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just had a nice instructive talk on suitcase morals by a San Francisco policeman. We got it because, in a few blocks on Powell Street, we passed what seemed to us to be an altogether unnecessary number of ladies trudging up and down that hill carrying suitcases. We noticed it first on our way down to Market Street—probably a dozen of them, each lady unaccompanied by anything but an obviously heavy suitcase. On our way back up Powell we counted those we saw coming down—exactly fifteen of them in eight blocks. You can see that we didn't have an overwhelming amount of important business on our mind. So we spoke to a policeman about the luggaged ladies. He was a little suspicious at first, asking us narrowly whether that's all we had to do—count baggage-bearing women. "Yes," we said, "it is." He asked us why we hadn't asked the ladies. We explained that we lacked courage. "Well, I'll tell you," said the cop. "For twenty years women have been carrying their own baggage up and down Powell Street and I never gave it a second thought until you come along and mention it. Some of them are just waiting for some guy like you to step up, tip his hat and ask to be allowed to carry her bag. But if he just carries it, walking, she's liable to get sore and call a cop. If he calls a cab she knows for certain he's a gentleman and thanks him kindly. And that's the story."

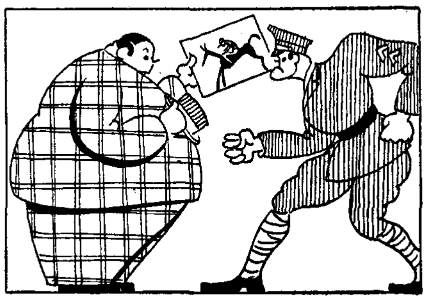


WE'RE supposed to be very close-mouthed about what we're doing. For the past week or so we've been shown a number of superwonders of defense, none of which we may explain. Maybe the prohibition is as it should be because we're almost as ignorant about them as when we started. All we know is that they're new and nasty, their very existence boding no good for somebody. They let us operate a few of them—unloaded, of course. We simply pulled levers or threw switches and heard engineers say: "See? Do you understand?" And we said, "Yes," rather than have them explain all over again. . . . We found the Western states, particularly the Pacific Coast, very lukewarm toward fighting in Europe or in the Atlantic. But as the prospect of a fight in the Pacific grew rosier, the West began to buck up. We knew pretty well what Americans thought of the situation so we tackled a Japanese who wanted to bet us five to three that "no person now living will live to see Japan and the United States fight." He put it this way: "Japan doesn't want to fight the United States and the United States doesn't want to fight anybody." We asked him whom Japan did want to fight, aside from China. "Russia," said he. "I will give five to three against Japan fighting the United States and three to five that Japan and Russia will be at war within five years." But we didn't take him, although we were impressed. He holds a captain's commission in the Japanese navy. He claims, too, that he hasn't lost a bet in five years.

WHAT this country needs is a few days of good news. Therefore, we enjoyed a brief visit we had with Mr. Jerome Bantsides of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Bantsides is organizing a news syndicate which will broadcast optimism. We said that he was going to have quite a time of it with the European and African dispatches but he was ready for us. "We shall ignore overseas stuff, ignore Europe," said he. "We shall tell the people when strikes are settled, but not when they start nor anything about their progress. Instead of obituaries, we shall publish births. If a great man recovers from an illness we shall say so, but pay no attention to his taking sick. Get the idea?" We thought we did but said that he was bound to publish bad news once in a while—for example, his report to his stockholders—if any. "No stockholders, no annual reports," said Mr. Bantsides. "We aim to be supported financially by those persons, groups or corporations of whom we speak optimistically. And please understand, this is not a racket." Mr. Bantsides told us that he used to be a bookmaker but that optimism got him, rendering him unfit to continue accepting bets on horses.

WHEN Mr. W. E. Davis of Lovington, New Mexico, read in this department recently that a mother complained bitterly that her son's fellow draftees called him Stinky, he hastened to write us about the nice new mail-order second lieutenant who, in 1918, complained to the late Colonel Tommy Tompkins, the "hirsute and horsy commander of the famous Seventh Cavalry," that the men referred to him as a shavetail. The colonel's laugh almost blew the lieutenant out of the room. "D'ya know what my men call me?" he roared. "Well, they call me the old pink-whiskered —— and I'm —— proud of it."

WE'VE been hanging around recruiting stations a bit and luckily were present when a fellow weighing three hundred and forty pounds offered himself to his country. He was thirty years old, five feet six inches tall. The recruiting sergeant had had a hard day and was in no mood for triflings. But he had himself pretty well under control until, asking the globular applicant what his trade or profession was, the latter replied "jockey." The sergeant arose, circumnavigated the would-be recruit, then asked: "How would you like a good poke in the snoot?" The fellow seemed hurt. "Honest I was, Sergeant. Lookit." And he produced photographs of himself astride thoroughbreds—slim, svelt, 106 pounds. Also he had letters from trainers, one of whom wrote: "And he would be riding yet if he hadn't picked up a little weight." But they turned him down, the sergeant telling him to try the nearest circus.



FOR some reason which becomes just one more of the little mysteries that clutter up our life these days, we've just received an order that there has to be less openhanded, free-swinging and the-hell-with-the-cost painting on the battleship California. But we're for it. The order is several years late. Our experience on warships is limited but not so limited that we haven't known for a long time that paint is one of the principal reasons why our capital ships lack speed. Pending the report of a board of experts we've commissioned to get scientific data, old sailors tell us that in twenty years a United States fighting ship is slathered with anywhere from twenty to fifty tons of paint. Sometimes it is burned or chipped off before new paint is put on but not often. Some of our battleships have armors of paint comparable to the thickness of the steel beneath. Only the largest of the enemy's shells have a chance of getting through the paint strata. And it's all because, when a sailor has nothing else to do, they hand him a large brush and a tub of paint and turn him loose. It's lots of fun for the innocent fellow. Wherever you may be going on the ship he gets in front of you and paints furiously. If you change directions so does he. If you stand still he paints you. The only defense you have is to get yourself a brush and paint pot and paint back at him. This goes on until, after twenty-five or thirty years, the ship sinks under the weight of white lead. Then they build another ship and begin painting her down.

AND it never dries. . . . W. D.

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"Is *this* the little flat you promised me?"

JUST MARRIED!

GROOM: *No smart cracks, please. What do I do next?*

BRIDE: *I don't know what you do* next—*but I know what you ought to do* pretty soon.

GROOM: *Switch to Goodrich, I suppose.*

BRIDE: *What a man! I marry him for his looks and he turns out to have brains, too.*

* * *

FOR that flat-tired feeling, there's nothing quite as satisfactory as new Silvertowns all around. They give fullest protection against more serious troubles, such as skids and blowouts . . . plus thousands of extra miles.

That's because all Silvertowns are made with Duramin—the amazing B. F. Goodrich discovery that puts fight and life into rubber, and *keeps* it there. Duramin means more safe miles for everyone who rides on Silvertowns.

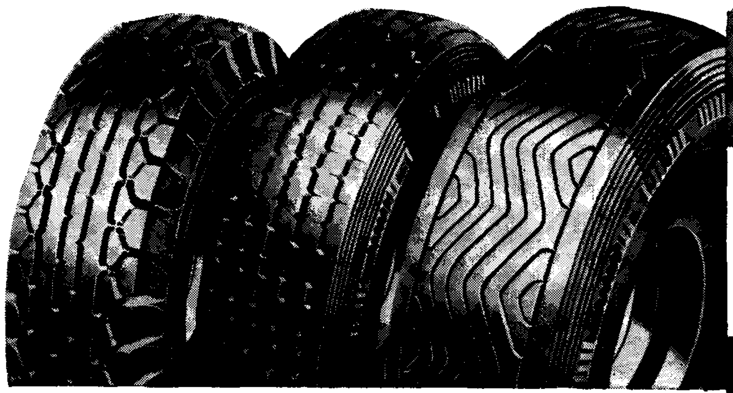
If your old tires are worn, there are just two things to do: Drive under 40 (and stay home in bad weather). Or get Silvertowns and enjoy full control of your car again. Trade-in allowances are high. Prices are low. And many B. F. Goodrich dealers, and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer the easy Budget Plan.

See the new **SILVERTOWNS**

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. Gives 20% more miles than the *original* Life-Saver Silvertown.



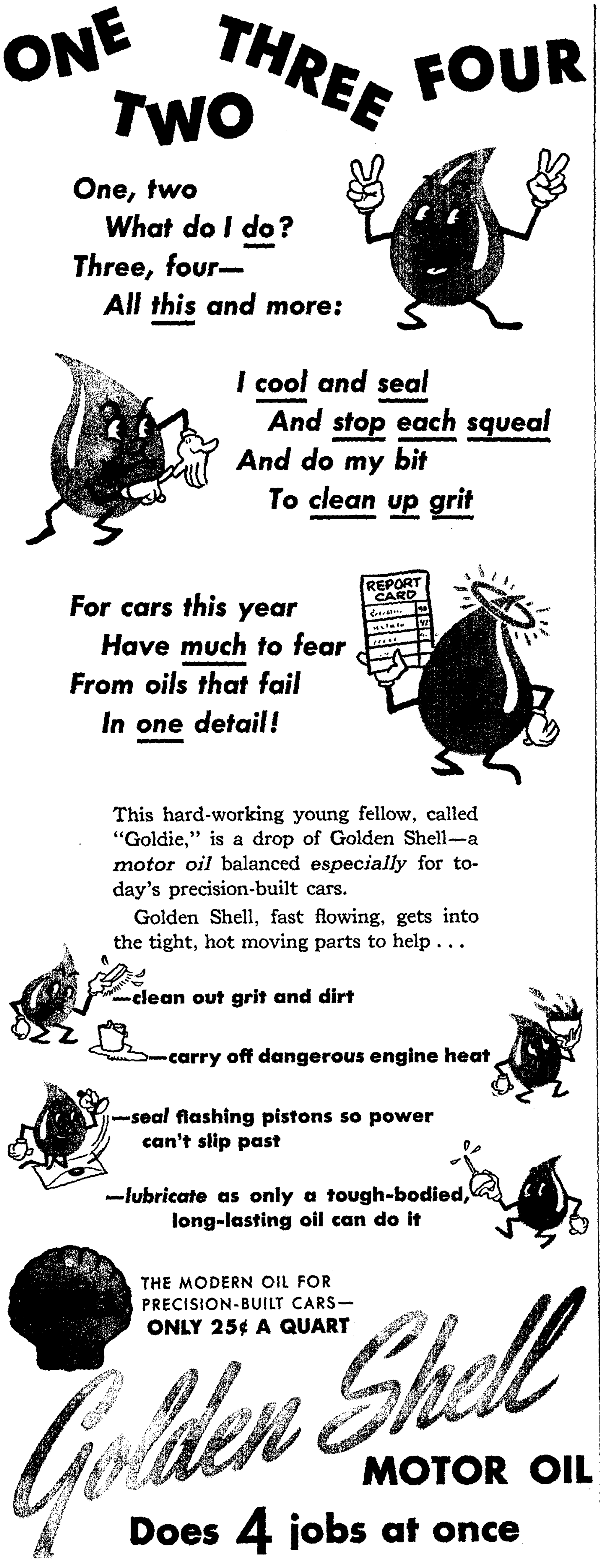
SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
BFG



ONE TWO THREE FOUR

One, two
What do I do?
Three, four—
All this and more:

I cool and seal
And stop each squeal
And do my bit
To clean up grit

For cars this year
Have much to fear
From oils that fail
In one detail!

This hard-working young fellow, called "Goldie," is a drop of Golden Shell—a *motor oil* balanced *especially* for today's precision-built cars.

Golden Shell, fast flowing, gets into the tight, hot moving parts to help . . .

—clean out grit and dirt

—carry off dangerous engine heat

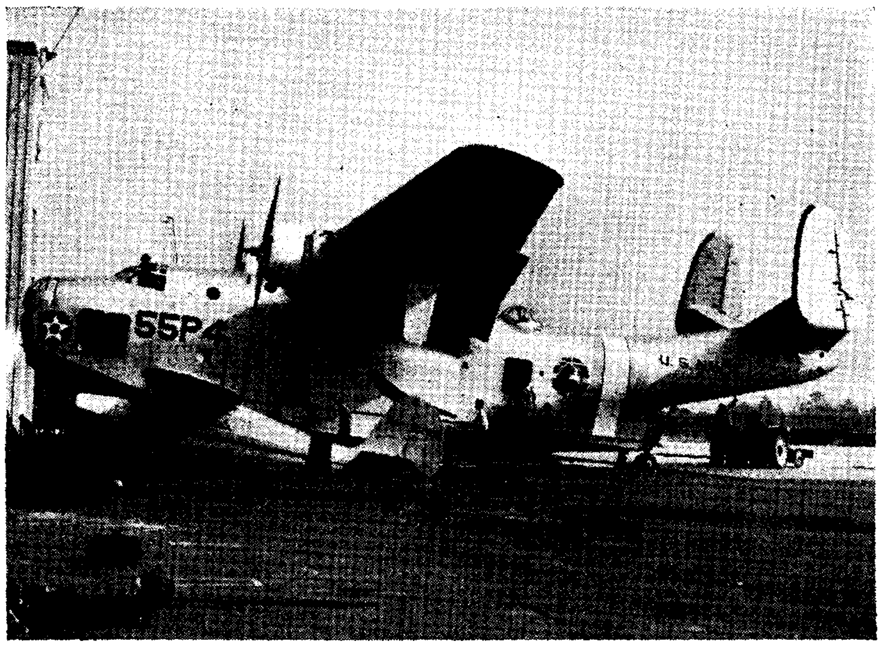
—*seal* flashing pistons so power can't slip past

—*lubricate* as only a tough-bodied, long-lasting oil can do it

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS—
ONLY 25¢ A QUART

Golden Shell
MOTOR OIL

Does 4 jobs at once



RUDY ARNOLD

Wing Talk

Good food, good flying, good fellowship—luckiest guys in the Navy are those who man the big, long-range patrol bombers

FOR the man who loves to travel far over the seas and high above the earth, no finer opportunity can be found anywhere than being officer or enlisted man aboard Navy long-range patrol bombers. Sufficient unto themselves, they fly the oceans day and night on neutrality patrol or in furtherance of Navy fleet problems. Five to seven officers and men are in each of the 300 twin-engined PBY and PBM flying boats which can be found in the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Panama, Puerto Rico and along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Many Navy people like to go to sea in small ships because of the companionship to be found in a little group of good fellows. The patrol bomber, therefor, offers the ideal. It is a Navy vessel and Navy procedure governing the operation of battleships is carried out even in these craft. But because of the small crew aboard, the rules made for large numbers are scaled down accordingly.

The patrol bomber can stay in the air for 30 hours or more. Food is carried in a refrigerator and meals aloft are prepared on an electric grill. The crew sleeps in bunks and hammocks. At sea the patrol bombers rendezvous with Navy tenders, equipped to refuel, provision and haul them aboard for major repairs. Or they can tie up in a quiet cove in Alaska or the West Indies and live in comfort.

They spend long hours over the seas, scouting, searching, reporting, maneuvering, shooting and bombing. As an example of how these fellows get around, a patrol squadron left its home port in San Diego in June; spent the next few months in the Puget Sound and Alaskan areas; returned to San Diego for gunnery exercises and departed for Panama in January. It operated in the West Indies and out of Norfolk and Newport in the spring and flew back to San Diego by way of Cuba and Panama in the latter part of May.

Away from home in flying boats for a year.

PASSENGER-SERVICE accommodations are the bread and butter of the commercial airlines and more and more attention is being given to those little things that smack of comfort, now that major technical airplane and engine problems have been brought under control. The design of passenger seats is one item that has never, until very recently, received any specific concern. As the chief engineer of one major airline puts it: Anyone felt he could go out and build a seat and that it would be more comfortable than the other fellow's.

So now there is going to be some very definite research work along this line. Shock-mounted seats and foam-rubber cushions are on the agenda.

Anyone can build a comfortable chair, but remember the airplane engineer is constantly hounded by his relentless enemies—weight and space.

MILITARY airplanes now are flying higher than ever before—30,000 feet being the point to start from rather than the maximum ceiling to be attained. A battlefield six miles above the earth offers greater airplane speeds and less danger from antiaircraft barrages.

A plane flies faster at higher altitudes because the atmosphere gets thinner as you climb, the density decreasing with altitude. In thinner air the resistance offered to an airplane is less, so with a given amount of horsepower it flies faster.

But engines burn fuel and to burn fuel there must be oxygen; the higher you go the less oxygen there is, and the less oxygen there is the less fuel you burn; the less fuel burned the less horsepower comes out. Therefore, unless something is done about the engine, the airplane will go slower at high altitude because the engine is so starved for oxygen it doesn't produce enough power.

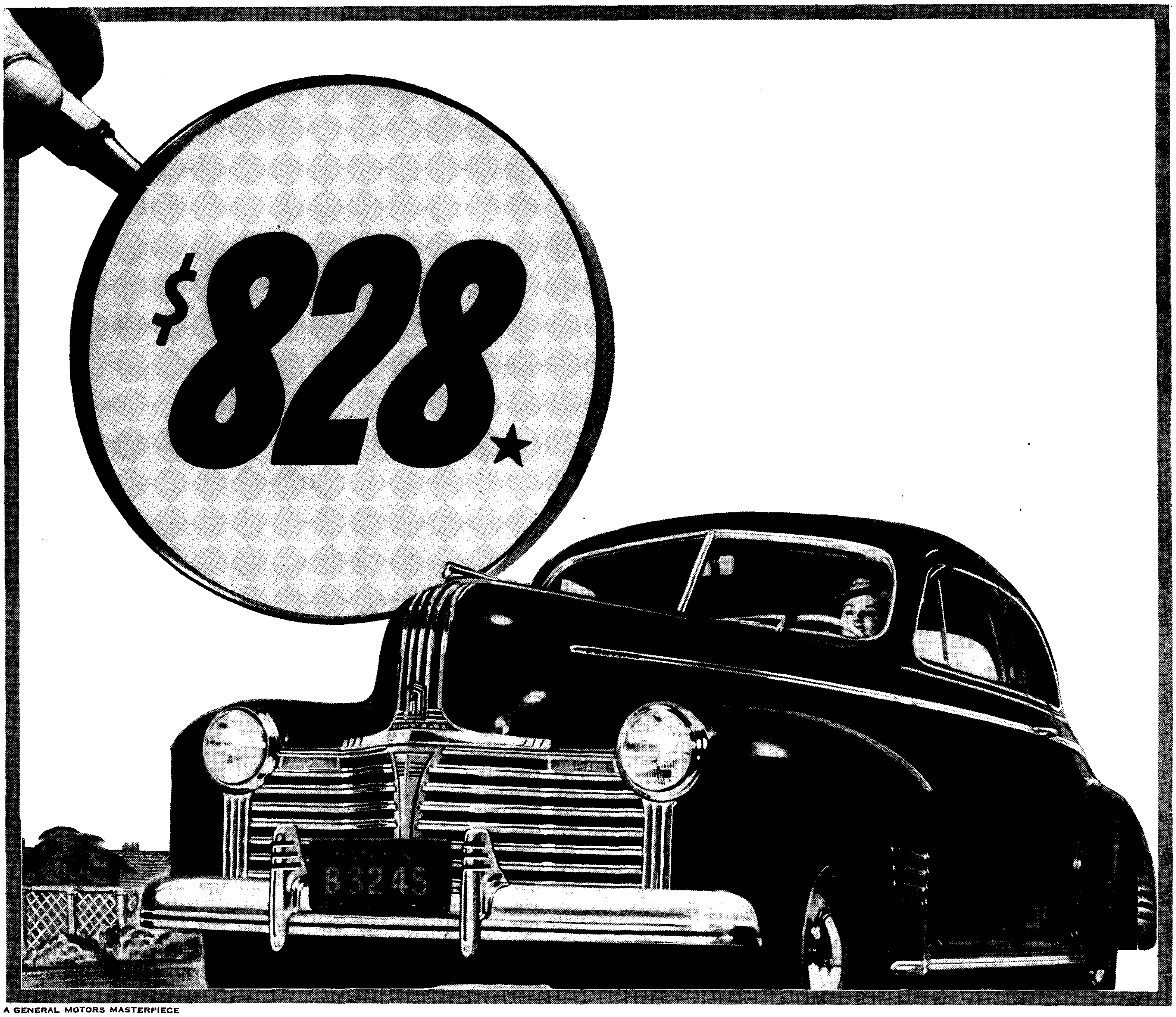
This problem is met with the supercharger, which is nothing more than a glorified air compressor. It compresses the air to make it thick enough to keep up the supply of oxygen and maintain the horsepower output at high altitudes.

Two general types of superchargers are in use, the engine-driven and the exhaust-driven. The engine-driven is geared to the main crankshaft of the engine and operates a special type of rotary pump. The exhaust-driven is a turbine operated by the exhaust gases from the engine which in turn drives an air pump.

As a result, combat airplanes now operate at around 400 miles an hour at fairly high altitudes.

THE entries "ground speed" and "air speed" in flight reports mystify many passengers. Ground speed is the speed

(Continued on page 49)

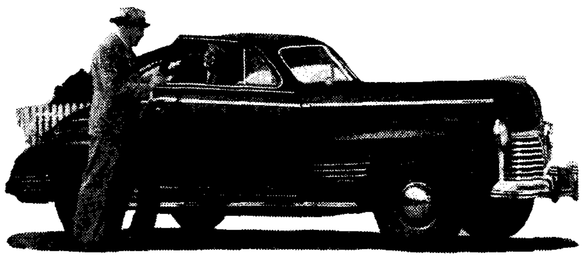


A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

A mighty *low price* for a quality car!

IF YOU HAVE HAD any experience with the new Pontiac "Torpedoes" you doubtless agree that these big beauties with bodies by Fisher are *quality* cars in the fullest sense. They reflect their quality in every graceful line, in every slight detail. And they *prove* their quality with their unmatched riding comfort, their effortless handling and their smooth, quiet response to any demand. The new Pontiacs speak for themselves on the subject of quality.

WHAT THESE PONTIACS don't tell you, however, is the extent to which they have reduced the cost of owning a quality car. Many Pontiac owners, who formerly drove small cars, claim that Pontiac economy matches any they have ever known. And, of course, they well remember the slight difference in first cost between a Pontiac "Torpedo" and the lowest-priced cars. Certainly, when you buy a new Pontiac "Torpedo," you pay a mighty low price to own a quality car.



ONLY $25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL

★ PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT $828 FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

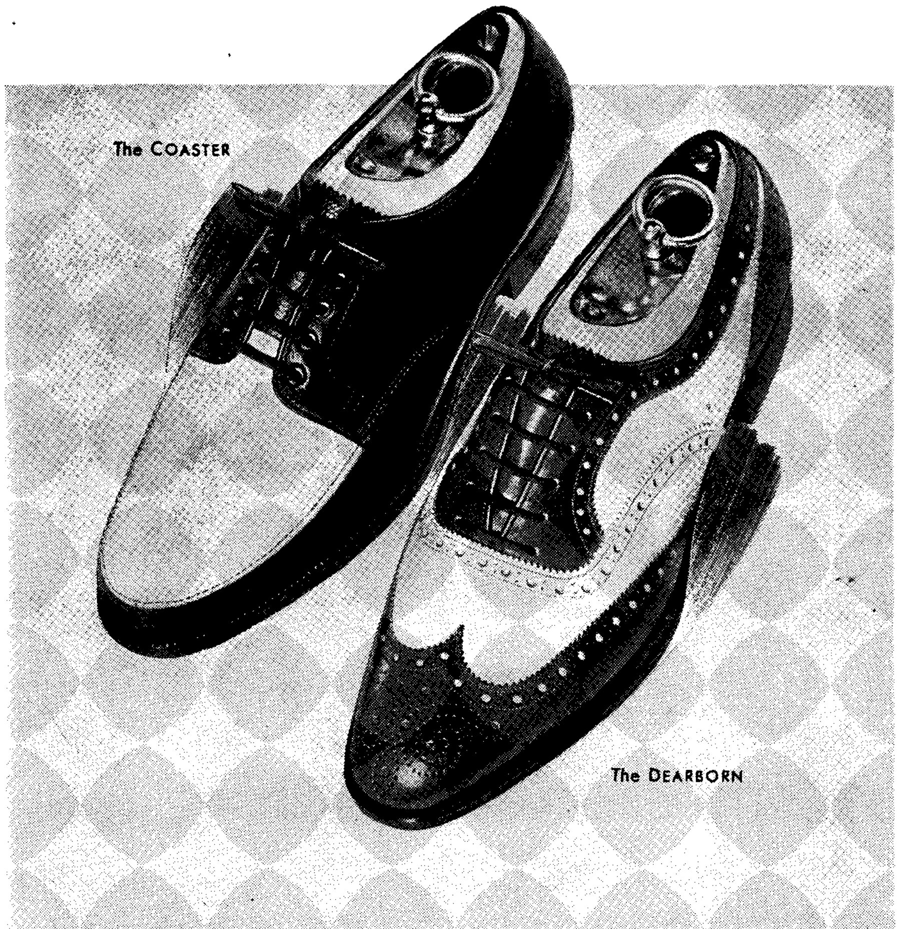
Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

THE FINE CAR
Pontiac
WITH THE LOW PRICE

FINER QUALITY
IN THE BEGINNING
MEANS LOWER COST IN THE END

"Figure your shoe bills on a yearly basis...and you'll realize how economical FLORSHEIMS are. They're quality-built to last longer...and that's why they'll cost you less per day of wear."

Your Florsheim Dealer

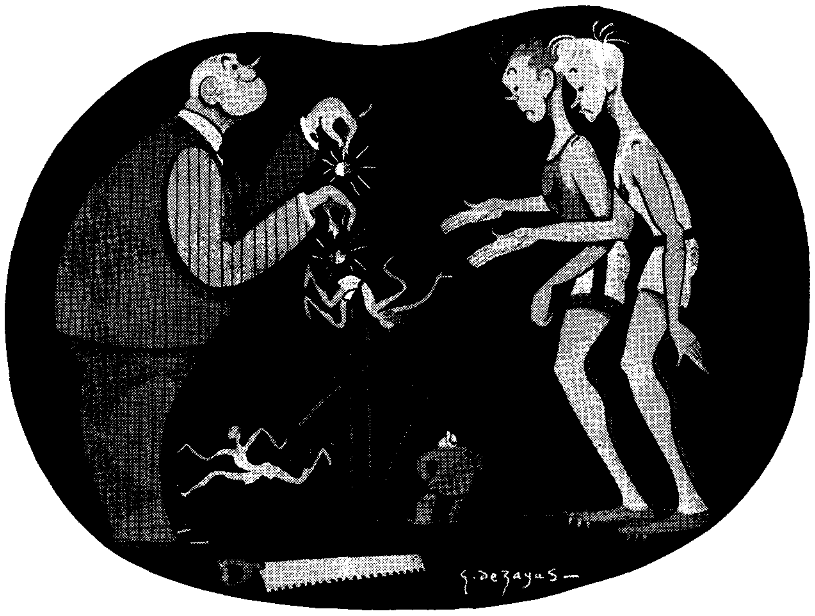


Choose your new Summer shoes from the largest and finest Florsheim assortment in 49 years—every pair made to the quality standard that has built the largest fine shoe business in the world.

Most Summer Styles $8.95 and $10

THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company, Mfrs., Chicago • Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The gold and silver medals awarded for first and second places in intercollegiate track meets are usually sawed in half and fused when a tie occurs.—*By Dr. Nathan Caplan, Salem, Ohio.*

A new automatic signal, now being installed in dial telephone systems, is the "no-such-number" tone. Radically different from the busy signal, the ringing tone and other sounds, it will be heard immediately when a number not in service is dialed.

There are 402 different kinds of canned food sold in the United States, eighty-five being vegetables, sixty-four soups, fifty-five fruits, thirty-six fish and other sea foods, thirty-two meats, twenty-one juices and 109 specialties.

Since it was established in 1904, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has received 39,500 applications for awards, but only 3,200 were granted, 2,627 being bronze medals, 554 silver medals and 19 gold medals. The only gold medal awarded in the past twenty-five years went to the family of Charles Coe of Burkburnett, Texas, who rescued one child but died attempting to save another in a fire in 1923.—*By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.*

New York City is now the diamond capital and has about half of all the diamond dealers in the world. Among them is a firm with a stock valued at approximately $3,000,000, another that owns the Golconda stone valued at $300,000, while another dealer owns the famous "Orchid Diamond," reputed to be the most beautiful gem known and the only one of its kind. The owner studied its grain for five years before cleaving it.

Carillons differ from chimes in that their bells are stationary, not swung, are tuned chromatically instead of diatonically, and contain at least twenty-five bells in order to have two complete octaves in semitones. Incidentally, there is only one school of carillon instruction and that is the Mechlin School in Malines, Belgium.

During the first year of life, a lobster develops so rapidly that it outgrows and sheds its covering as many as seventeen times, or on an average of every twenty-one days. When obliged to cast off its shell at several years of age, a lobster is able to crawl out of its rigid casing without damaging it in any way.

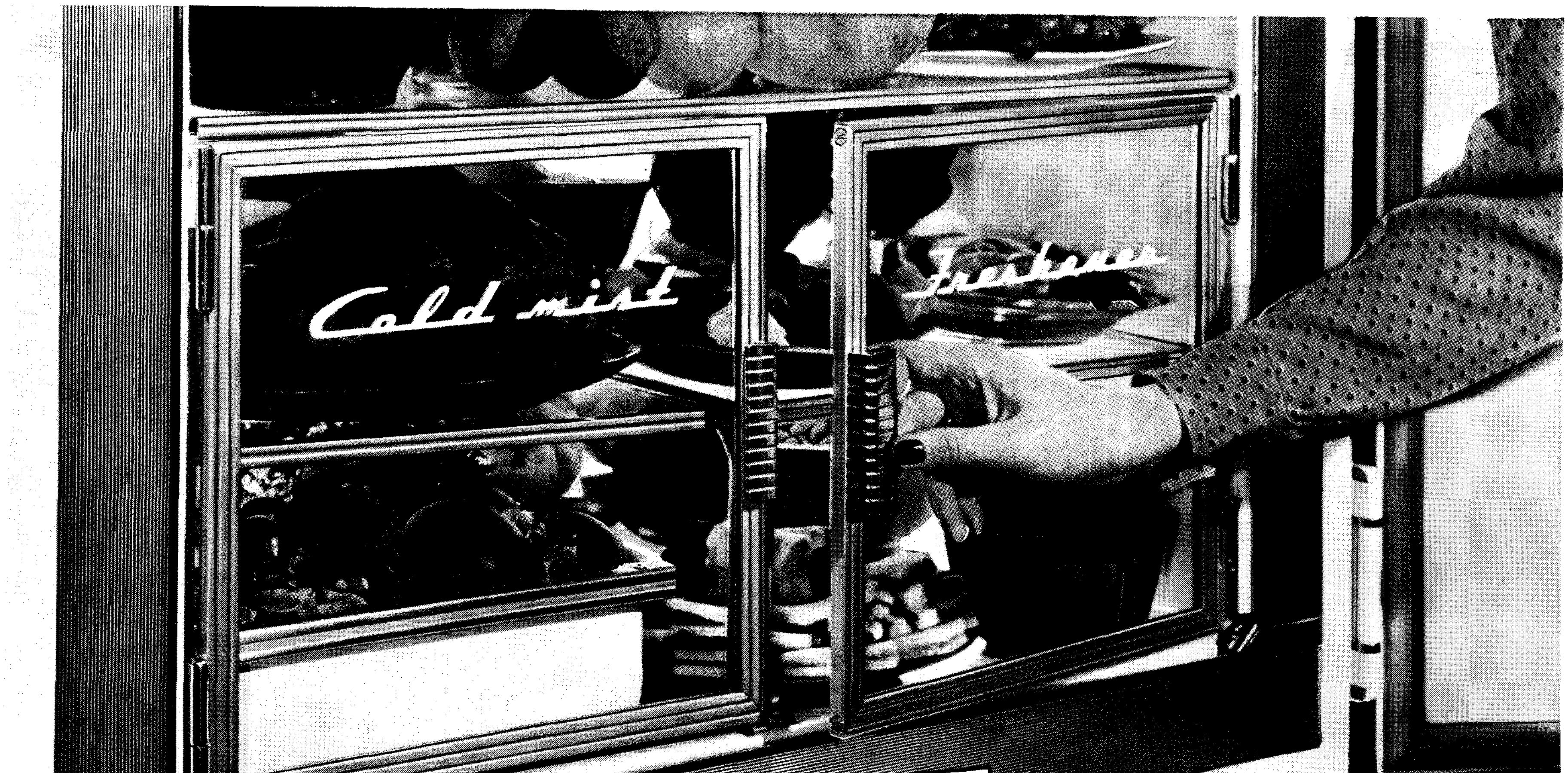
A thin iron pipe, standing about five feet above the surface of the water, marks the spot, fourteen miles off Biloxi, Mississippi, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the "Isle of Caprice" was situated until it was washed away several years ago. The pipe also serves as a drinking fountain, emitting a constant stream of cool and clear artesian well water.

The moon, whose meaning is "measurer" of time, is still used by North American Indians to compute time, especially a person's age. For instance, a boy is twelve moons old on his first birthday, thirty-seven moons on his third birthday and 123 moons old on his tenth birthday.

When an officer of the United States Army is found guilty of cowardice or fraud, he is punished in three ways. He is dismissed from the Service, his fellow officers may no longer associate with him and his crime and dismissal are publicized in the newspapers in and about his camp and in his home state.—*By Mrs. F. H. Patrick, Fayetteville, North Carolina.*

The International Code of Signals, adopted by all nations for marine communication in 1934, uses forty flags, twenty-six alphabetical, ten numeral, three substitute flags and an answering pennant. Although no more than four or five flags are usually hoisted at a time, at least 375,000 messages may be transmitted with them, all being visible through glasses, in clear weather, for a distance of five miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

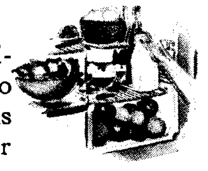


COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

NEW! *Super-Moist Cold All Glass Shelves Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!*

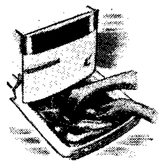
Typical of Kelvinator's 1941 Extras are the glass shelves—glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener—and wall-concealed Cooling Coils of this new Moist-Master!

YES, I *am* enthusiastic—and what modern retailer wouldn't be... Never have I seen a refrigerator like this massively beautiful, new Kelvinator "Moist-Master."



A Kelvinator "Extra"
5-Way Magic Shelf

All shelves are of crystal-clear glass. There are two distinct sets of Cooling Coils—one to freeze ice—another concealed in the walls to provide ideal refrigeration without the need of covered dishes. And in the super-moist cold of the glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener, uncovered left-overs and vegetables stay fresh for days.

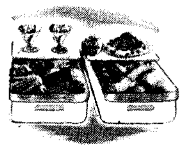


A Kelvinator "Extra"
Moonstone Meat Chest

Yes, it's a honey—and no mistake!... And there are seven other big 1941 Kelvinators to choose from.

Look at the beautiful, low-cost Model SS-6A, for instance...only $124.75*. You get, not 6, but 6¾ cu. ft. of room—*plus* the economical Polarsphere Sealed Unit—*plus* the exclusive, new Polar Light—*plus* the easy-to-clean Stainless Steel Cold-Ban.

Then step right on up the line. Look at the "extras"—the amazing 5-Way Magic Shelf—big Vegetable Bins—oversize glass-covered Crispers—glass-covered Meat Chests . . .



A Kelvinator "Extra"
Big, Oversize Crispers

. . . each model priced lower than you could well believe.

And here's why. Kelvinator's new, less-expensive way of doing business saves money *all along the line.* You pocket the difference.

Let us show you these utterly new 1941 Kelvinators—today! . . .

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICH.

*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5-Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies. **In view of rising costs, prices subject to change without notice.**

3 Big Models Less Than $145*

MODEL SS-6A
only $124⁷⁵*

MODEL DA-6
EQUIPPED
only $134⁹⁵*

MODEL S-6
PACKED WITH EXTRAS
only $144⁹⁵*

MODEL M-6 (illustrated) ONLY $179⁹⁵*

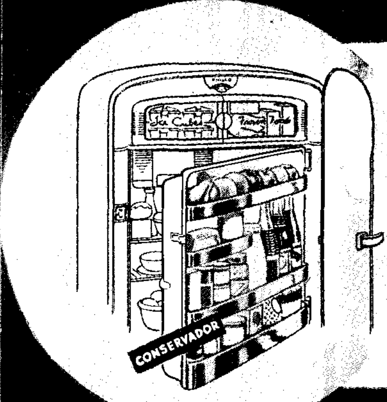
No more unsightly, hard-to-clean screwheads. This beautiful Stainless Steel Cold-Ban takes their place.

LOOK AT THE BEAUTY ● LOOK AT THE EXTRAS ● LOOK AT THE PRICE

Get More—Get KELVINATOR

Only PHILC
NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR
... that keeps your foods in new and better ways!

PHILCO
Moist Cold Storage

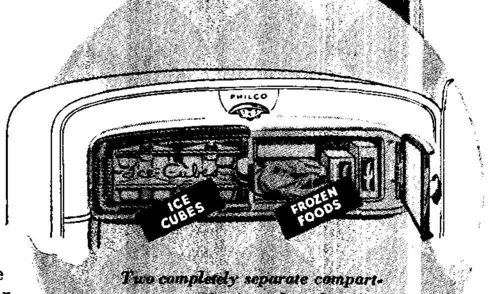


THE PATENTED PHILCO CONSERVADOR
26% more quickly usable space

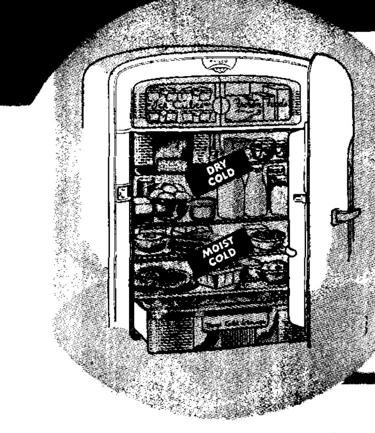
A shelf-lined Inner Door that keeps the foods you use most often *right at your finger tips!* Doubles the front-of-the-shelf space. Eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space. A "Storm Door" that keeps cold air in, warm air out of main compartment; saves on electric bills. *Only Philco Has It!*

HUGE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT

A giant-size, *separate* compartment in addition to the regular ice cube chamber, specially designed for frozen storage, where temperature remains at 15 to 30 degrees below freezing. Plenty of room to store frozen foods, to prepare frozen desserts, to keep ice cream or store extra ice cubes. No need to remove ice trays or cut down your ice supply.



Two completely separate compartments: one for ice cubes, the other fully enclosed and specially designed for all frozen storage uses



BOTH DRY COLD AND MOIST COLD

A complete, separate Moist Cold Compartment where you store foods *without covers* and retain their natural juices and freshness . . . *plus* a complete Dry Cold Compartment for foods that need circulating dry air. The Moist Cold Compartment is cooled by the Philco Cold Shelf, an exclusive Philco development.

There are Philco Refrigerators to suit your needs from
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including FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN. At every price, they are the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration! See them today at your Philco dealer.

Prices slightly higher Denver and West; subject to change without notice.

In addition to all the features you expect to find in a modern, up-to-date refrigerator, Philco Advanced Design offers you *something more* . . . new and better ways to store and serve your foods that you cannot enjoy in any other refrigerator!

In appearance and service, Philco brings you the most completely different refrigerator you have ever seen. The Conservador is different . . . patented . . . *only Philco has it!* The giant-size Frozen Food Compartment is different . . . *only Philco has it!* The Moist Cold Compartment with its amazing Philco Cold Shelf is different . . . *only Philco has it!* The total of these important, *exclusive* services added to all the other deluxe features of refrigeration gives you a refrigerator that keeps foods in more delicious and wholesome condition; that helps you *prepare* foods in new, more tempting ways; that is more spacious, more orderly, more convenient . . . *and more economical!*

See this new kind of refrigerator built for modern kitchen needs! Compare the features . . . judge the *value.* See how you get *more for your money at every price* in features, quality and dependability!

Collier's The National Weekly for June 7, 1941

A Spot of Adversity

By D. K. Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The job of a working airman is a job that calls for heroism but not heroics. It calls for brains, sweat and blood. And, often, for sacrifice beyond belief

A PATROL bomber of the Royal Canadian Air Force droned homeward over the gray Atlantic. She carried a crew of five. Flight Lieutenant Carey, the commander, sat in the copilot's seat; Flying Officer Riley was at the controls. Pilot Officer Nickerson, the navigator and wireless operator, was at his little table in the cabin. Adams, the bombardier, lay prone on his mat in the nose, the bomb release near his hand, and Aircraftsman Peters manned the gun in the rear turret.

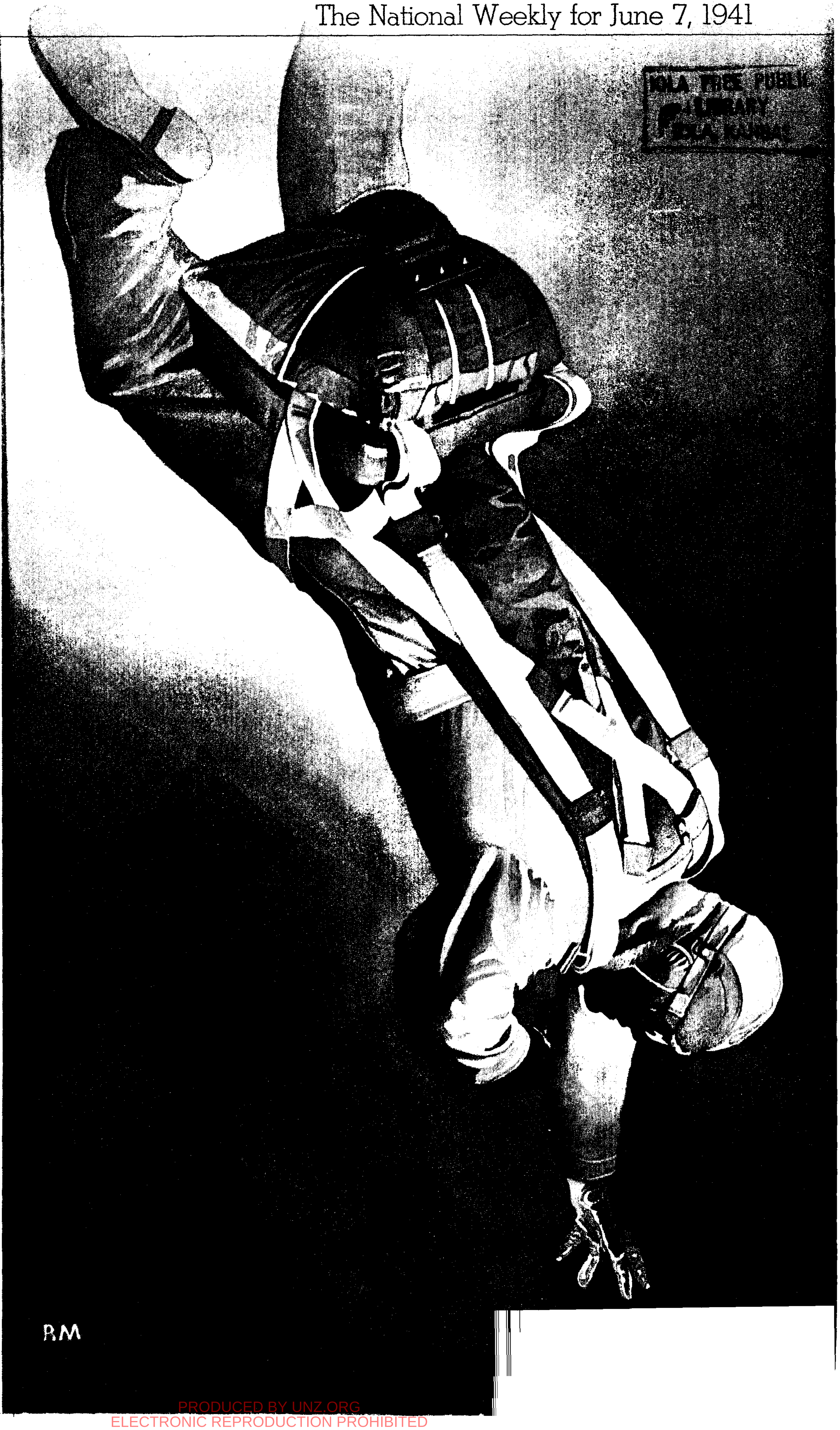
All five were tired and cold with the brutal cold and tiredness that takes those on convoy duty. For six hours they had quartered the gray wrinkled water, suffered the Arctic temperature of the winter ocean. They had been shaken by the bitter gales, bruised by the pitching aircraft. In the foul weather the convoy had straggled, two ships got lost and had to be found and shepherded back into line. A dark something which might have been a submarine, glimpsed for an instant on the horizon, proved after a tense, low-flying search to be floating wreckage. All day the storm rack had come lower and now the fog was creeping between them and the sea. The light in the air was fading; on land it would be dusk.

"Off the coast, sir," reported Nickerson. "Thirty minutes from base."

The commander turned his eyes from the sea, glanced at the dials and switched on the navigation lights. He spoke into the microphone on his chest: "Okay, bombardier. Defuse bombs and secure. Come in, gunner . . . Change over, Riley."

The commander flies his ship in. Riley slid into the copilot's seat and raised his arms in a luxurious stretch. "The lights of home. Will I be glad to see them!"

"They don't call this cold on the Mac-



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Without turning, still smiling, looking toward the light and his friends, he took a step backward into the darkness and plunged instantly from sight

It was her face the skipper had seen. His sadness was for her; she was going to be hurt. He tried to imagine her as the skipper would have seen her

kenzie," said the commander. It was the bomber's family joke. Riley had been a bush pilot and brought the characteristics of that craft into the service. He was skilled, resourceful, boastful—with a latent capacity for insubordination. Rings on the sleeve meant nothing to Riley, his own or anyone else's. Can the beggar fly? That was all he wanted to know.

"Sure it's colder—but there's something doing up there. Sometimes you see an Indian and wave to him."

"Call the base, Nick."

The navigating officer unhooked his telephone. "RGY calling BHQ. RGY calling BHQ."

"Go ahead, RGY." The scratchy voice of the operator at Halifax could be heard through the intercommunication system.

"What's your weather?"

"Wind north-east, force 4 falling. Ceiling 400 feet. Visibility uncertain, fog coming in from the sea."

"Four hundred is okay," said Carey.

THE bombardier came wriggling through the hole which led to the bombing chamber in the nose. "Bombs defused and secured, sir," he reported as he crawled past the commander. He sat down on the floor beside the navigating officer and stretched his long legs across the cabin.

The bombardier was big and quiet and slow-spoken. Eight months ago he had been a farmer on a back concession. He looked about as emotional as one of the boulders in his own fields, yet some inner compulsion had turned him out of his secure and humble place and put him in the ranks. He and Nickerson, the navigating officer, got along well—they both had the homekeeper's instinct. Nickerson, long, bony, intent, had been a successful accountant. He was married and had two little girls and had lived in a big house with a garden. He had a passion for neatness and precision. Riley swore that if the regulations allowed it, old Nick would have curtains in the greenhouse.

"It's getting thick," said the bombardier.

"The fog is coming in with the change of wind. I wish we were in. The old North Atlantic got right into my bones today. I can hardly remember that I once lived in a nice warm office."

"That must be queer," said Adams. "Spending all day in an office. I guess you're glad that's past you. You're only half alive, I guess, when you're not outside. Sometimes I wonder what them fellows do all day long, shut up like that."

"Sometimes I wonder what you would do all day long on a farm. Nothing ever happens."

"All the important things happen on a farm," said the bombardier.

The tail gunner came walking clumsily and carefully in his heavy flying suit down the gangway, his arms full of gear. He stowed it, and raising his hands to a bulkhead, he stretched himself carefully. He was only twenty and the tail turret is a tough place in a gale. There was a sickly hue of tiredness in his face.

"Were those last three hours ever long!"

Darkness had fallen. The windows of the cabin—the greenhouse, they called it—had nothing but faint reflections. Inside, the hooded lights gleamed on the dials and the pea-green steelwork. Nickerson pressed his face to the glass. "We should be over the harbor. Base has a black-out all its own."

With the nearing prospect of hot food and rest and the comforts of the station, Aircraftsman Peters began to perk up. "We should worry. They don't call this thick on the Mackenzie. Old Hawkeye Riley up in the front office, he can see through pea soup."

"It's lucky for you he can," said Nickerson. "What are you going to do if those two propellers stop turning—get out and walk?"

"The lieutenant let you off easy," said the bombardier. "He might have grounded you. You take care of your gear and your gear will take care of you."

The gunner looked chastened. "Well, hell, I thought my pack was there all the time."

"The next time, don't think. Make sure."

The incident of the missing parachute had bothered them all day. The lap-packs worn by gunners impeded their movements and a new type of pack had been issued, designed to be carried on the fuselage and clipped to the gunner's harness when required. Riley, making the first inspection after take-off, had noticed that the gunner's pack was not in its place.

"Where's your chute, gunner?"

"Right below the turret, sir."

"It isn't right below the turret." The kid had stared at him with a slack jaw. "Why, it was there when we took off—"

"Are you sure? Did you look?"

Well, he thought he had—he couldn't remember exactly—but he would have noticed if it wasn't there. Against the inner skin and the after gangway, there was a mass of equipment—life rafts, flotation gear, flares, buoys. A search of it revealed no parachute. Riley had relieved the gunner and sent him forward to report. The commander had been serious about it but not tough.

"You're in the service now, Peters. I want you to remember this. A piece of carelessness here doesn't affect you only. It affects every man in the ship . . ."

They were approaching their field now. The motors were throttled back, the bomber began to lose height. Flight Lieutenant Carey talked into his microphone: "RGY calling. We're on the beam at 2,000. Where's your ceiling?"

"Barely 200. Spotty with fog."

"Good enough. Coming in."

THE aircraft came in through the cone of silence, made her timed turn and slanted down the beam again. The fog clung to them, they were as blind as a submarine in the depths. The men had the feeling that she was picking up speed, she was diving. 1,000 feet—500—400—200—there was no break-through. The motors roared and the aircraft jumped.

"Could you see me?"

"Just a glimpse, sir. Right over the field."

"Right. Here we come again."

The bomber turned and slanted down. As the altimeter needle fell, the commander's face was a mask of concentration. They were at 100 feet. Involuntarily their muscles set, they steeled themselves against a crash.

As the motors roared again, Riley yelled: "There they are—the boundary lights!"

Carey was smiling. "I saw them. Pretty, aren't they?"

"Better than rubies! Slap her down, skipper. Slap her down and let's get warm."

Again they climbed and turned through the upper darkness. They started down.

A voice rasped urgently through the telephones: "Wing Commander to Flight Lieutenant Carey."

(Continued on page 50)

Time Bomb in Hong Kong

By Martha Gellhorn

You can't hold your breath for months, so the people of Hong Kong talk of other things. But when they pause they hear the time bomb ticking. Their island will be difficult to capture, but no picnic to defend. Collier's staff writer in the Orient sends by radio a picture of this uneasy fortress of British prestige

ritish mosquito boats patrol Hong Kong's harbor, art of the defenses by means of which Britain is serv- ıg notice on Japan that Hong Kong won't be easy › take. A submarine net closes the harbor entrance

ıolies prepare trenches and gun emplacements. earchlights, air-raid shelters, barbed wire and mu- itions dumps have been set up and stocks of food nd gasoline laid in. Hong Kong expects trouble

THE island of Hong Kong rises in green peaks straight from the smooth blue-gray sea. In a circle around it are small islands like uninhabited hilltops, dotting the ocean. The port of Hong Kong faces across a bay to the city of Kowloon and the New Territories. The New Territories, a wedge-shaped mountainous piece of mainland, is Hong Kong's bridgehead into China. In winter the green peaks of Hong Kong and the brown ridges of the New Territories are blanketed in mist and rain and low gray clouds. But now the air is bright and soft and spring has come suddenly as it does in Florida or California or the south of France.

The masts of the anchored sailing junks make a hedge along the harbor front of Hong Kong. Beyond this hedge, green top-heavy ferries connect Kowloon and Hong Kong, blowing their steam whistles as they go. Freighters lie in dockyards on the Kowloon side and liners anchor offshore. A gray British cruiser heads out to sea with sampans rowing wildly away from its sharp bow. Tugs and pleasure yachts, armed mosquito boats and harbor-police launches crisscross the water. The harbor of Hong Kong is as violently alive and crowded and noisy as the city itself.

To newcomers, Hong Kong seems like a combination of Times Square on New Year's eve, the subway at five-thirty in the afternoon, a three-alarm fire, a public auction and a country fair with the calliope playing. The streets are laid out parallel to the harbor and for the distance of three streets the town is level; then the city starts to climb. Side streets are nothing but steps with shops and houses laddered up them. Halfway up the side of the peak, the city's solid mass of gray stone and cement gives way to a band of green foliage. Above this, bursting out of the mountain or outlined against the sky, are the vast white palaces of the rich. The Peak dwellers can see all the beauty of their harbor and their terraced city, but they can neither hear it nor smell it.

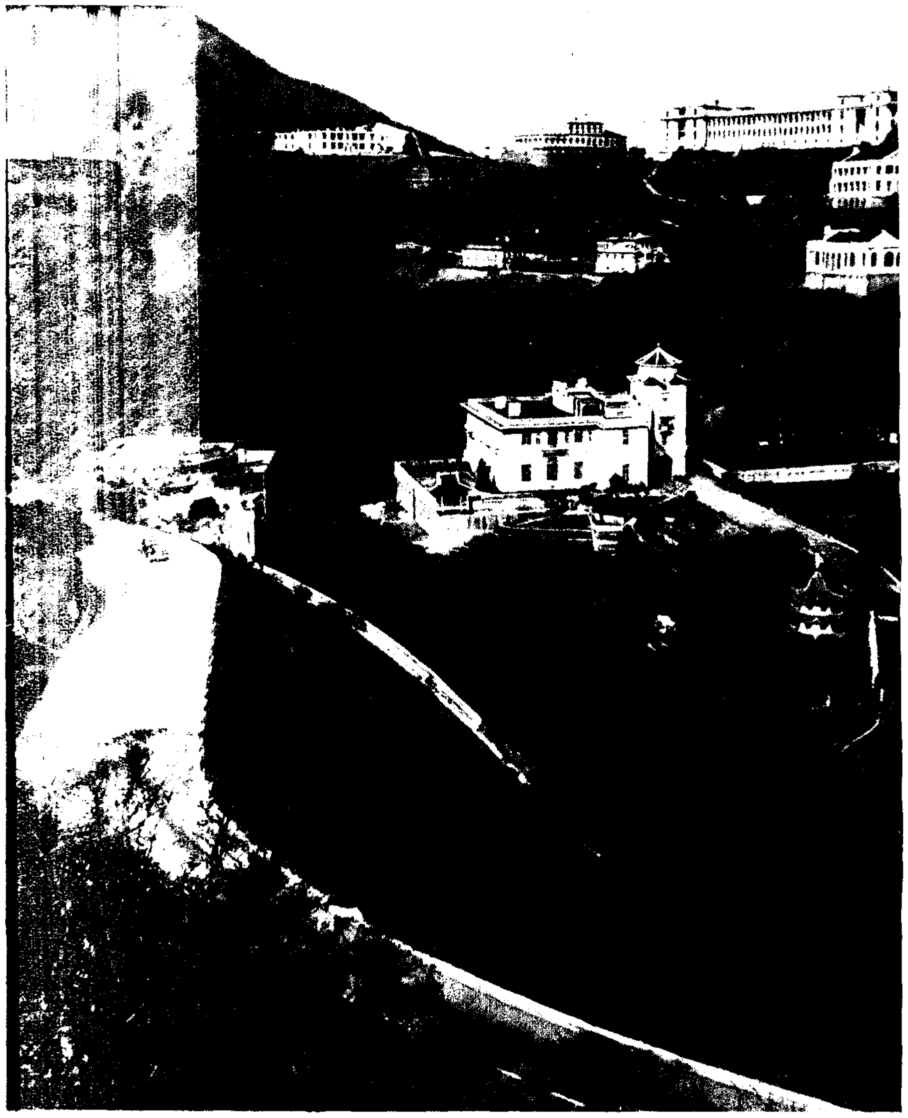
The City of Many Noises

Approximately 800,000 people live in Hong Kong and most of them live eight or ten in one room. The city smells of people. It smells also of Chinese cooking and of old sweaty clothes, of dust, of refuse in gutters and of dirty water in drainless houses. From time to time a breeze blows in from the green land and then the city smells sweetly of grass and sun and drying seaweed. But you have to hear Hong Kong to know what it is like.

There is always a Chinese funeral going on. The brass bands that accompany the coffin and the jolly parade of mourners play Chinese tunes, occasionally breaking into Happy Days Are Here Again, Yankee Doodle and other cheerful selections. Coolies shout and grunt to clear the way as they pull their rickshas. People argue in shrieks at food stalls, shouting for ten minutes over the purchase of a Chinese cabbage. Six women lift an enormous packing

(Continued on page 31)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NORMAN SOONG



Hong Kong is enormously wealthy, as the lush homes of the Peak testify. All the buildings shown here are private residences; the one in the foreground belongs to Sir Robert Ho-Tung, Chinese millionaire

Hong Kong is also incredibly poor. Below is a native-quarter street, showing hawkers and hairdressers before a native market. Squalor and extreme poverty plus disease, is the lot of most of the Chinese natives

Great Day

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL HESSE

Laraine Day is unique in Hollywood history. She doesn't smoke or drink and she teaches a Sunday school. The gossip columnists play her for a dead loss

IF LARAINE DAY ever went out on dates, she would be the finest girl anybody ever took out on a date. She doesn't smoke, she doesn't drink liquor, she doesn't even drink tea or coffee. She doesn't go out on dates because she's too busy teaching a Sunday-school class and acting nights in a Little Theater company. She doesn't drink because she happens to be a practicing Mormon. As far as Hollywood is concerned she is a strange bird.

Since the age of ten she has been studying to be an actress and nothing will ever change her view that anybody can be an actress who takes the profession as a holy endeavor and works hard. She has intelligence, she has humor, she insists she has no glamor.

"If you want glamor," she says, "come out and see our new musical—Lame Brains and Daffodils. One act, three scenes. I wrote it myself."

She is always writing something herself, in those times when she isn't acting for M-G-M and studying with Florence Enright, the coach. When the gang she runs around with isn't putting on a play, it is making a movie. They made one called Strictly an Ickey for a total outlay of $60. More than that, they had a world premiere at the Culver City Woman's Club, using a box of sand for famous footprints just as they do at Grauman's Chinese Theater. She played a streetwalker.

"If she ever does a streetwalker in a real picture," say the sourpusses in Hollywood, "twelve bearded men will come down from Salt Lake City and ask to see Louis B. Mayer."

Strictly Non-Hollywood

It is a certain and true thing that she is an active Mormon and takes pride in her Sunday-school class. She will come away from doing an emotional scene in The Trial of Mary Dugan and spend the rest of the evening stirring up a wacky debate among her pupils. She wants them to think, she wants them to be alive. Although she is a beauty, she has never, so far as history reports, been at Ciro's or the Macombo; she has never eaten at Chasen's; she has never "been that way" about the town wolves; the gossip columnists play her for a dead loss.

"The first case in Hollywood history of a dame so normal she seems nuts," say the critics.

She was born in Roosevelt, Utah, as Laraine Johnson and took the name Day after her first dramatic teacher, Elias Day, who used to run the Long Beach (California) Theater Guild. Day was the teacher of such actors as Dean Jagger and John Qualen and employed a method which is held to be sure-fire if the subjects can stand it: he was cruel and hard, bawling the actors out in front of the troupe until they broke down completely. After that he would start them acting.

"He'd send us out to talk with people on busses," says Laraine. "Also we'd sit on a park bench with other people and suddenly start crying. We'd study our own reactions and the reactions of the others."

From the time she was ten, she went every day after school to the Theater Guild and stayed till midnight. They would do a new play every month and run it for two weeks, the rehearsals never stopping. When she was thirteen she was sent with the road show of Conflict, which got as far as Salt Lake City, where she was the object of attention by hundreds of relatives, her grandfather having possessed six wives and fifty-two children, who in turn had children of their own.

And Nothing Always Happened

All this time she was acting as a normal California girl, i.e., trying to crash the movies. When she was fifteen Rufus LeMaire at Universal gave her a test and nothing happened. Warners' tested her for Coquette and nothing happened. Marty Martyn saw her at Long Beach in John Hayden's Lost Horizon and signed her, managing to palm her off to Sam Goldwyn for a bit in Stella Dallas. She was the girl who sat at a soda fountain and spoke four lines.

"Ate seven banana splits during the day's shooting," says Laraine.

That much was enough for Sam and she next turned up at Paramount, where she had a small part in Scandal Sheet, with Lew Ayres, this being so bad that it has never to this hour seen the light of day. It finished her with Paramount and she popped up at RKO doing Westerns with George O'Brien. The publicity department said Laraine Johnson was the greatest woman rider ever to reach Hollywood, having been taught by the Utah Indians of the Salt Lake section, but the camera knew better. Laraine herself was trying to stave off the inevitable by grabbing a handful of comment cards at every sneak preview and filling them out with raves about her own performance, in different styles of handwriting.

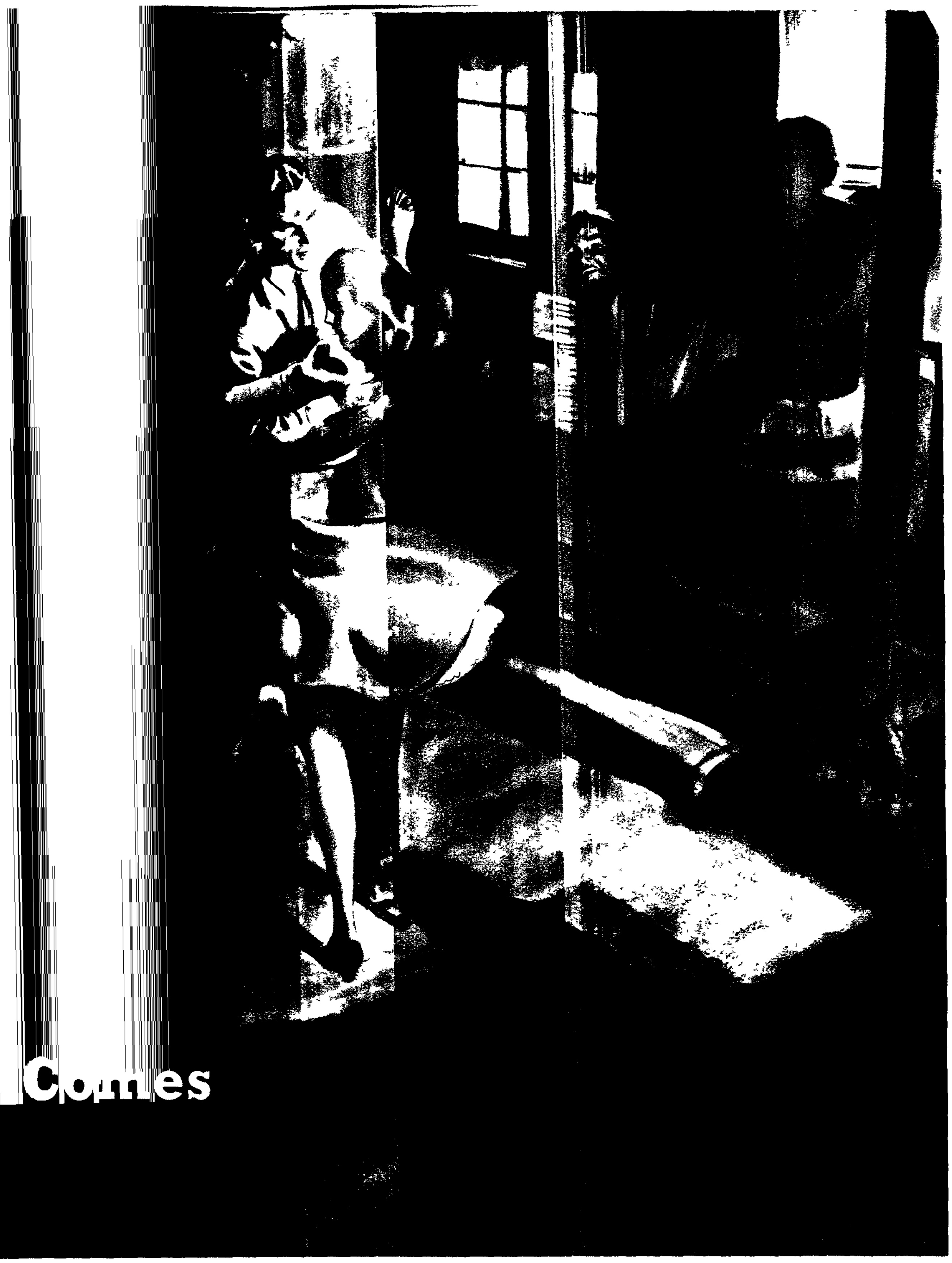
"Got me two pictures," she says, "but the third time—nothing. The director knew I couldn't ride a lick."

After getting the gate she retired as usual to Long Beach, where by this time the entire family was located, and waited for fate to smack her. To some people it might seem that the fact of Billy Grady's signing her there for M-G-M might prove that propinquity helps in getting screen breaks but Laraine accredits it to perseverance. She needed perseverance and a touch of luck because she was just about to be known as the cinema jinx. Her first at M-G-M was I Take This Woman, with Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy, and that one was also shelved for a year.

"It just happened," says Laraine defensively. "You can't blame it on me."

However, M-G-M saw enough to warrant a long-term contract and put her into Sergeant Madden and later in the Dr. Kildare series, where she will doubtless remain until either death or the Latter-day Saints rescue her. Her jinx was following her, however, because

(Continued on page 49)



When the Time Comes

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

At first it was just the dance with him; a tentative testing of his partner's timing—a polite reluctance to hold her too closely

He couldn't have Nora and freedom too. So he made the only compromise that a man in love could make

FLOYD BRADLEY drove into town at four o'clock Saturday afternoon. As far as he could see in either direction the curbs were banked solid with parked cars, and people jay-walked all over the street. He rode up and down several times before a car pulled out and gave him a chance to park. His body felt gummy with sweat, his feet burned, and he was thirsty.

He spotted a tavern up at the next corner, on the opposite side, and cut across toward it, walking with his easy country stride and jangling his car keys. Floyd was twenty-one and he hadn't been going to taverns very long—less than a year—and it was still a novelty to him, though he pretended it wasn't. Standing at a bar, shouldered in among workmen like himself, drinking beer—he drank nothing stronger—gave him a fine, hard sense of manhood.

It was, like his eight hours a day on the job, a world free of women—free of their unfair tricks of tears and sighs and hurt looks that would tear your heart out if you let them. If you didn't watch out, their sentimental softness would get in under your skin and make a flabby sop out of you. So you put your foot down. You did it the hard way, the only way. Nobody—your mother nor anybody else—was going to crack you.

"Make it a beer," he told the bartender in the crowded, noisy bar. He had to squeeze into a narrow space between two men, and the man on his left gave him an irritated glance, then stared blankly at him. Floyd didn't like to be stared at and he turned away a little as he picked up his beer. "Some crowd," he said to the bartender. "Like a boom town."

"And a year ago," the bartender said, "she was dead as a nail. But they're building this here new training camp. Acres and acres. Biggest in the state, it'll be. Labor coming in from all over, living anywhere—tents, trailers. A guy with a trade, he can knock down real dough. Good times. Yeah, man!"

"Ha!" grunted the man standing next to Floyd, and although he addressed the bartender he glared at Floyd in angry bewilderment.

"Okay, Art; forget I mentioned it," the bartender said good-naturedly.

"THE country's going to the dogs," Art said grimly. He was a bantam man in a clean blue denim shirt, the sleeves rolled up over corded, freckled arms. He had a workman's hands, big and square and useful-looking. His hair was coarse and yellow like manila rope. He cocked a finger at the bartender. "And you know it, Barney. Good times! Ha! I laugh."

"Okay, Art; okay. I'll buy you a drink."

"I don't want a drink, thank you." His beer glass was empty and he tossed a dime on the bar and slapped a weathered hard straw hat on the back of his head. "I'll die laughing yet," he said, his blue eyes bright and his rough-featured face twisted in a contemptuous grimace. He strode out, with one frightened backward glance at Floyd.

The bartender chuckled: "Don't mind him, mister."

Floyd shrugged. "I thought he was going to pick on me."

"He's a good guy," the bartender said. "A carpenter, like a lot o' them crazy squareheads."

"Look," Floyd said, smoothing out a slip of paper, "can you tell me where I can find this address?"

The bartender put on his glasses. "Mrs. Frank Winters—oh, sure. But I hear she's all full up."

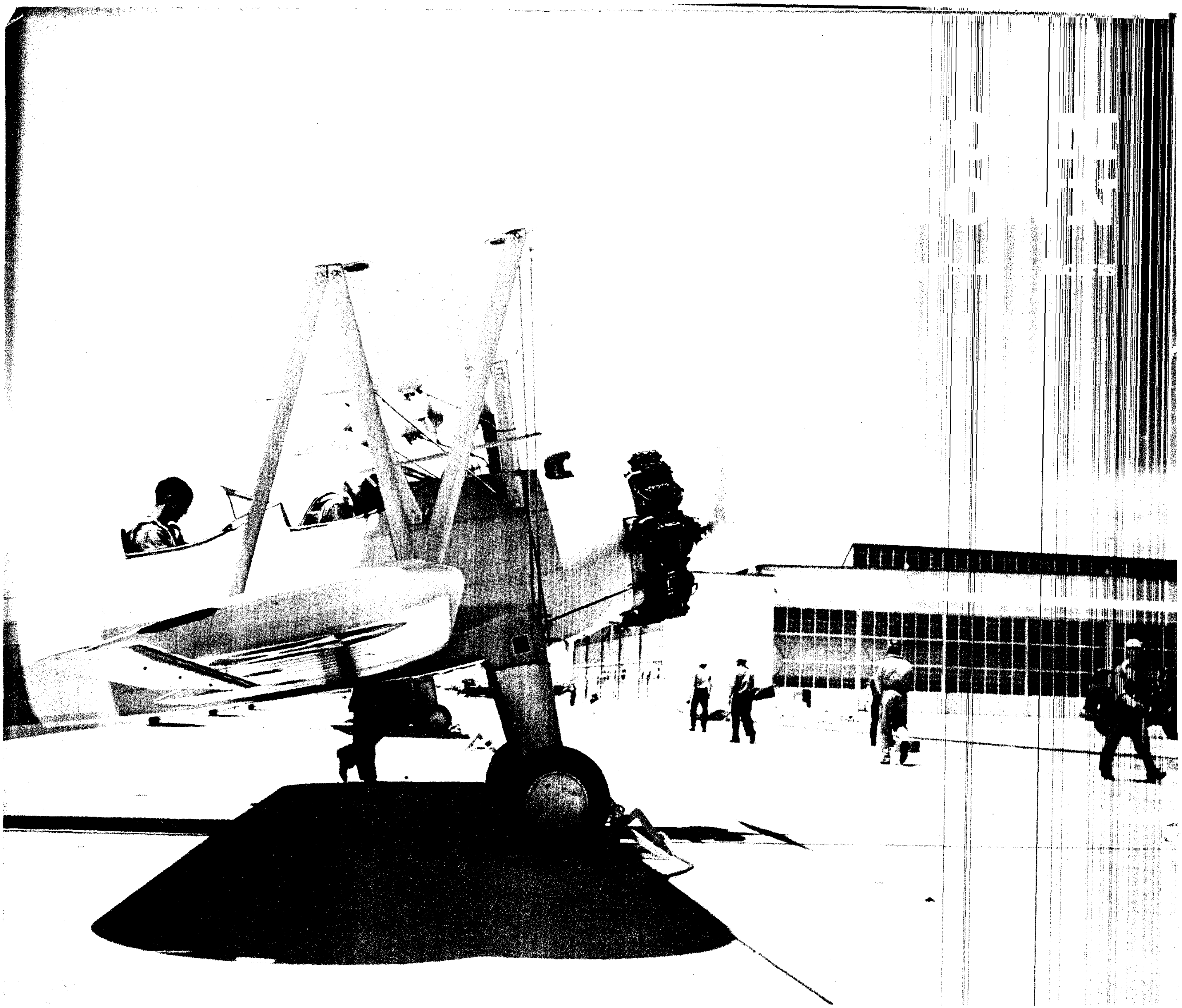
"Pal of mine living there and I'm going to bunk in with him."

The bartender pointed toward the door. "Art Sorensen lives there too. Sure. Down past the library, then up Mount Street and over the hill. About a mile from the library, on the right. Name's out front. Good food, I hear."

"Thanks."

"And don't let Art get you down, bud.

(Continued on page 40)



WEISEL

The "Yellow Peril" is affectionate nickname of the dual-control primary training plane in which cadets get their first flight instruction

The Navy needs pilots and isn't dawdling about getting them. Down in Texas it has built a factory that is turning them out, ready for anything, in 6 months

YOU have just spent $44,000,000 to build a factory down in Texas. It's a tremendous plant covering ten thousand acres, has 500-odd buildings laced together by 100 miles of roads, and every time you round a corner you bump into another superlative. An assembly line, miles long, is geared and greased for high-speed production. Into a hopper at one end goes the raw material, a strapping boy in his mid-twenties; six months and 200 flying hours later the finished product rolls off the other end, an ensign qualified to pilot and risk his neck in the fastest, trickiest planes in the Navy.

Less than a year ago Flour Bluff Point at Corpus Christi was just a hunk of sand dunes and mesquite thickets. Today it's the biggest naval air station in the world. A dozen towering hangars replace the dunes, and the worthless mesquite has given way to hundreds of giant mosquitoes with bright yellow wings—training planes.

The Navy needs fliers, needs thousands of them, and quickly. There are dozens of battleships, destroyers and cruisers built or building and the supply of officers and crews to man them isn't worrying Washington. But that's a pretty big coastline we have to watch, and the past few years of experience in Europe have shown us what able watchdogs patrol and carrier planes, fighters and dive bombers, can be. Provided, of course, there are trained pilots at the controls.

Pensacola, formerly our largest naval air-training station, couldn't turn out pilots fast enough. And even additional bases hurriedly set up at Jacksonville and Miami didn't fill the quota. Hence the Corpus Christi base, hence your $44,000,000 and the six-months assembly line.

The Flour Bluff site was hand-picked by a naval board headed by Admiral A. J. Hepburn, after a tour of the country looking for "a large area of air, both over land and water, which is relatively free from other aviation activities." Corpus Christi, only a Mexican bean's jump from the border, met all these specifications and threw in free a mild climate, prevailing winds in the southeast quadrant sixty-eight per cent of the time, ample undeveloped land remote from congested areas and a deepwater port for supply ships. Admiral Hepburn and his board of scouts, weary from their search, sighed happily and said, "We'll move in tomorrow."

American Cross Section

It's a vest-pocket Annapolis, as the first batch of fifty cadets reporting for training found out. The night they rolled in in busses through the terraced streets of Corpus Christi, mentally filing away each neon sign for future reference, they realized they were about to check their civilian clothes and careers for a half-year plus. Eleven miles farther out on Ocean Drive the bus was challenged by a sergeant of Marines, the first of three successive sentry lines that separated its young passengers from the barracks where they were to spend the night.

The next morning they stood in line for instructions, the first of a thousand lines and ranks and marches. Clipped orders kept those lines and ranks ruler-straight for marching to meals, to drills and classes, hour after hour, day after day. This particular morning they lined up for a physical exam, to give their life histories, to draw khaki shirts and trousers, a jaunty overseas cap and an armful of clothing sundries.

One item in the life-history questionnaire—former occupation—brought a variety of answers: Farmer, lumberjack, photostat operator, movie-theater manager, filling-station attendant, truck driver, assistant veterinarian, common laborer, leader of a swing band, warehouseman, radio announcer—and one frank, unadorned "soda jerker."

Most of these boys had finished four years of college and they included an Olympic wrestler, several Phi Beta

Kappas and football greats. All of course were within the required age limit of twenty to twenty-eight, had the necessary equivalent of two years at college and had passed the Navy elimination pilot test at reserve training bases scattered throughout the country.

Slice that first fifty straight through the middle and you get Joe Barker, a cross section of the class. "I was graduated from the College of the Pacific where I had majored in accountancy," Joe reports. "That got me a clerk's job in a bank and I stuck along with it for three years. The pay wasn't so hot. I'd never been in a plane until two months ago and my first hop made me lose all interest in banking. A few days later I had signed up for the elimination course, took my fifteen hours' dual instruction and passed my hour's solo. Felt pretty proud of myself, too, until we got our first lecture from one of the instructors here. Then I realized I had been going to kindergarten, learning to fly a kite."

The instructor told them they would have to crowd into six and a half months all the flying knowledge they needed to get their wings, or else; that the Navy had assigned 10,000 officers and enlisted and civilian personnel with a monthly pay roll of $2,000,000 for this sole purpose, and that to make the grade each cadet would have to lead the combined life of a monk, an expert mechanic, a serious student and a sea gull.

And No Time for Girls

For four solid weeks Joe won't see the inside of a cockpit. He will be too busy in classrooms and shops, learning to operate a radio sender and receiver (72 hours), taking down and reassembling a plane motor, trouble shooting, dissecting the gizzard of a carburetor to find out when and why a gas mixture is "leaned out too far." He'll spend more hours fathoming the mysteries of celestial navigation, using a bubble octant and a compass to find his way to a theoretical bombing objective and the safest, shortest way home. Lectures in scouting and search, chart-board navigation and the care and feeding of machine guns will help him forget the gal back home.

Joe is getting up with the Texas sun at five o'clock these mornings, hustling out in his pajamas to the parade ground for ten minutes of calisthenics. Then a quick shower, a longshoreman's breakfast, and at seven he's ready for a day's work. Incidentally, the morning exercise is a contribution of Gene Tunney, Shakespearean slugger, who is now athletic director for the entire Navy. Lieutenant Commander Tunney breezed into the Corpus Christi station one day this spring, lunched with the cadets and outlined his pep program. He described the tennis courts, bowling alleys, swimming pools and sports fields which were still on the architect's board. Then Gene announced an athletic feature we'll bet an old-age destroyer no other Army or Navy station can show you—a Finnish bath. It's complete now even to the hot rocks and steam, but there are no birch branches and no Finnish Amazons to wield them on Joe's hide. The Finnish bath, Gene predicts, is just what Joe needs to keep his shoulders wide, his hips narrow, his spirits high.

The first day of flight training is Christmas morning under the tree to the cadets. When it arrives they climb into busses at 6:30 A. M. and are ferried out to one of the three main base fields—P-1, P-2 and P-3—fanning out from the main station in a radius of fifteen miles. Joe is assigned to P-1, a field larger and better equipped than your average municipal airport.

And no wonder. Your average municipality couldn't afford to buy up about a thousand acres of cotton-patch and truck farms, transplant the owners happily and scrape the land as smooth as a tennis court. With not a nickel of that $44,000,000 in its municipal poke, it couldn't erect two standard Navy hangars, barracks for field personnel, dining halls, a power plant, service buildings and even a parachute-drying tower and packing room.

Always a Head Wind

P-1 also has the last word in runways, the "dumbbell." Instead of the orthodox strip runways radiating out like the spokes of a rimless wheel, P-1 uses two macadam circles—each 1,500 feet in diameter—connected by a wide macadam strip, hence the name, dumbbell. Here's the way it works: One circle is used solely for take-offs, and no

(Continued on page 44)

DEMIC

DEMIC

Four weeks after beginning training, cadets are ready to take to the air. Group above has assembled before training planes to receive ground instructions. Below, one of the student classes in wireless; ability to read and transmit code is important part of the training of a Navy pilot

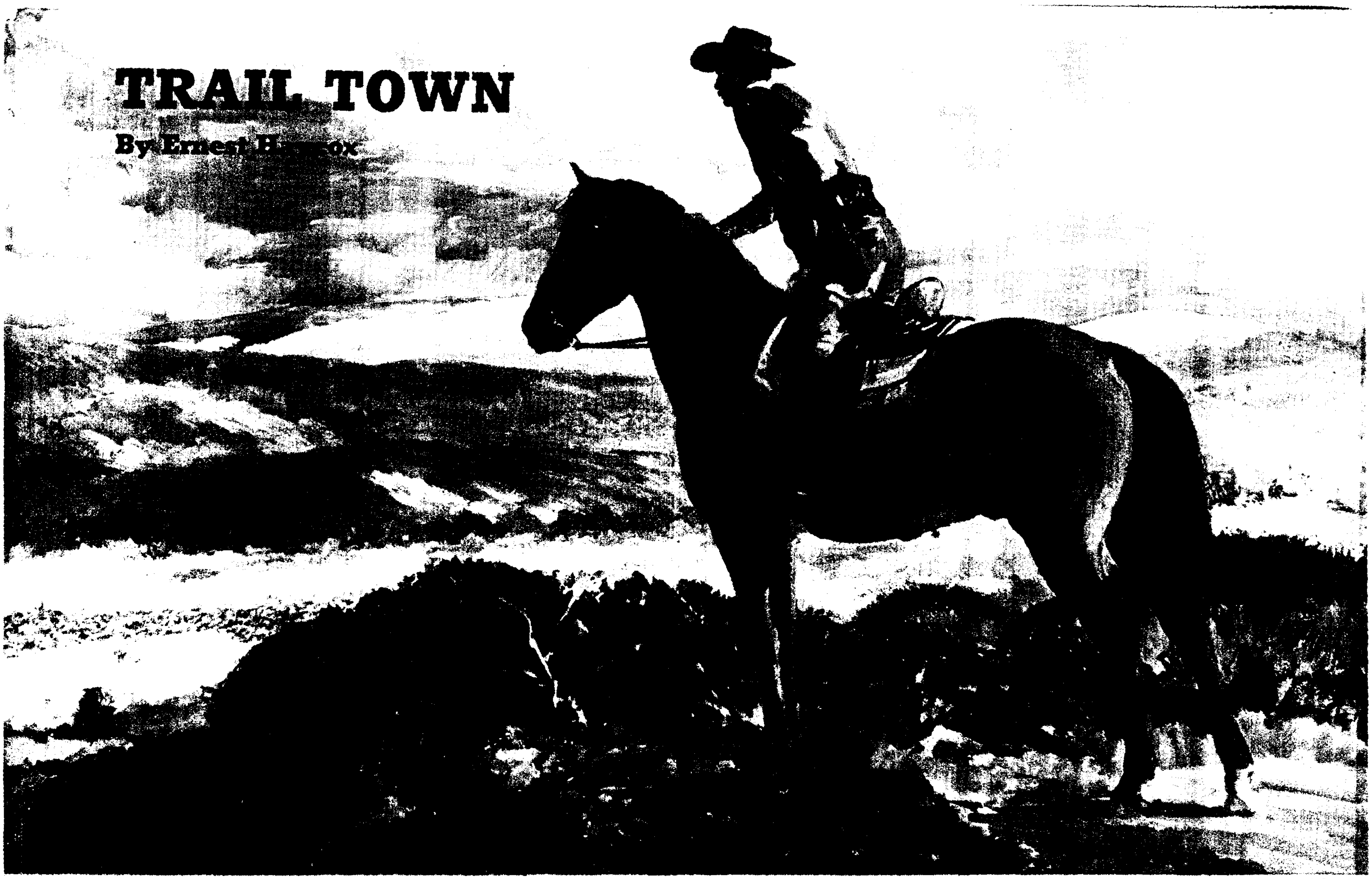
Cadet training includes plenty of drill. Most of the trainees are college graduates and will hold the rank of ensign after completing their courses. Below, a group studying a cutaway plane motor. Cadets learn during their early training to take a motor completely apart and get it together again

MEISEL

MEISEL

TRAIL TOWN

By Ernest Haycox



DONALD TEAGUE

Before Bexar's amused eyes the desert was suddenly in motion, herd mixed with herd, all racing toward the river

The Story Thus Far:

FORD GREEN, prosecuting attorney of the county in which the frontier town of River Bend lies, suspects (with reason) that the girl to whom he is engaged—Sherry Gault, daughter of a prominent ranchman—is more interested than she should be in Dan Mitchell, the marshal. So, quite naturally, he dislikes Mitchell; and Mitchell, knowing Green to be a small, unscrupulous politician, dislikes him.

When the sheriff—Bravo Trimble—is killed by Jett Younger, an outlaw, Green starts a rumor that Mitchell, not Younger, had fired the fatal shots. Learning of this, Mitchell, meeting Green on the street, gives him a terrific beating. Whereupon, Green imports Bill Bexar, sheriff of near-by Pawnee, with the idea *of making him sheriff and co-operating with* him in an effort to "eliminate" Mitchell.

Meanwhile, Sherry Gault has gradually awakened to the realization that Dan Mitchell is an unusually attractive man—possibly more *attractive (certainly more courageous and* manly) than the smooth schemer whom she has promised to marry.

Ed Balder, leader of the town's more respectable element (the less-respectable, on Race Street, is dominated by Charley Fair, a saloonkeeper), does not approve of making Bexar sheriff. Bexar, he knows, is a tough killer. . . .

Mitchell, *surrounded by enemies, has one* friend whom he knows he can trust: Tom Leathers. Leathers is deeply interested in a girl known as "Rita" who works in The Dream, a dance hall. Not quite sure that he can trust the girl, Leathers does not ask her to marry him. Then a young fellow—Henry Dreiser—comes to River Bend; he has, it appears, been looking for a sweet girl he has loved for a long time, and with whom, due to a curious concatenation of circumstances, he had lost touch.

Dreiser finds the girl: *Rita!* But when she tells him of her life—how, pressed for money, she had gone into a dance hall—he is *no longer* interested. And Leathers, learning of this, realizes that Rita is no ordinary "dancing girl." . . . Bill Bexar is made sheriff. A short time later, he and Charley Fair have a secret conference. Fair—who wants River Bend to be "wide open"—offers him two thousand dollars to keep it so. Bexar makes it plain *that he will accept the bribe.*

IX

AS SOON as Mitchell came into the jail office Ad Morfitt said: "We got a new sheriff."

"I heard so."

Ad hung up his gun and stood a while in the room, tired from his night's work, yet reluctant to go home. He was a taciturn man, stocky and undistinguished, yet a man who thoroughly knew his business. Throughout most of his life he had carried the star during the dark hours, obscured by the more spectacular men who rode the town by day. He had seen them come and go, he had seen them run under fire, he had seen them make their gallant plays, he had seen them die. Now he looked at Mitchell and prophesied Mitchell's fate out of his long experience.

"One more man to watch, Dan. One more man pointed against you. You see that, of course.

"This new one—this Bexar—he's the kind I never hoped you'd have to meet. But you will meet him. Ford Green's got that figured out, one way or another." He went deeper into his foreboding. "It won't be very long now. You get so you smell these things comin'. I'd say real trouble will break loose inside of forty-eight hours."

"Where will it break, Ad?"

Ad said: "Up until today I figured it would be Charley Fair bringing Younger to town. Now I ain't sure. This Bexar—" He was disturbed, this man who seldom was. He looked into the future with a gray and wise and gritty concern. "We got too many wires to trip over."

"You mean I have. You're not in this, Ad."

Ad said with extreme brevity: "I never let a day man down in my life. I have worn the boards of this town thin from walkin', same as you. Don't tell me what to do." He gave Dan Mitchell an irritable stare, as though the very sound of Mitchell's talk had been improper. "I am damned near old enough to be your father. I'll be on the street at eight o'clock tonight. I'll be somewhere out of sight. When I hear a gun—" He went to the doorway and considered the street and now remembered he had to go home. He looked back with a harassed expression. "You've got your troubles and I've got mine." He went down Willow at a dragging step.

Mitchell took his first tour afoot. Out by the stockyards great billows of dust stained the yellow sunlight where herds were crowding into the loading pens, and from that direction came the quick, shrill cry of Texans handling the stock. Farther out on the prairie, homestead wagons moved. The southern inbound stage now came across the Spanish River bridge. Wagons stood beyond the end of Willow in the area used by waiting settlers, stretched in a long row, and people walked in the full heat of light and seemed not to notice its power; all these people, he thought, were toughened to the land. They were farm folk migrating from the settled, expensive east to this promise of new homes and new fortunes. They would stick. Coming down Willow he saw Henry Dreiser near the edge of Brinton's stable and as he arrived abreast the boy he noticed that Dreiser looked steadily down Bismarck.

He was so fixed in his attention that he never saw Mitchell until the latter came around and faced him directly; then he put his eyes on the marshal and for a little while it seemed to Mitchell that this young man included him in a great and terrible hate of the world. He would not have been surprised if Dreiser had struck out at him, impelled by blind desire to do injury to something. Mitchell's voice went at him, easy and slow:

"You wanted that girl once."

Henry Dreiser sullenly said: "I don't want her now."

"Then what are you standing here for?"

"Maybe she was hungry, maybe she was all alone—but she could have gone back home to where her friends were."

"How do you know?" asked Mitchell. "Easy for you to talk and make out how it might have been. She was the one that had to do the starving. You look well fed to me. Nothing ever happened to you much. You never got far away from a kitchen or a warm fire. Pretty easy to stick to the things you figure are right when nothing comes along to batter hell out of you."

"She could have gone back home," repeated Henry.

"When you're drowning, my boy, you grab for the nearest thing."

Henry pointed. "Maybe she made one mistake. But why does she stay there?"

"Nothing wrong about working in

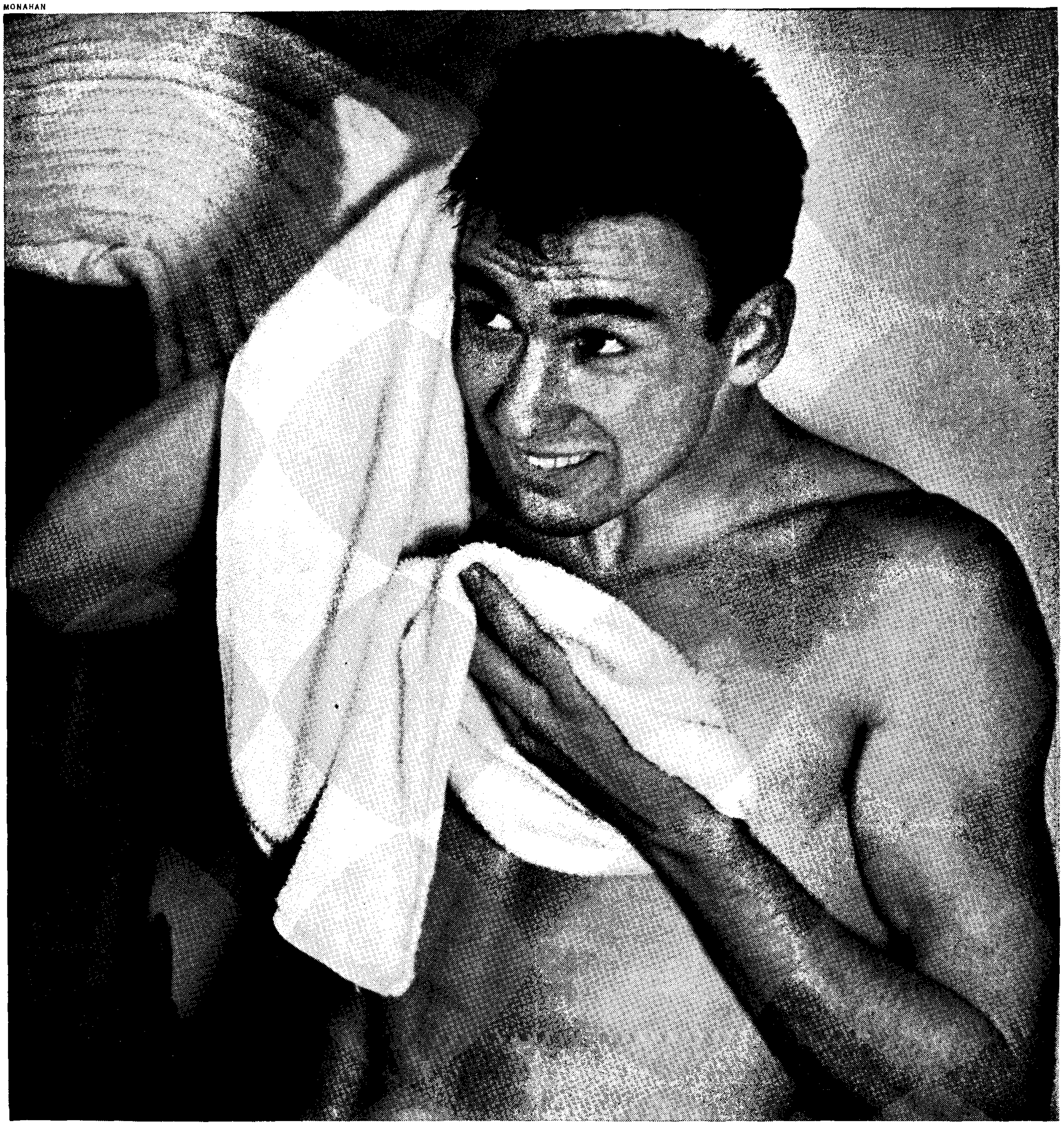
(Continued on page 34)

Kid Mercury

By Stanley Frank

Leslie MacMitchell, a lad with wings on his feet, got his early track training on the hard sidewalks of New York. Now he's out after that elusive four-minute mile—and getting closer and closer

MONAHAN



An outstanding mile speedster at 20, Leslie MacMitchell looks like the man track fans have been waiting for

WITHOUT gushing too much over a 20-year-old boy who has a flair for hauling hips rapidly, let us say simply that Leslie MacMitchell is the greatest potential mile runner the world has ever seen. Although the temptation is strong to go all-out on the limb of prediction, let's stick to facts and report that MacMitchell will run the legendary four-minute mile if that incredible clocking is to be achieved by any athlete in competition today.

Nobody knows how fast MacMitchell can, or will, run. Like Ben Jonson, he expands visibly. In one year and two weeks he zoomed from nowhere to charter membership among the all-time glamor boys of track.

On February 3, 1940, MacMitchell, a sophomore at New York University, made his big-time debut in the famous Wanamaker Mile at the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden. It was, unquestionably, the most resounding flop unveiling in history. MacMitchell was lapped by the field, did not even finish, as Chuck Fenske equaled Glenn Cunningham's record of 4:07.4 for a competitive scratch race.

On February 15, 1941, MacMitchell started in the famous Baxter Mile at the New York Athletic Club meet on the same Garden track. He not only finished, but he finished first in 4:07.4. This time Fenske was forced to quit by the furious pace set by MacMitchell.

Stressing MacMitchell's extreme youth is important. Top-flight milers do not reach the peak of ultimate performance until they are about twenty-five. The strength and stamina needed to carry sustained speed for a mile comes only with maturity, and MacMitchell still is a pup.

The Best is Still to Come

When Cunningham was twenty, he was just entering the University of Kansas and couldn't run within fifteen seconds of the 4:07.4 mile he knocked off in 1938 as a galloping gaffer of twenty-eight. Paavo Nurmi was not exactly an apple-cheeked boy when he began to rewrite the record book. It also is significant that MacMitchell is the first college undergraduate in seven years to establish number-one ranking in the mile. Fenske, Walter Mehl and Johnny Munski, who looked at the back of MacMitchell's neck in the major miles last winter, are out of school, but our man MacMitchell has completed little more than half his varsity career.

Only two men, Cunningham and Sydney Wooderson, ever have run the mile faster than MacMitchell, yet it is not certain that the mile is his best distance. Emil Von Elling, the N. Y. U. coach, says MacMitchell is the only runner in the world who can beat Greg Rice, the record holder, at two miles. MacMitchell has competed in exactly one two-mile race in his life. In January, 1940, when he wasn't half the runner he is today, he lost by two yards to Don Lash and Tommy Deckard, the Indiana veterans, in 9:08 on a flat, unbanked track without spiked shoes.

"The longer the distance, the more chance for MacMitchell's inherent class to assert itself," Von Elling declares. "The most amazing thing about the boy is that I've never seen him finish a race exhausted. Say, if he wanted to train for the grind, he could be the greatest marathon runner any of us has ever seen."

Still on the skinny side, MacMitchell built up his astonishing endurance through cross-country running, which is all work and no fun. He never has lost a cross-country race and he probably never will. His unbroken streak includes thirty-one consecutive victories in high-school, freshman and varsity competition.

Speed? The boy can whip up the strongest finishing kick any miler has ever owned. And small wonder; there aren't many men in America who can lick him over a longish sprint. He can shade forty-nine seconds for a quarter mile.

Although he doesn't like the half mile particularly, he can do 1:52 or better for the event. With no special preparation or pointing, he has run within two seconds of every world record at intermediate distances from 600 yards to the mile.

As a piece of human running machinery, Legs Leslie is exciting technically, but he is much more interesting as a flesh-and-blood personality. There was near-tragedy early in his life; sheer accident launched him as a runner; an obscure fan first recognized his ability; there was bitter disappointment and now spectacular success.

Immediately after MacMitchell became the chief craftsman in the Guild of Master Milers, a Mr. T. L. Day wrote a letter to the Times (New York) protesting against a grievous irregularity in

(Continued on page 48)

Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the collapse of a bridge near the little Southern city of Karnak, which causes the death of thirty-nine persons, Tom Garrison, the supervising engineer disappears.

Several months later, the voters of the county—cognizant that they are in the grip of a corrupt political machine—elect Dale Meredith, a girl, sheriff. And shortly thereafter, Dale finds herself engaged in a struggle with Neil Berkeley, who heads the machine. . . .

One question affords the gossips of Karnak food for much interesting speculation: Why have Dale Meredith and Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation, not married after having been, obviously, in love for years? The question remains unanswered, until Jerry's wife—a night-club singer whom he had married in a weak moment in New York City—suddenly appears in Karnak and (despite her husband's objections) ensconces herself in Jerry's home.

Not knowing the whole story, Karnak accepts Mrs. Hamilton. And within a short time, she and the rottenest politician in the county—Neil Berkeley—are deep in a flagrant affair. . . . Dale receives a letter from Tom Garrison. The fellow accuses the county engineer *and Neil Berkeley* of forcing him to substitute poor material for good in the building of the bridge. . . . A stranger—Paul Campbell of New York City—reaches Karnak. He calls on Dale Meredith and informs her that his wife is a bigamist—that he had married one Rita Fenton (now Mrs. Gerald Hamilton) some time after she had married Hamilton.

Learning who the newcomer is, and what he is up to, Neil Berkeley lures him to a lonely spot and shoots him to death. . . . The body of Paul Campbell is found. Dale decides that one of three persons—Rita Hamilton, Jerry, or Neil Berkeley—has killed him. She questions Rita. The woman has a perfect alibi. She interrogates Jerry Hamilton. Jerry (whom she still loves, and who loves her) convinces her that he knows nothing of the crime. *But he has no alibi.*

Then she has a talk with Berkeley. The fellow admits nothing. He admits, however, that he is engaged to Dale's young sister, Peggy; and he says that if Dale will not resign he will marry Peggy! . . . Jerry and Dale meet, have a long talk. "If I were free," Jerry says, "I would ask you to marry me." Dale stares at him. Then, "Jerry," she exclaims, "what chance is there for you and me to find happiness?"

VI

MR. ANGEL VERNER was entertaining company. He was doing it with superb informality. In the effort to make his guest feel at home, Mr. Verner had removed his coat and shoes, and he leaned back in the ancient rocker and placed his feet on the top of the living-room table.

He had sent his thin and weary wife and their two offspring to the home of relatives in the neighborhood, so that he could be alone with Neil Berkeley. He had given Mr. Berkeley the Morris chair nearest the fireplace, had placed a bottle and glasses near Mr. Berkeley's right hand and had lighted for himself a somewhat noxious cigar.

Angel was not exactly tranquil in mind or spirit. His visitor was smiling and genial, but there was something behind Neil's level dark eyes which more than vaguely disturbed the former sheriff of Karnak County. True, Mr. Verner held his visitor in high esteem, but he had a disturbing hunch that he was about to be asked to pull certain chestnuts out of the fire, and that was a task for which he had no stomach, particularly since Neil's chestnuts were likely to be very large and very hot ones.

Neil Berkeley had spoken feelingly of conditions in the county; he had rehashed the meeting of the previous night and the annoying outburst of civic indignation which threatened to make trouble for those who for ten years had lived lavishly on the fruits of their own iniquities. Angel, being an astute gentleman, had waited patiently, agreeing with noncommittal grunts and saying slightly less than nothing. He was content to wait, realizing that the bad news would come soon enough.

Neil was speaking silkily. "We've figured Dale Meredith wrong from the first," he was saying. "She's not only taken her job seriously, but she's found out plenty—"

"So I been hearin'."

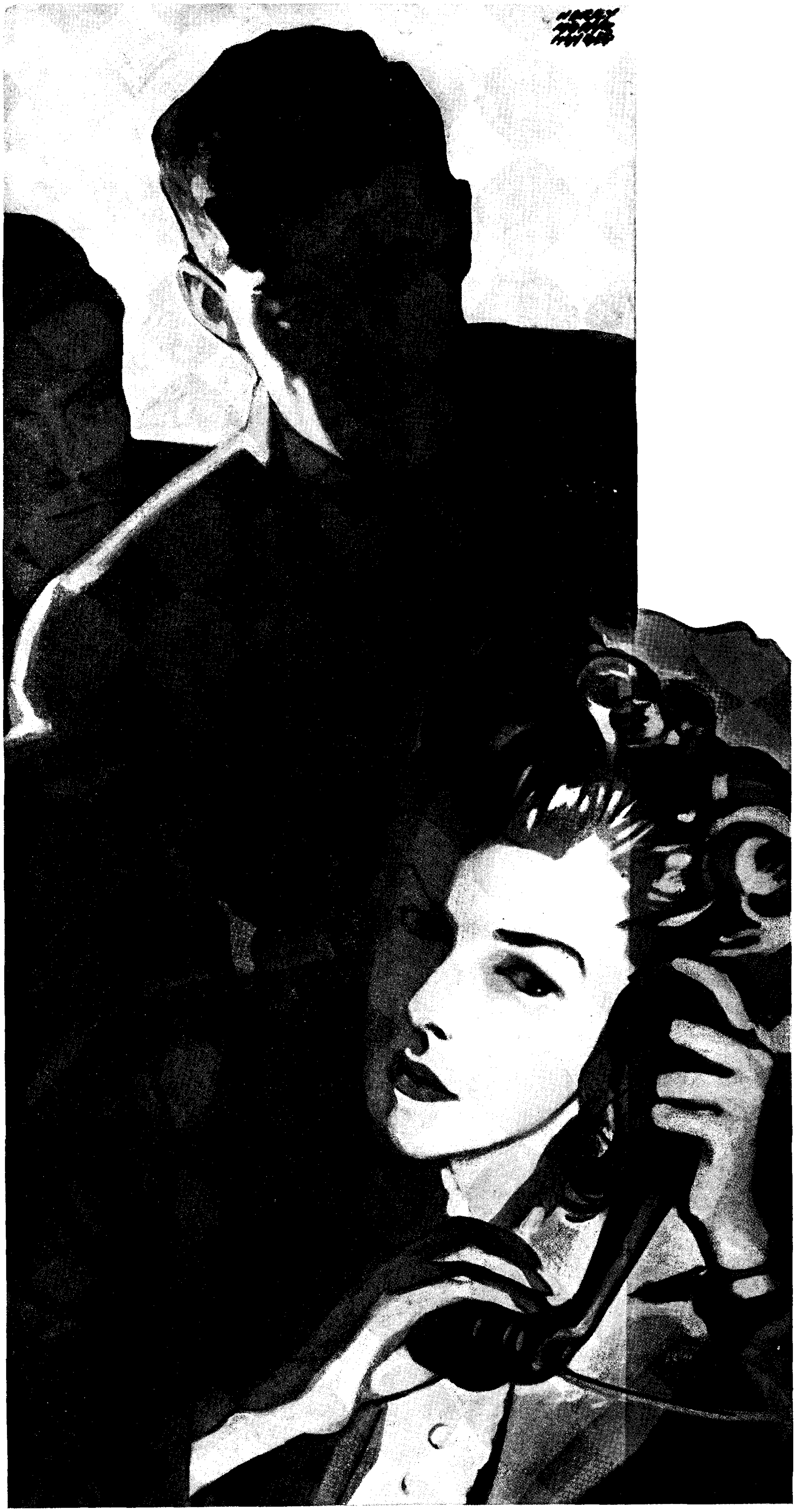
"You haven't been hearing it all, either, Angel. Suppose I explain. There's evidence of a lot of things we've been doing. But that isn't all. She's also sent out a call for Tom Garrison."

"Yeah. I know all about that, too."

"Not all." Neil's eyes narrowed. "I don't believe you know that she has located him."

That brought Verner's feet down to the floor with a bang. He said sharply, "You ain't se'ious?"

"I never was more serious in *(Continued on page 24)*



Dale said, "Hello," and the voice of Chet Wilson came to her. He said, "Miss Dale, there's trouble down the midway, an' I thought I better let you know, 'fore it gets out of hand"

The Price

By John Randolph Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

HERE the pines were slender, graceful fingers pointed against the purple sky of twilight. The boy stood on tiptoe, hushed, breathless, thrilled. Below him the little lake glimmered and the campfire winked cheerily.

"It's so quiet you can hear yourself think," the boy whispered, "and so gosh-darned beautiful it—why, it makes your heart swell up like a balloon."

Beside him the black shepherd, with the funny, quizzical eyes and the tan patches above those eyes, thumped his tail against the ground. Then he, too, because he was an old dog and very wise, became utterly still.

The whisper came again: "How you like timber cruising?" The dog, Jonah, permitted himself one subdued thump of his tail. The whisper continued: "Five whole days and nights we've been in the open. Riding and eating and sleeping under the stars. We'll never forget it, Jonah. Never as long as we live!" He chuckled softly. "Pop and Uncle Matt, they said we couldn't stand the trip. But we showed 'em. Then they said, 'For Pete's sake, what do you want to take the dog for?' And I said—I said, 'Jonah's gone everywhere with me since he was a little puppy.'

"Then they laughed and said okay and looked at each other and smiled like maybe they were remembering when they were little boys. Ain't you glad I stuck up for you, Jonah? You wouldn't've missed this trip for a million dollars, would you? And if it hadn't been for you, Pop might've put his hand smack on that rattlesnake."

Twilight thickened and Nick Gregory and his dog, Jonah, began to descend the ridge. They paused to drink from the stream that fed the lake, then continued to the tiny meadow at the lakeside. At their approach the grazing horses flung up their heads and snorted. Nick called softly to them and Jonah, with a mock growl, flashed past him and pretended to nip at the mare Lucy's heels.

"You old show-off," Nick scolded him. "I told you twice before that mare's handy with her hind feet. First thing you know, she'll kick you into the middle of next week."

"Supper's ready, son," Jeff Gregory called.

NICK moved into the campfire's circle of cozy light. His father and his uncle grinned indulgently at him. They were big, the brothers Gregory, with the far look in their eyes of men who have spent their lives outdoors.

"Still like timbering, Nick?" Matt inquired.

"It's swell," Nick said. "Jonah likes it, too."

Jeff said, "I expect Jonah would manage to like anything you liked, kid. . . . More bacon? Eat hearty, because it's a long ride out to Brigadier tomorrow and we want to make it by night. Give old Jonah them scraps and tell him I thank him again in regard to that blasted rattlesnake."

"You tell him, Pop."

"Shucks," Matt Gregory broke in, "me and your daddy don't speak the same language as Jonah, but he sure understands *you*."

"I expect that's because Jonah and I've been together nine years," Nick said gravely.

"To be sure," big Matt agreed. "Nine years of loving. Many's the time I've seen you holding Jonah's paw while he said his prayers."

"You can't kid me," the boy laughed.

With supper eaten, they leaned against convenient pine trunks. The men broke out their pipes and puffed in contentment. The boy sat with Jonah's head in his lap and stroked the black ears and peered occasionally into the funny, quizzical eyes.

The men talked in soft tones, their lips going *puff, puff* every now and then and the lazy smoke drifting about their heads. In their talk was the saltiness of the outdoors. Talk of other days and other timber; talk of now, and this stand of timber they would saw in the spring and summer. Quiet, pleasant, satisfying talk.

"Son, I hear that old fool Lucy mare at the head of the lake. She might lead them other horses off. Slip up there and catch her and put this halter on her, and we'll tie her tonight."

"You can stay here if you want to," Nick told Jonah gravely, and both men laughed.

"Stay here?" Matt exclaimed. "Jonah would have to be dead before he didn't follow you."

The meadow was a ghostly cup caught between the hills, with starlight sprinkled over it, with shadows hiding in every fold. He thought suddenly, "Gosh, I might be afraid if old Jonah wasn't with me." And at that instant he felt the dog's tongue caress the hand swinging at his side. . . .

THE mare's heels flashed out wickedly. He heard a dull *plop* and with it the nauseating crunch of breaking bones. Afterward he knew that he must have screamed, but he didn't know it then. Knew only that Jonah was a dim, crazy shape rolling over and over, yelping, howling, snapping at himself.

He was on the ground now with Jonah. He was mouthing words somehow: "It's me, Jonah. It's me. Don't bite. Don't bite, now. It's me. It's Nick!"

Jonah's eyes were red with pain, but he lay still at last. The boy cradled the dog in his arms and went walking very carefully toward the campfire. A thousand or so years later Matt Gregory got to his feet and stared gloomily at his brother.

"There ain't a vet in the world could fix him up. All the shoulder bones're gone into splinters. Ribs, too, driven in."

They didn't know he heard; they thought he was locked away from them in his grief. But he heard, all right. Heard his father say, "I'd give my damn' arm not to have to tell him."

"I'll do it then, Jeff."

"No, I'll do it myself. Thanks, Matt, but it's my job."

It seemed that his father talked on and on forever. At last he paused, and Nick cried, "But he saved your life! He saved you from that rattlesnake!"

"Yes," Jeff said. "Yes." His face was as gray as the bark on a white oak. "He's more comfortable now, son, as comfortable as he ever will be—living. You—you couldn't stand it tonight, could you? I understand. We—we'll just let him rest till morning. . . ."

Again they thought he couldn't hear. They thought he was asleep at last, rolled there in his blanket under the stars. To be sure, his eyes were closed, but he could still see the dog wrapped in his father's coat and he could hear the cautious whispers:

"I—I just couldn't do it, Matt."

"I understand, Jeff. I'll do it."

A windy sigh escaped his father's lips. "First thing in the morning, then, Matt, with the .22. Before the kid wakes up. Make it quick, Matt, and sure."

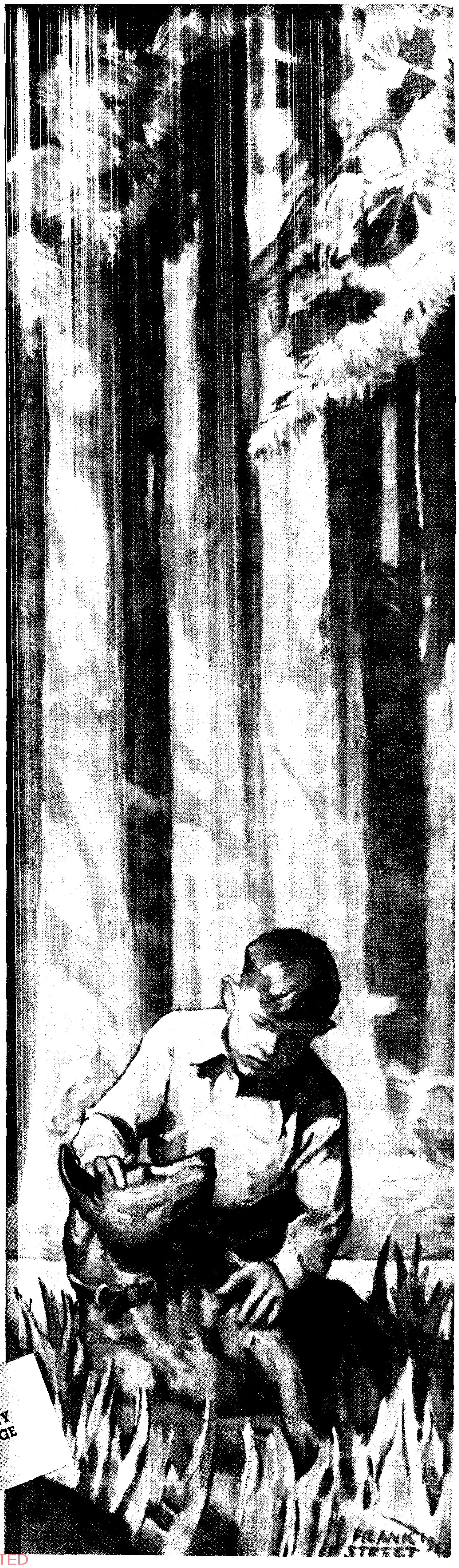
"I understand," Matt Gregory repeated, and the stars were gone, perhaps forever. . . .

Dawn poked one pallid finger into the black smudge that was the sky. Soon Matt Gregory would awake and perform a hateful but necessary task. It had been Jeff's job to break the news to his son, and it was Matt's to put the old dog out of his misery. *Matt's?* Rolling over, the boy sat up. He found the .22 and slipped a cartridge into the chamber. The red eyes gazed trustfully up at him. He aimed between them, and a fraction above, and squeezed the trigger.

Yonder was the sun already. *No!* That was some hideous red fire in the mountains. The sun would never shine again.

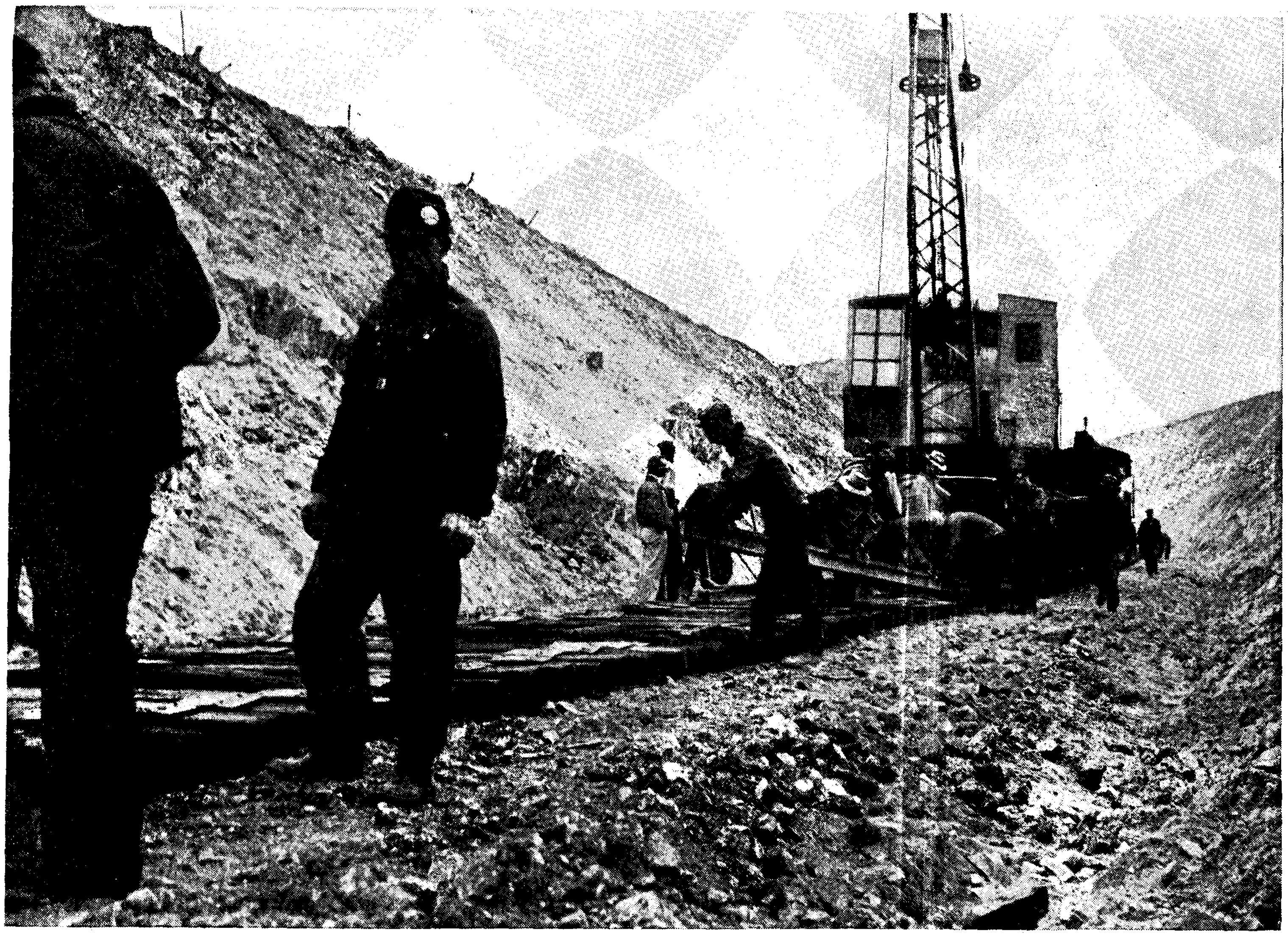
"YOU'RE a man, Nick," and that was all his understanding father ever said about the shooting of old Jonah.

And it was a terrible price to pay to be a man. He'd rather be a kid forever. But all that day, on all the long ride back to the town of Brigadier, he noticed that, whenever the trail permitted, his father and his uncle rode knee-to-knee with him.



He was on the ground now with Jonah. He was mouthing words somehow: "It's me, Jonah. It's me. Don't bite, now. It's Nick!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

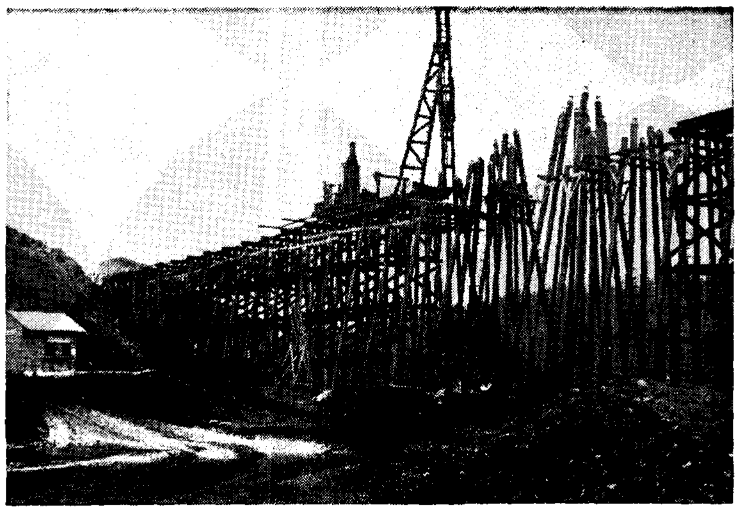


Civilian workers lay the twenty miles of rails used in constructing the nation's first and longest complete military railroad at Fort Leonard Wood. Each rail is thirty-nine feet long, weighs 1,400 pounds. The line has seventy curves

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY FRISCO RAILROAD

The longest cut is 3,100 feet; hardest uphill pull nearly seven miles

More than 1,600,000 cubic yards of earth and rock were removed from the railroad's sixty-eight cuts



Where fills were impracticable, Ozark gaps were spanned by two steel bridges and fifteen timber trestles

Few weeks ago at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, the first trains ran over the first complete railroad built for government use in the defense program. The $2,500,000 line, rated as an outstanding engineering job stretches twenty miles from the St. Louis–San Francisco Railway trunk two miles west of Newburg, has five passing tracks for heavy traffic, an electrically operated signal system and seven unloading tracks at the fort warehouse terminal. Ozark terrain presented difficult engineering problems but the project, which would normally take two years, was finished in five and a half months

OUR NEW ARMY

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. What you have to know to appreciate the spot in which Corp. Neville Harrington, of the 31st Division's 114th F. A., finds himself is that an enlisted man endowed with a knack useful to the Army is given a specialist rating, which starts with sixth class (at three bucks extra per month) and ends with first class (thirty smackers). Corp. Harrington used to be a commercial photographer and naturally gravitated to the picture staff of the division's weekly newspaper, where, as a private first class ($36) and a third-class specialist ($20) he dragged down $56 every payday. Things were hunky-dory with our man until he was assigned, one day, to snap some official pix for Division Commander Major General John C. Persons, who was so pleased with the prints that he had Harrington promoted to corporal ($54). Corp. Harrington is proud of his two stripes but mourns the loss of his specialist rating and thinks maybe he was happier as a private, with more dough ($2).

31ST DIV.

SERGEANT ROSS COPELAND, Hq. Btry., 116th F. A., has accepted the apology of Louisiana's 156th Infantry. Seems that the sergeant, out foraging for cabbage palms with which to decorate his company street, was rounded up as a "prisoner" by the 156th while the boys were working out a combat problem north of the camp. Sgt. Copeland's unit wasn't within miles of the activities and the sergeant's explanation of his presence in the vicinity just gave everybody except Sgt. Copeland a big laugh. It took some time to set things (including the cabbage palms) right.

WHEN the 43d and 31st divisions move to Louisiana's Camp Beauregard, at Alexandria, for August maneuvers, thence to Texas for combat training during September, civilian travelers in the Gulf Coast area will probably find the going tough. More than 4,000 Army vehicles will clutter up the highways between Blanding and Alexandria, and if the supplementary troop trains use the most direct route they'll just about tie up all other traffic over the line. Unless they detour hundreds of miles, motorized units must rumble over U. S. 90 through Pensacola, Mobile, Biloxi and Gulfport. By moving around Lake Ponchartrain and crossing the Mississippi at Baton Rouge it will be possible to skirt New Orleans. Chances are this will be done to avoid tying the city's traffic into knots even a Boy Scout wouldn't recognize. One brigade of field artillery from Blanding went through the business district of Jacksonville a few weeks ago as an experiment, and the still dazed citizens have come to the conclusion that enemy invaders would cause such a traffic jam they wouldn't get to first base with their invasion.

43D DIV.

The thousands of Louisianans in the 31st are so gleeful over the prospect of again setting foot on their home grounds that they can hardly wait for the next two months to pass. Shenanigans already are under way to wangle a few days leave while at home, and the Alabama and Mississippi boys are sitting up nights figuring how they can drop out for a day or two when their contingent crosses those states en route to Louisiana. It'll be quite an excursion for some 50,800 men.

GEORGIA

FORT BENNING. Pvt. Marion Charbonneau, of the 78th F. A. Btn., Second Armored Division, ought to be a pretty good guitar player by the time he finishes his correspondence course. The thing is, he has to practice whether he wants to or not. When Pvt. Charbonneau reached the fort, tuned up the guitar and started in on lesson No. 1, the plunking so intrigued a guy in the next tent that he wandered over and wanted to know if Pvt. Charbonneau would be willing to teach him the fundamentals of stringed music. Charbonneau said

(Continued on page 46)

The Tides of Lundy

By Walter Havighurst

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The dramatic events which taught a pair of British sailors that war is a matter of teamwork

ALONG the windy headlands where the Devon folk look across to the rock mass of Lundy rising out of the sea, there is an old saying, "Scratch Lundy and you'll find granite." That goes back to the wreckers and the channel pirates of two hundred years ago. But there is granite in the trawler fleets of 1941, who sweep the mines out of Bristol Channel and hunt the submarines that lurk off Lundy Island, in wait for the convoys fanning in from Africa and Canada and the Argentine. The tides moan under Lundy's cliffs and the gray mist shrouds gray water. There is the whistle of wind and the long sea thunder. . . .

On the St. Agnes, rolling in a beam sea, Lieutenant Leonard Macedon stood in the cramped wheelhouse with the gold chevrons glinting on his coat and a line between his eyes. It was a new world to him—just off the signal bridge of the cruiser Vigilant. He knew when he was assigned to a Cardiff trawler it would be a dreary and nerve-wringing command. The only man in uniform—the only naval man—in a grimy, littered craft, smelling of tar and herring, where the men grunted to one another (and to their commander) and knew their business in their sleep. Patrol of Bristol Channel in a black little trawler on her beam-ends half the time. Mines around her and U-boats lurking; depth charges stored like oil drums on her deck, ready to blow them to everlasting if— But that wasn't what put the line between Leonard Macedon's eyes. He had expected discomfort and danger. But he had not expected enmity in his own crew.

HE HAD uncovered it quickly—two hours out of Bristol harbor. A mile off to starboard a craft came up abeam, sloshing out for mine patrol. It was an excursion boat, out of place in those sullen waters, queer-looking with her open decks and her coat of dirty gray.

Leonard Macedon raised his glasses.

"She belong around here?" he asked, making conversation with the trawler's silent captain.

"Cardiff Maid," Morry Sleat said around the stem of his pipe.

"They're using a lot of them off Gravesend. All the Thames tripper boats. Shallow draft like that one—they're the answer for mine-sweeping." While he talked, the Cardiff Maid was pulling away from them. "I say, he's fast. Or else your engineer is saving his horsepower."

At that Captain Sleat, lean, young, hard-handed, turned his wind-whipped face, and his jaw thrust out. "My engineer," he said, and his gray eyes narrowed, "went down with the Esmeralda."

Leonard Macedon took a breath. "Who is—down below—now?"

"This man," said the captain slowly, "is a blundering, bullheaded Cardiff grease monkey." He spoke with his teeth together.

Leonard Macedon stared at the heaving sea. What had the adjutant told him—"Big, sturdy chaps, dirty and undisciplined. But they're doing a job that belongs to history. Keeping the channels open in spite of— Well, son, you'll see for yourself. They know their business better than some of us. The only reason to have a naval man aboard is to co-ordinate their work." The line deepened between his eyes. To co-ordinate—

"How did the Esmeralda—go?"

"They bombed us. We were on patrol with this one, the Agnes. If he hadn't dropped behind to coddle his engines we'd have caught that Dornier in cross fire." Then his jaw clamped tight again.

IT WAS a relief when the cook called up at teatime. They went down to the cramped little cuddy, where a man could throw the harness off for twenty minutes. That was Lieutenant Macedon's first sight of the Welsh engineer, a big, slow-moving fellow with broad, strong features under his black thatch of hair. The three of them sat at the table, and he saw Rob Strumble staring with cold black eyes past his captain.

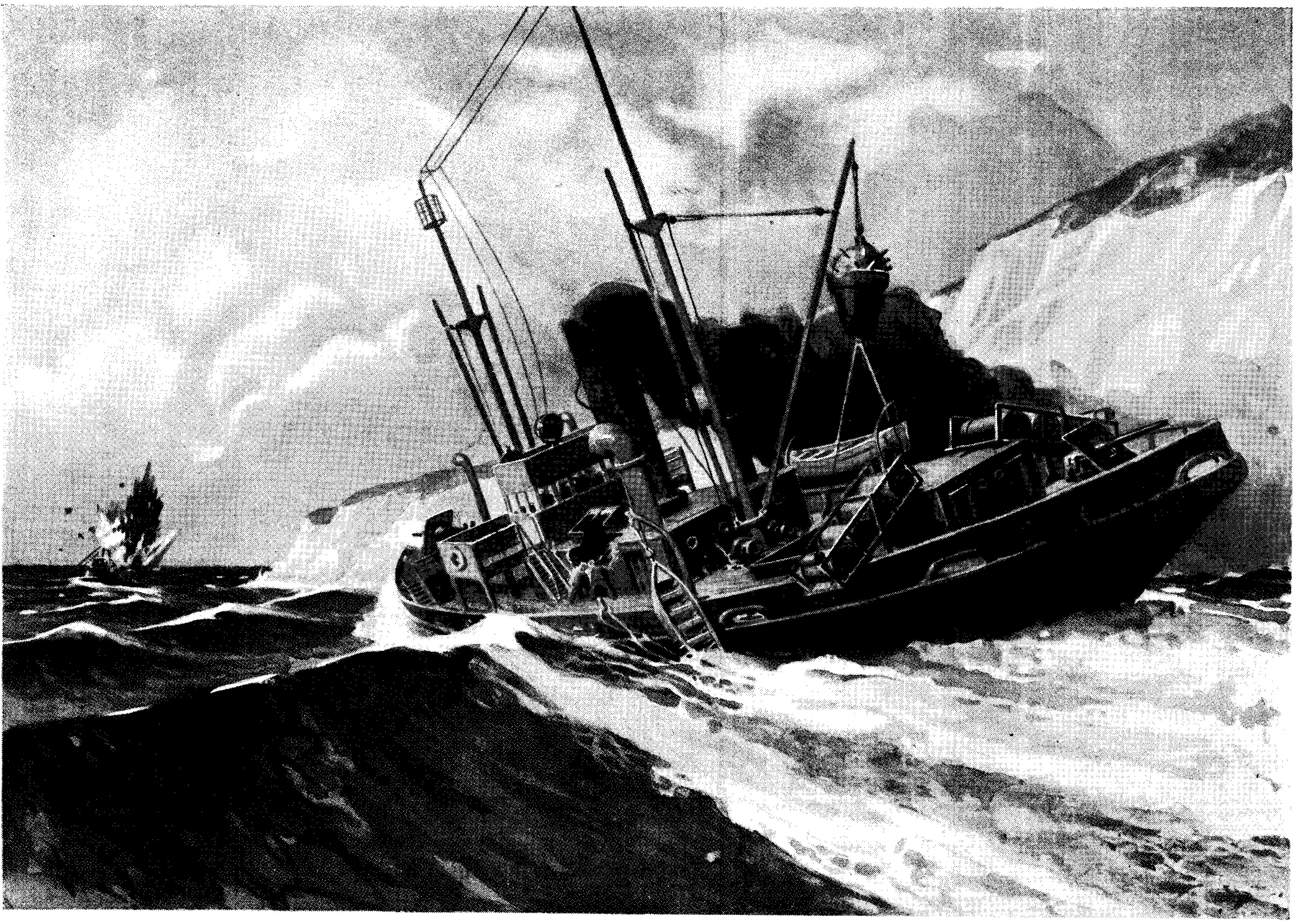
"Where to, this trick, Skipper?" he asked. There was a warm Welsh rumble in his voice.

"I say—where to?"

It was Macedon he was asking.

"Oh—Lundy Channel. Where you

(Continued on page 54)



A jet of blackened water fumed up from the sea. Another shot followed, and another, as the dull roar of the explosion floated back

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 20

my life. I've had spies watching everything she's been doing. She heard from the police authorities somewhere in Minnesota that they've got a man they think is Garrison." Neil was walking up and down the room.

"Figure it out for yourself, Angel. Garrison's a weakling and a fool. He's got a conscience. Dale will have him brought to trial, and she'll have a special prosecutor appointed. She'll pick a good man, and whoever it is will tear Tom Garrison to pieces on the witness stand. And that means that I'll be completely sunk . . . and you with me."

"I didn't have nothin' to do with that Little Cat bridge affair, Neil."

"Not with the building of it—no. But you helped Garrison get away, and you were the sheriff. And once the public believes the story of that affair, they'll believe everything else bad about us that they happen to hear. If we escape the electric chair, we'll be sent up for so many years that our grandchildren won't know us when we get out."

Angel asked, "How much time we got, Neil?"

"Enough. I believe Dale just got her dope today. She has to get an extradition request from the governor. She has to send a deputy way up yonder to identify the man they've got. If it's Garrison, the papers have to be presented to the Minnesota governor, and that doesn't always happen immediately. If extradition is granted—as it almost certainly will be—it'll most likely be slow enough so that we'll have two weeks to work in down here."

MR. VERNER shook his head solemnly. "Sounds downright unhealthy," he observed. "What can we do about it?"

Neil said tensely: "If Dale wasn't sheriff . . . if something happened to her . . . then I could get my own man appointed. You, most likely; but in any event someone I could control."

"What diff'ence would that make?"

"A hell of a lot. If Dale is still sheriff when Garrison gets here, she'll give him all the protection in the world. If she isn't . . . well, he might be let out on bail, or he might escape. In any event . . . the minute he got loose, he could be made to disappear."

"Run away again, you mean?"

"That—or something else. We're in so deep anyway, Angel—that a little deeper doesn't matter. The point is that we'd see to it that Tom Garrison never got on any witness stand."

"You're dawggone tootin' we would. But I still don't figure out this thing about *if* Dale ain't sheriff. She is—and it 'pears like she's aimin' to stay that way."

Neil looked straight at his friend. "There's no reason why an accident shouldn't happen to Dale Meredith," he stated.

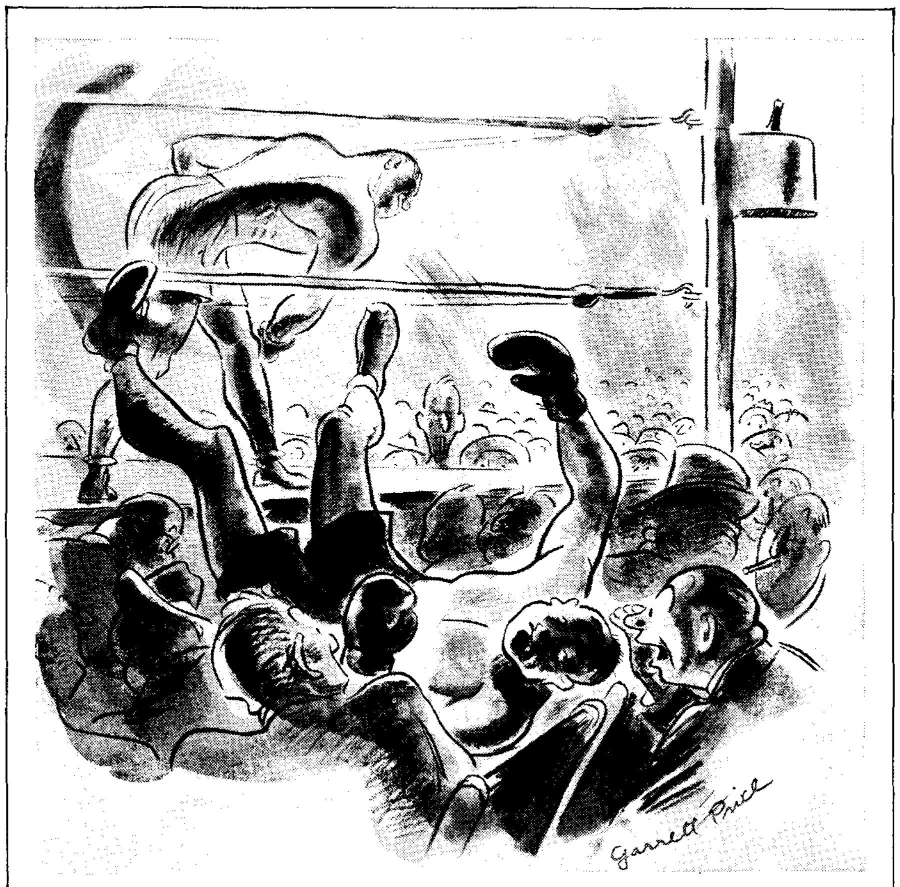
"Sure not." Angel was uncomfortable. "What sort of an accident?"

"A real bad one. Like getting killed, for instance."

The eyes of the ex-sheriff narrowed. "If it really looked like an accident, Neil—that'd maybe be all right. But otherwise . . ."

"I can finish that for you, Angel. I happen to agree with you." Neil was speaking as calmly as though discussing spring plowing. "If something happened to Dale that even looked like murder, the county would really rise up and raise hell. They'd know who to suspect. But if it was plain that it was simply an accident, why then nothing would—or could—be done about it."

Angel nodded. But he had doubts.



"Are those punches as hard as they look?" GARRETT PRICE

"You're slick, Neil . . . but I ain't sure you're that smart. Folks ain't acceptin' nothin' casual right now."

"Neither am I." There was a steely quality in the voice of the younger man, a quality that made Angel Verner more than a trifle uncomfortable. "You and I are in this thing up to our necks, Angel. Dale's got us backed against the wall. The point is, therefore—how far are we willin' to go to save ourselves?"

"Pretty far, I reckon."

"I'd handle it myself," stated Neil quietly, "except that they'd be too likely to suspect me."

Angel didn't even pretend to misunderstand. His voice was flat and positive. "Sorry, Neil," he said, "but I ain't havin' any. Takin' care of Ed Clarendon was one thing. Fixin' up a lot of plain an' fancy crimes all over the county was simple. But killin' the sheriff of Karnak—that's a mite too strong."

"One of us has to do it."

"Then you're elected, Neil." Verner rose and stood squat and powerful and flat-footed, looking down at his chief. "I ain't tackin' any female murder onto what they already got against me, an' there ain't no use arguin'."

He stopped talking and waited uncomfortably for whatever Neil might say . . . but what the young man did say came as a distinct shock:

"I've stuck my chin out pretty far already, Angel. Maybe you'd be interested in hearing that I killed Paul Campbell."

"That New York guy?"

"Yes."

Angel Verner said, "Good gosh . . ." and dropped back into his chair. "The hell you say."

"I killed him. What's more, Dale Meredith has a pretty keen idea that I did it—and why. So far as I can judge, she hasn't told anyone else yet . . . but I have a hunch that she won't keep it to herself much longer."

Verner's jaw was sagging. He said, "But look, Neil—it doesn't make sense. How come you to kill a feller you never even seen before?"

"There were reasons. . . ."

Angel whistled. "I git it. Johnny Ellis said this Campbell feller come down heah to see Rita Hamilton. . . . He maybe meant trouble. . . . Wow! You must have it awful bad, Neil."

"Maybe. Anyway, you've got to admit that I've tried everything I could think of. I even got myself engaged to Dale's kid sister. I figured that maybe she'd lay off me if I was all set to become part of the family. But hell! That gal doesn't bluff easy. And she doesn't back water. Her answer to my play with Peggy was to call that mass meetin', and declare open war on me. She knew I'd understand . . . and I do. She can't turn back now, and neither can I. And she's stepping on my toes—hard. Yours, too, Angel. Now I'm not asking you to do anything unreasonable—"

"No use, Neil. I just ain't playin'."

NEIL lighted a cigarette and puffed evenly. "Sorry you won't take the job, Angel. And I can't say that I'm surprised or that I blame you. So it checks it right up to me. . . ." His gaze was direct and somewhat disconcerting. "I know I can trust you, Angel. . . . I feel right sure of that."

"You sho can, Neil . . . all the way."

"I'm explainin' what I've got in mind," said Neil quietly, "because I want plenty of help from you. Oh! don't get fidgety—you'll be absolutely in the clear. The thing I've worked out will look like a most unfortunate accident—with Dale as the victim. What she knows will pass along with her, and even if she has already told somebody, they won't be able to do anything about it. No legal proof, see? And we'll be back in the catbird's seat."

"Go ahead." Verner was tense. "An' it sho better be good."

"It's good, all right. Look . . ." Neil produced a pencil and a piece of paper. "Monday the county fair opens. We know what's always gone on here. The carnival company has always been let to run wide open. This time it's a cinch that Dale will clamp the lid on gambling, and the carnival men will get plenty sore. Right so far?"

"Yeah. Right."

"They'll put the gyp on heavy—worse than usual, to try an' make some profit. The town boys will be taken for a ride and by Saturday night, when the fair closes, they'll be pretty sore."

"They'll be sore enough."

"That's where you come in. Work through whoever you can trust. On Saturday night, see to it that the punks around Lefty Bragan's place get stewed. Have somebody in there to talk things up. Get 'em excited about how they've been trimmed at the fair. Then have somebody suggest that they go out and bust up the midway. That's to be done at a certain fixed hour."

ANGEL was nodding. He was shrewd enough to keep step with his chief. "Keep goin'," he suggested.

"I want you to have two or three reliable men there to keep things from slipping, because what I want is a first-class riot. Once those things start, they get good. Well, I want this better than that. What's more, I want at least a half-dozen shots fired after things get goin' full blast."

"Why?"

"I'm comin' to that. This fight is to be all up and down the midway. After it's over, it'll be remembered that there was some shootin'. Now here's the point, Angel—just suppose one of those stray bullets happened to hit Dale Meredith . . . that would certainly look like an accident, wouldn't it?"

"It sho'ly would . . . yes, sir, Neil, it'd look perfect. But how . . .?"

Neil sketched rapidly on the piece of paper. "Here's the road running east from Karnak. The fairgrounds are on the right. Between the main road and the grounds there's a big parking lot. Then we have the grandstand and the livestock buildings. Now here, at right angles to the main road and parallel to the back of the grandstand, is a wire fence, and just back of that fence—on the west—is that patch of pine woods. The shot that finishes Dale Meredith will come from those woods."

Angel exhaled audibly. "You reckon there'd be any chance of you missing, Neil?"

Berkeley laughed. "At that range? Not a chance! I'll have a rifle with a telescope sight. There'll be plenty of light because the midway starts right there at the end of the grandstand, and they have it strung with bright lights."

"Yeah . . . but how do you know Dale will be there? Or even if she is at the fair, how do you know where she'll be standin'?"

"I've figured that out, too. Right here by the north end of the back of the grandstand is where the midway and all the lights begin. And here is the little room underneath the grandstand where you always maintained a branch of your office during fair week. Dale will do the same thing; she's bound to. She'll have one or two deputies on duty there all the time.

"Now, look: we want the rioting to start slow . . . to give plenty of time for it to get under way. The exhibits will be empty on account of it being the last night, but the midway will be jammed or I don't know Karnak. Maybe Dale will be at the fair and maybe she won't. If she isn't . . . and it's your job to find out . . . they'll telephone her the minute

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1. Our own investment specialists
2. Directors' finance & real estate committees
3. Diversification of investments
4. Geographic distribution

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These are four safeguards with which Metropolitan surrounds the funds that about 29,000,000 policyholders have entrusted to its care. They give assurance that in the future, as always in the past, the Company will fulfill all its obligations, in good times and bad.

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This is Number 38 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

the rioting starts. She'll call up her regular deputies and maybe some of these fine-feathered gents who have agreed to help her control crime. And she'll go out there herself."

"You mean she *might,* Neil. It ain't shuah."

"It's sure enough. Having known Dale all her life, I feel certain she'll go . . . not with any goofy idea of controlling the riot herself, but just because she's sheriff and it'd be logical for her to see what's going on. She's all steamed up with duty and stuff now . . . and it's a certainty she'll be there because it's where she belongs to be."

"And then . . . ?"

"Well, the rioting gets going good. At a certain hour, a few shots will be let loose, so folks will remember them afterward. If Dale is anywhere around the fairgrounds, and I'm certain she will be, there isn't but one logical place for her . . . and that's in the little cubbyhole that's used as sheriff's office headquarters. Sooner or later, she's bound to come to the door . . . and that brings her within range of where I'll be standing, and a perfect target."

"You won't miss?"

"Not a chance. The crowd will be panicky. There'll be fighting everywhere. Occasional shots. And suddenly she'll drop. No one will think of anything except the rioting; they'll be sure a stray bullet hit her. There'll be too much excitement to think clearly . . . and even if they did, they'd never suspect someone shooting from the woods. And there, Angel—is your perfect accident. A stray shot from down the midway . . . and she's finished. We're safe. I have plenty of time to slip back through the woods to where I've left my car and I return to wherever I was earlier in the evening, so as to have a perfect alibi. Now what do you think of the scheme?"

Ex-sheriff Angel Verner was wide-eyed with admiration. "You got brains, Neil . . . you sho have. Yes, suh, your scheme sounds swell, though I ain't sayin' it ain't tough on Dale Meredith."

"That's right." Neil Berkeley smiled pleasantly. "But we mustn't forget, Angel, that she's been asking for it."

ON SATURDAY night Karnak County thought and spoke only of Dale Meredith's declaration of war. On Sunday morning the vast majority of that same citizenry looked at the brilliant sunshine, stretched, smiled and said, "Tomorrow the fair starts."

Fair week was always a great thing in Karnak. It was holiday time for men, women and children, white and black. There was no reason why anyone, having the price of admission and a few extra dollars to spend, might not have himself a gorgeous time.

On Monday night, Jerry Hamilton and his wife were entertaining at dinner. Jerry had explained to Dale, "It's for Aylesworth, really. I've wanted to have him out at Chinquapin for a long time . . . and I figure it'll be fun taking him to the fair afterward." So Dale and Peter drove out to Chinquapin in the late afternoon and met Greg St. Julien and his wife on the road, so that the two cars finished the drive together. They rolled off the main road and up the avenue of live oaks and cypress, and were greeted by Jerry and Rita.

A grinning black butler announced dinner a few minutes later and they trooped into the dining room. The service was informal and the food delicious. In the library afterward they settled down briefly to coffee and liqueurs. And then they started for the fair.

The fairgrounds were ablaze with light when they arrived.

Dale dropped Jerry's arm and appropriated Peter for herself. "You're the furriner," she said gaily. "And I'm going to show you things."

He was bright as a kid—wide-eyed and delighted. They had entered a hundred per cent into the picnic spirit, and even Rita was laughing and—temporarily—enjoying herself.

They wandered down the midway, and paused in front of a group of concessions where the dusky citizens were disporting themselves gleefully. There they encountered Spurious Williams who had the delectable Utopia Martin in tow. Spurious was hurling baseballs at an ebony individual but without any noticeable luck. He spied Dale and ambled over to her.

He said, "Good evenin', Miss Dale."

RADIO ROOM
CAPACITY 30 PE

"Hold on a minute, men! I've got H. V. Kaltenborn on the radio. He's analyzing our predicament" GEORGE LICHTY

"Hello, Spurious. Having fun?"

"I would be if—"

"If what?"

"If you was to loant me two dollars. Ise bankrump, Miss Dale, an' my gal friend . . . well, y'all know how it is."

Dale said she knew, and handed the delighted Spurious two dollars. She said, "You better not tell my father," and he grinned knowingly and chortled, "Tha's the most thing I ain't never figurin' on doin', Miss Dale. This heah li'l feenancial transaction is just strickly 'twix I an' you."

They wandered on down the midway. They introduced Peter to hot dogs and to spun candy. They made him ride the Whip, the Bug and the Scooter. His British reserve melted as though by magic and he was as hilarious as any of them. . . .

When the last lights blinked out on the midway that night and Jerry's party had dispersed and gone its various ways, two dark figures commenced a slow but happy journey back toward Karnak.

Spurious Williams had done himself proud. With what cash he had been able to beg and borrow, he had shown Miss Utopia Martin an exceedingly good time and had topped it off by filling her with pink lemonade, steaming Brunswick stew and barbecued pork ribs.

Ambling along the road Mr. Williams said contentedly, "You sho is one gran' gal, Utopia."

She blushed a delicate lavender. "An' you is the fondest man I is of, Spurious."

He sighed ecstatically. "You couldn't never misunderstan' the craziment I got towards you, could you?"

"Nothin' woul'n't make me doubt you, Spurious." She glanced at him coyly. "How come you to ast me that right now?"

"On account," he confessed, "I got somethin' to tell you."

Her fingers curled about his. "I'm listenin'."

Spurious grinned. "What I got fo' you is admiration, infection an' deep respeck, an' one of these days Ise gwine git suggestive that I an' you commit a hunk of matrimony."

"Ise willin', Spurious—whenever you say the word."

They started walking again. The road was long, but they didn't object. The merrymakers had all vanished from the streets, and the young couple welcomed the solitude. They reached the Martin cottage, and Utopia bade her boy friend a lingering good night. She went happily inside the house and Spurious rambled back downtown.

"Things gwine happen 'roun' heah," he reflected happily. "Lots of things."

AND lots of things did happen—not only to Spurious, but to the white folks of the community. The fair was a pleasant relief from the tension that held the town in its grip, but the tension was there just the same.

The boys at Lefty Bragan's, for instance, had one topic of conversation and that was Jerry Hamilton's position as deputy sheriff.

"That puts him on one side of the fence," they said, "an' Neil Berkeley on the other. If them two ever clash . . ." and they'd invariably terminate the sentence with a long, low whistle.

No one knew how the clash between the two most powerful men in the county might come; or, indeed, if it was inevitable, but the cards seemed to be stacked that way. The prospect was awe-inspiring. And it was scarcely credible that Jerry Hamilton, who had always been gentle and easygoing and inclined to let everybody mind his own business . . . it was incredible that Jerry should finally have been aroused to fighting pitch. They'd always wondered what he'd really do if he ever swung into action. Now it seemed that there was a better than even chance of finding out.

It wasn't only that Jerry had permitted himself to be deputized. As Tuesday and Wednesday passed, the townsfolk observed that the big young man from Chinquapin had attached himself to Dale Meredith as a sort of personal bodyguard, and that furnished additional food for thought and gossip.

There was plenty beneath the surface here. It was a matter of general knowledge that the relationship between Neil Berkeley and Jerry Hamilton's wife was, to put it mildly, interesting. There was the belief that Jerry had always been in love with Dale Meredith. The public understood that there was more to the engagement of Peggy and Neil than met the naked eye. There was a certainty that Dale's campaign for civic betterment was directed primarily against Neil for the simple reason that Neil Berkeley was the guiding star of the iniquitous element of Karnak.

So a physical clash between these two men seemed far from unlikely; and Dale was more worried than she cared to admit.

LEFTY BRAGAN'S poolroom was not a beautiful spot. Situated on Court Street, just below the square, it was a long, narrow room never quite free from the fumes of rank tobacco.

Just inside the front door was an infinitesimal cigar counter at which, in addition to purchasing smoking supplies, one could indulge in various dice games, punchboard devices and even an occasional bet on horses that were running at distant tracks.

Next to that was a sandwich counter of sorts, presided over by a somewhat greasy gentleman. The back of the room contained seven excellent tables: five for pocket billiards, one for straight rail and one for snooker. Along both walls were cane-bottomed chairs for onlookers, and on this Saturday evening the chairs had been dragged to the back of the establishment, where an informal party was in progress.

The usual motley collection of hangers-on was present—callow youths and older men, each of them fancying himself pretty tough. One of Angel Verner's former deputies had arrived with a gallon jug of white lightning, and a few minutes later Angel himself drifted in, as though by chance.

The original emissary of the Verner-Berkeley forces had brought up the subject of the gyp that had been put on by the disgruntled Sammy Smith carnival people at the fairgrounds. The regular patrons of Lefty's were becoming slightly inebriated and very angry. After six days of throwing their money around in the effort to acquire souvenirs they did not want, they were now becoming incensed over the fact that the wheels had unquestionably been rigged and that—in the vernacular of the midway—the bite had been put on them rather crudely.

By the words of the ex-deputy and Angel Verner, they were being incited to active belligerency. They were powerful young men and they fancied themselves as hard characters. In groups they were highly courageous, and when somebody said, "Why the hell don't we go out there an' bust up the midway," the suggestion was greeted with a shout of approbation.

The more they discussed the proposi-

Beautiful... Beguiling

but she has a blind spot about her B-R-E-A-T-H !

And bad breath has cheated her—robbed her of friends and gaiety, companionship and love. Can YOU afford to risk bad breath? It's a very common fault, you know! In fact, recent tests show...

76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth ... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

Isn't that a delightful tangy flavor? Aren't your teeth brighter, more attractive? And that penetrating foam—how clean and refreshed it makes your mouth feel! Colgate's is the pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
POLISHES SAFELY
COMBATS BAD BREATH
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

tion, the jollier it seemed. Working as a gang, they could accomplish much and have an elegant time doing it. As to justification, what right had those dawggone carnival workers to rig their wheels so nobody hardly ever won anything? What right had they to titillate onlookers into entering shows that promised hooch exhibitions and then failed to deliver? The attitude of the Sammy Smith forces all week had been such as to impugn the sophistication of the townsfolk, and these particular townsfolk were getting plenty mad.

Mr. Verner was pleased to note that three personal emissaries of his were prominent in the crowd. These men had guns, plus definite instructions to see that the riot assumed impressive proportions, and also to make certain that a few shots were fired, "Not at anybody, see," explained Angel. "We don't want nobody to git shot, really. But there ain't no reason why they shouldn't git good an' skeered."

As a matter of fact and despite a more than slight apprehension, Angel Verner was pleased with the general setup; he was delighted to know that the matter was to be settled finally and efficiently by Neil Berkeley.

Things had been sizzling in Karnak County. Just two days before, the Berkeley-Verner spy in the sheriff's office had brought word that the governor had signed a request for the extradition of Tom Garrison, and a deputy had been dispatched to St. Paul to identify the man who was being held there, and then to present the request to the governor of Minnesota who, without doubt, would grant the extradition.

That was pressing things pretty close. It was essential to his own safety—and to Neil's—that Dale Meredith should not be sheriff when Tom Garrison arrived. No matter who might be appointed in her place . . . whether it was himself or not . . . it would certainly be someone whom Neil could trust. Neil still wielded tremendous political power in Karnak, and would continue to wield it until—and if—Tom Garrison was prevailed upon to tell the truth of the Little Cat Creek bus disaster to a Karnak jury. And that, felt Mr. Verner, could readily be avoided if Dale Meredith were permanently out of the way. . . .

DUSK merged into darkness, and the lights winked on in Karnak. Out at the fairgrounds the midway blazed for its final night of merriment. The score of rural hoodlums in Lefty's joint consumed more liquor, acquired extra added courage, and unanimously decided that they'd drift on out to the midway and have themselves some fun. They started out by twos and threes, not all of them steady on their feet, but unanimous in their determination to avenge the insults which had been heaped on them by the carnival company.

Mr. Verner smiled benignly upon them and urged them not to make too great haste: "You'll have a lot mo' fun, fellers—if you wait till the crowd gits out yonder. There'll be heaps of folks there tonight." So they promised and rolled off down the street, and Mr. Verner smiled. He trusted the men he had assigned to the mob, and knew they would keep things under control until the appointed hour.

He telephoned to Les Carson's home out beyond Pineville and asked to speak to Neil Berkeley. Plenty folks at Les's tonight, on account of its being his wedding anniversary. Neil had been there all evening. Later, he planned to leave for a little while, attend to a personal matter out near the fairgrounds and then return unobtrusively to Les's. There'd be a couple of fellows there who would swear that Neil had never been away, and no one who would be able to say positively that he had. It would constitute a perfect alibi . . . or certainly an alibi which would be sufficient for any Karnak jury.

Angel got Neil on the telephone. To anyone listening in, the conversation was casual enough:

"Hi, Neil."

"'Lo."

"Just thought I'd mention that a bunch of the lads from Lefty's started out towards the fair a little while ago."

"What's it to me?"

"Nothin', Neil . . . nothin'. But they'd been drinkin' pretty heavy an' it looked like maybe they'd make trouble."

Neil said, in case the operator might be listening, "That's Dale Meredith's business, not mine."

"You goin' to the fair tonight, Neil?"

"No. I'm staying right here at Les's place."

But a few minutes later he slipped out of the house, got into his automobile and drove into the night. Once he stopped and let his fingers grope along the floor of his car. They touched a rifle which was equipped with a telescope sight. Neil smiled, not unpleasantly, lighted a cigarette, and drove on toward the patch of woods opposite the back of the fairgrounds grandstand.

MEANWHILE, dinner had long since been finished at the Meredith home: Otis had gone back to the store; Peggy had gone off with some friends; Joyce was asleep under the watchful eye of her ponderous black nurse; Peter Aylesworth was reading, and in the dining room Dale Meredith and Jerry Hamilton were going over some papers.

Technically, this was an official conference of sheriff and deputy. Actually, it was a conversation between a large and attractive young man and an exceedingly pretty girl. They sat side by side, their shoulders touching.

"You see how it is, Jerry," said Dale. "There's an outline of some of the shenanigans that've been going on around here. Tax sales that haven't been on the level, property bought in illegally by county officers, not a road or public building put up that hasn't furnished at least fifty per cent of graft. In addition to that, they've been getting money from all phases of the gambling racket. The ex-sheriff starved his prisoners and pocketed most of the money allowed him for feeding them. Everything was crooked. The only trouble is that I haven't yet got enough tangible proof to give to the grand jury."

Jerry said, "It's all very interesting, Dale—but it seems unimportant beside the Garrison affair."

She nodded. "I've sent a man to Minnesota. If it *is* Tom Garrison they're holding, we ought to have him here inside of a week." She looked up at him. "You know, Jerry—I'm getting older very, very fast. I'm learning things."

"What, for instance?"

"This bus disaster. Neil has always been brazen but careful. Yet he overplayed his hand so terribly on that bridge construction that once we can compel Tom Garrison to talk the entire county will turn against their former idol. Today it wouldn't be easy to convict him of anything—the worst he'd get would be a hung jury. But let the truth of the Little Cat Creek thing come to light, and . . . well, you know."

"Yes, I know. And that's what worries me."

"What?"

"Do you think for a minute that Neil doesn't know you've sent for Garrison?"

"No."

"Do you expect him to sit back and do nothing while you blast him straight into the penitentiary . . . perhaps into the electric chair?"

Her eyes were grave. "Perhaps not."

"There's no 'perhaps' about it, Dale.

It doesn't seem likely that he'll let you get away with it."

"What could he do?"

"We-e-ell, for one thing, he could incite a mob against Garrison when the poor guy got here."

"I think my deputies can protect him."

"Probably. Neil would figure that, too. He's no dumb bunny. He sees every angle. I've been surprised—" He bit the sentence off and she said, "You've been surprised at what?"

"That he hasn't gone farther with Peggy. I've been scared that he'd elope with her . . . force your hand by making it final."

"I've been afraid of that, too. But I suppose he figured that it wouldn't get him the results he wanted. As matters stand now he can still bargain for Peggy's freedom. Once he married her, he couldn't."

"How is Peggy doing these days?"

Dale shook her head. "I could cry over that child, if I dared. She's so young and so happy. Or perhaps, 'thrilled' is a better word than happy. There's no use telling her the things we suspect, because it would intensify her belief that we're unfair to Neil. We've watched her like hawks—and we've been lucky. Of course, he may still do something. We can't take anything for granted." The faintest little ghost of a smile crossed Dale's lips. "I'm nothing if not honest, Jerry. I'm afraid that my insistence on bringing Tom Garrison back here has been three quarters to save Peggy and only one quarter because it's my duty as sheriff."

JERRY refilled his pipe slowly. He said, without looking at Dale, "Has Peggy ever mentioned Rita?"

The girl's face flushed. "No-o. Not to me. Why?"

"I wondered how she might be taking the obvious relationship between Rita and Neil."

"I don't know. . . ."

"There's something else I wanted to tell you," he went on. "I had a talk with Rita . . . or rather, she had a talk with me."

"Yes . . . ?"

"She says that she likes Karnak, that she has learned to enjoy the life at Chinquapin." He puffed unhappily for a moment. "She asked me to make our marriage a real one . . . to give her a chance to be different . . ."

For an instant, the whole world seemed to stand still. This hit hard . . . so hard that it hurt. There were a dozen things she wanted to say, a dozen questions that trembled on her lips . . . but the words would not come. She waited. Then he spoke again:

"I don't think I need to tell you that I said no. I told her I'd always wanted a divorce and still did. I told her she'd given me cause enough to obtain one . . . but she said," he finished miserably, "that no matter what the truth might be, I couldn't actually prove anything. She's right, of course."

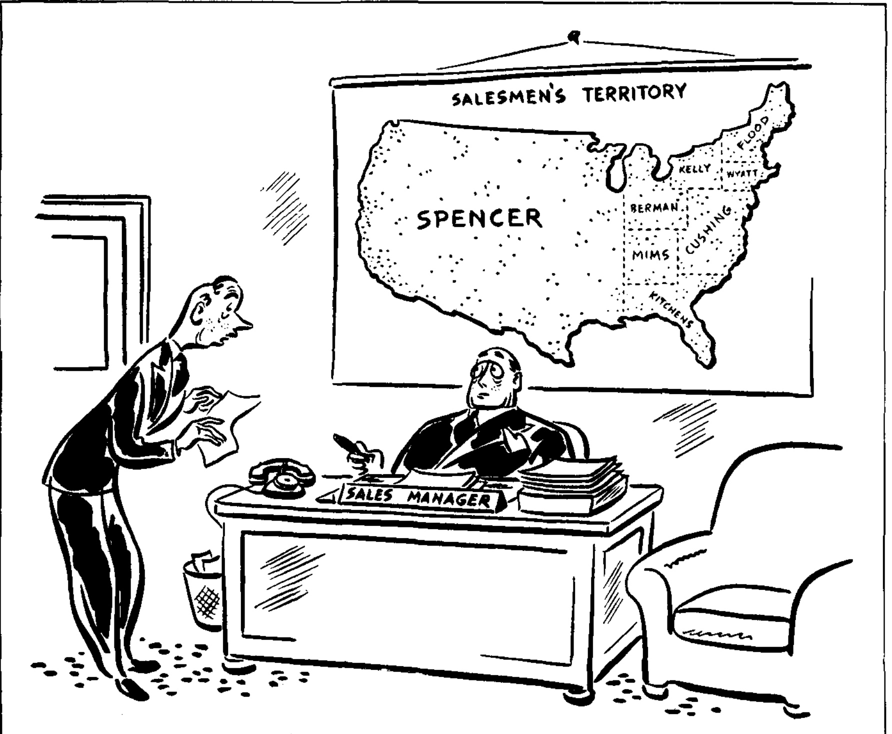
"Yes. . . ." She wanted to tell him everything that Paul Campbell had told her; she wanted him to know that Rita was a thief and a bigamist, and that she was probably an accessory to Campbell's murder. She could discuss that with Peter Aylesworth, but not with Jerry. It was Jerry she was in love with . . . it was Jerry's wife who stood between them. Just as there were certain things his ethical code forbade him to do, there were things that she could not say.

AND so she sat there, miserable, weighed down by worries that he understood and by others that he did not know. She sat there loving him and knowing that he loved her, yet knowing also that each little turn of the wheel of fate was driving them farther apart.

She had been under a terrific strain, a strain that was more than any person could be expected to bear. There were dark circles under her eyes, her nerves were crawling. She determined to make a light, gay remark . . . to carry on bravely. She said, "Well, my dear fellow . . ." and then the dam broke.

She didn't know how it started or why, but suddenly her body was racked with sobs and she was clinging to this big, quiet man whom she had loved so long and so hopelessly. She heard herself saying, "Oh, Jerry . . . Jerry . . . I can't stand any more of this. I can't . . . I'm not brave and I'm not strong. I'm just scared . . . awfully scared . . ."

She felt the strength of his arms about her. She felt herself being swung around so that her tear-filled eyes looked into his somber gray ones. But his voice was scarcely less unsteady than hers. "Easy there, sweetheart . . ." he said, and then he, too, broke. He pulled her to him—tightly—roughly even—he held her so close that she could scarcely breathe. And then he was kissing her long and hard on the lips and saying silly, foolish, deliriously wonderful things—things that made her forget for a few ecstatic



"Spencer says his feet hurt" WILLIAM SAKREN

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Helen: Old Cleopatra! The heart-breaking Lady of the Nile! Did you have a good time?

Anne: I certainly did not! And *you* turned every head at the party. What kind of glamour food do they feed *you* at school?

Helen: Glamour is ancient history, darling. Today, we feed on *vitamins!* We pay more attention to our vittles and less to vamping. Have to watch our "pep appeal," you know!

Anne: "Pep appeal!" What in the name of goodness is that?

Helen: It's snap, and sparkle. Gotta have it these days. And to help make sure of it, you should get all your vitamins. That reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Helen: One lesson in nutrition for languid beauties is right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP. It's enriched with two important vitamins—B_1 and D.

Anne: Never mind the alphabet—your PEP tastes like a million dollars. Wow! How crisp and delicious! If getting the rest of the vitamins can be this much fun, I might even try to change my type.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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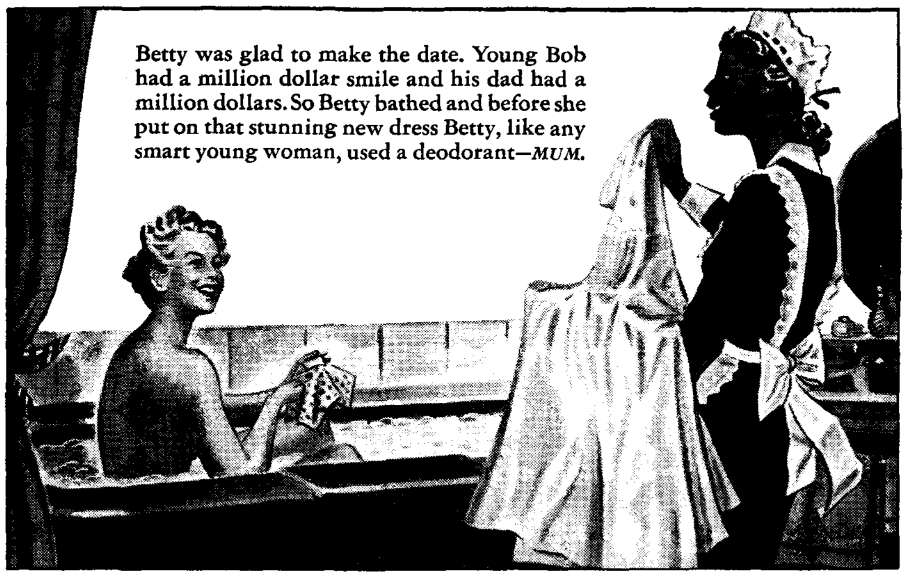
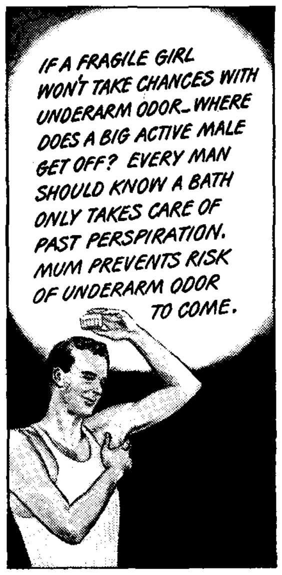
Hasn't a Girl feelings—
doesn't a Man perspire?

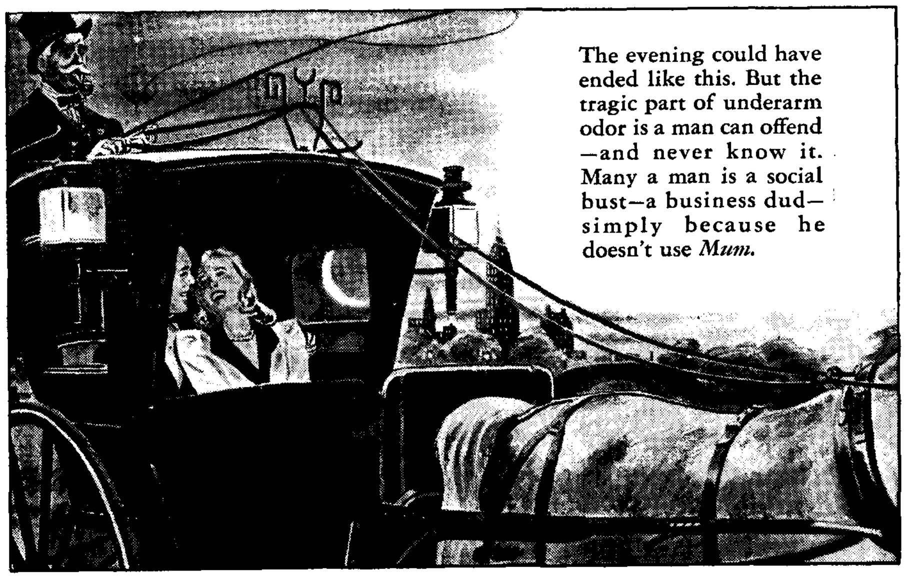


Betty was glad to make the date. Young Bob had a million dollar smile and his dad had a million dollars. So Betty bathed and before she put on that stunning new dress Betty, like any smart young woman, used a deodorant—*MUM.*

The dinner was marvelous! The theatre tickets were premium ducats! But Betty didn't enjoy the show. And when she finally walked out on Bob—*who could blame her.*



IF A FRAGILE GIRL WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH UNDERARM ODOR—WHERE DOES A BIG ACTIVE MALE GET OFF? EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW A BATH ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION. MUM PREVENTS RISK OF UNDERARM ODOR TO COME.



The evening could have ended like this. But the tragic part of underarm odor is a man can offend—and never know it. Many a man is a social bust—a business dud—simply because he doesn't use *Mum.*

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MUM is used by more men than any other deodorant. 30 seconds to apply—and the most active male is safe from underarm odor all day or all evening. The tragic part of underarm odor is a man can be guilty *and never know it. Remember,* your daily shower only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of odor to come. *And it doesn't stop perspiration.* Mum is a smooth, pleasant cream, easy to apply—harmless to clothing. Be safe in all your business and social contacts—get Mum at your druggist's today.

MUM *takes the Odor out of Perspiration*

moments that there could be no fulfillment.

Emotion swept them like a tidal wave. For a few minutes they were themselves. Then their violence spent itself and they drew apart and looked at each other, happily and shyly.

They both wanted to talk, but neither knew quite what to say. He reached out one huge hand and imprisoned hers, and they sat that way until the sharp jangling of the telephone in the hallway broke in on their happiness. They heard Peter put down his book, and his precise, close-clipped voice came to their ears.

Dale looked up as Peter appeared from the next room. "It's for you, Dale," he said. "Sounds important."

JERRY came into the hallway and was regarding her anxiously.

Dale said, "Hello," and the voice of Chet Wilson, her deputy on duty at the fair, came to her. He said, "I'm phonin' from our booth out heah, Miss Dale. There's trouble down the midway, an' I thought I better let you know, 'fore it got out of hand."

"What kind of trouble, Chet?"

"I ain't right shuah yet, ma'am. Looks like a bunch of the boys from Lefty Bragan's have been gittin' theirselves a snootful. They're swaggerin' up an' down the midway makin' threats. Two fights a'ready . . . but that ain't the point. The point is that I kind of smell mo' trouble, an' I don't hahdly reckon I could handle it alone."

"Okay, Chet. Do what you can to handle things. I'll get a bunch of deputies out there right away."

She turned from the telephone.

"Trouble at the fair," she said tersely. "Chet thinks it may be serious."

She turned back to the telephone and called a number.

"What you figurin' to do, Dale?" asked Jerry.

"Send out every deputy who's got a car. I'll pick up some who haven't and take them out myself."

"Wait a minute. . . ." Jerry waited until she gave sharp, precise orders to the man at the other end of the telephone and then called another number. "No sense of you going out there."

"I happen to be sheriff of this county."

"Yes, but what can you do? If this is a fight between hard-boiled carnival workers and town hoodlums . . ."

"I can't do anything, actually, Jerry. But I can be there to see what's going on."

His face was grim. "Probably it's nothing," he said, sensing that he was wrong. "Anyway, I'll hop out there quick and see what I can do." He came close and took her by the shoulders. "Promise me one thing, honey . . . if it gets bad, stick close to your office under the grandstand, will you?"

She looked up at him. "If I can—yes."

"I'll tell all the deputies they can find you there if they want to report. Meanwhile . . . so long."

Dale was talking again and so she merely waved. Peter said, "Cheerio, old top," and stood regarding Dale quizzically.

She called a half-dozen men—regular deputies, one county policeman who was at home and two special deputies. She was sharply efficient, but when she reached for her hat and coat, Peter grabbed his out of the hall closet. Dale said, "Hey—what gives?"

His face was as guileless as that of a small boy. "I thought I'd go with you. Sounds as though it might be jolly interesting."

"Nothing stirring. Not fit for British eyes."

He smiled. "Come along, old dear. You may need a chaperon."

They started through the town. She heard Peter chuckle, "Deucedly odd," he said. "You told me about your sleepy little Southern town. Actually, it reminds me a bit of Flanders."

"Extra-special show for visitors," she said, grateful for his steadying influence.

He asked, "Isn't it possible that your deputy—this Wilson chap—might have been putting it on a bit thick?"

"Not Chet. He has no more imagination than an old shoe."

Peter said, "You might slow down a bit, my dear. We'd accomplish nothing by arriving there dead."

She released the pressure on the accelerator. "How's that?"

"Splendid. Almost reasonable."

THEY whirled toward the brilliantly lighted fairgrounds. As they came close, she could see people milling around the parking space, struggling to get out in a hurry and jamming traffic hopelessly so that nobody could move.

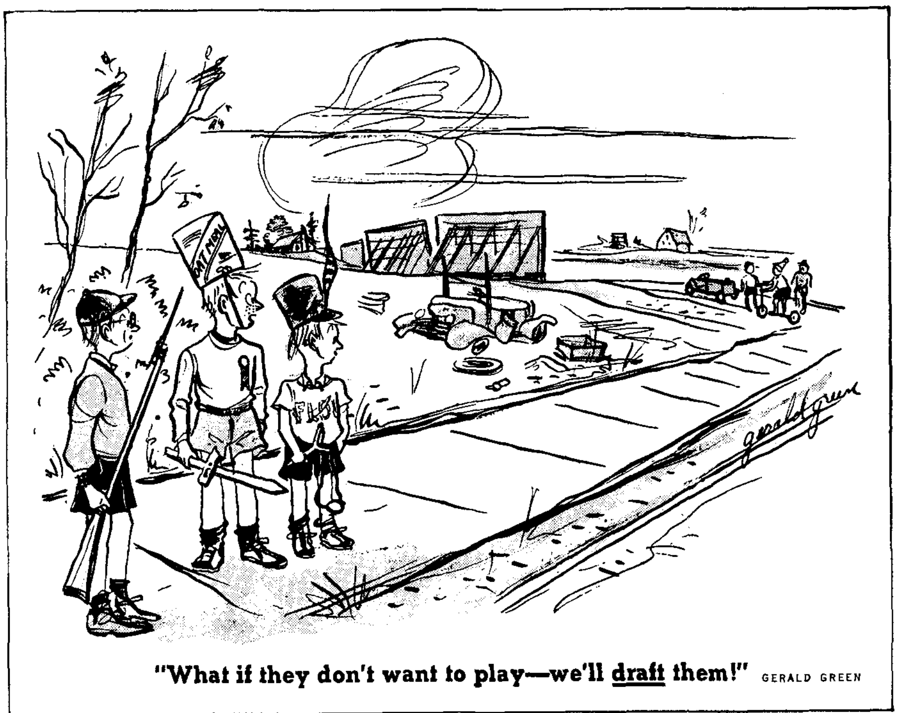
She stopped in the road outside and leaped from the car. Peter was right beside her. She heard angry shouts from way down the midway. She saw black running shadows silhouetted against dazzling lights.

Then she stopped suddenly and looked at Peter.

"Did you hear . . . ?" she asked, and he nodded grimly.

"Yes, I heard," he said quietly. "Shots."

(To be continued next week)



"What if they don't want to play—we'll draft them!" GERALD GREEN

Time Bomb in Hong Kong

Continued from page 13

case into a truck, levering it up. The head woman sings her orders, to make the others move in time. Hawkers, selling small bits of boiled intestine (very tasty) or dangerous-looking candies or cheap jelly, shout their wares in a rising, melancholy but loud wail. Beggars say, "Cumshaw, cumshaw," sometimes not even bothering to follow you or stretch out their hands, since their work is so hopeless, but still shouting, pleading, crying out the word.

Beneath the hanging orange and red and yellow banners, which are shop advertisements, the pillars of all the houses are painted with signs and pictures. Chinese coolies move at a dog-trot, and everywhere there is the noise of wooden sandals clacking on cement. Suddenly above this varied permanent roar, firecrackers go off with a noise like machine guns. People run to cover in the street arcades so as not to be burned by the explosions. For ten minutes you cannot make yourself heard and the air is thick with a smell of gunpowder. Someone is celebrating a wedding or a birthday: the firecrackers are supposed to bring good luck. After they have all exploded, for a moment Hong Kong seems almost quiet.

A Circus—with Side Shows

From the bigger-than-life splendor of the Peak dwellings down to the rabbit-warren Chinese slums by the harbor, Hong Kong is like a vast continuous circus. There are special boxes reserved for the gentry and plenty of side shows. Also there is a time bomb set to explode in the middle of the circus tent. Everybody knows the time bomb is there, but no one speaks of it and after a while you do not even think about it. Everybody is busy, managing the circus or enjoying it or trying to get a cheap seat or an odd job. The people here did not place the time bomb and they will not set it off. It cannot improve matters to discuss what will happen to this colony, these millions of crowded people, this steep, brilliant city, this harbor in case the time bomb explodes.

The Happy Valley race course is a circle of green bordered by mountains. It lies halfway between the Peak and the slums, and both worlds meet here with only a fence to separate them. On race days the average take is 500,000 Hong Kong dollars. The first prize in this year's Rooty Hill derby sweep was 397,600 Hong Kong dollars, won by four poor Chinese women who had split two tickets between them. On one side of the field the Chinese bookies' banners are like calls to rebellion. Great streamers with the horses' names and with the odds printed on them in Chinese characters hang above a dense crowd of Chinese who have paid a few cents to stand by the fence.

Beyond this fence are the club stands with private boxes at the top. Each private box has its own private dining room. Europeans and the wealthier Chinese, the women in long, tight, high-necked Chinese dresses, surge from the stands to the track and down to the pari-mutuel betting booths. The amateur jockeys, Portuguese, Chinese, Russian, English, wearing their bright silks, pound past on small Chinese ponies. At the lunch hour, coolie women pour onto the track and pat down the turf with their bare feet.

A road curves up from the race track, weaves through a gap in the mountains and brings you out on the heights at the other side of Hong Kong island. Below, between fingers of rock, are small crescents of beach. The largest beach is at Repulse Bay, a favorite summer resort. But the sand is covered with a tangle of barbed wire now. At each end camouflaged pillboxes are set to enfilade the beach. (Every tiny beach is so equipped. A beach is no longer a place to swim. It is a potential landing place.)

Around two humps of shore behind another beach is the golf course, built on a green shelf between the sea and the mountains. The British are out playing in good weather and bad, not noticing the Indian machine gunners across from the clubhouse. Above the golf course you see the great houses that dominate Hong Kong from the Peak. If you are dining up there in a high-ceilinged room that can hold fifty guests you are apt to be shaken during the course of the meal by the explosion of a six-inch shell fired in night practice from a near-by battery.

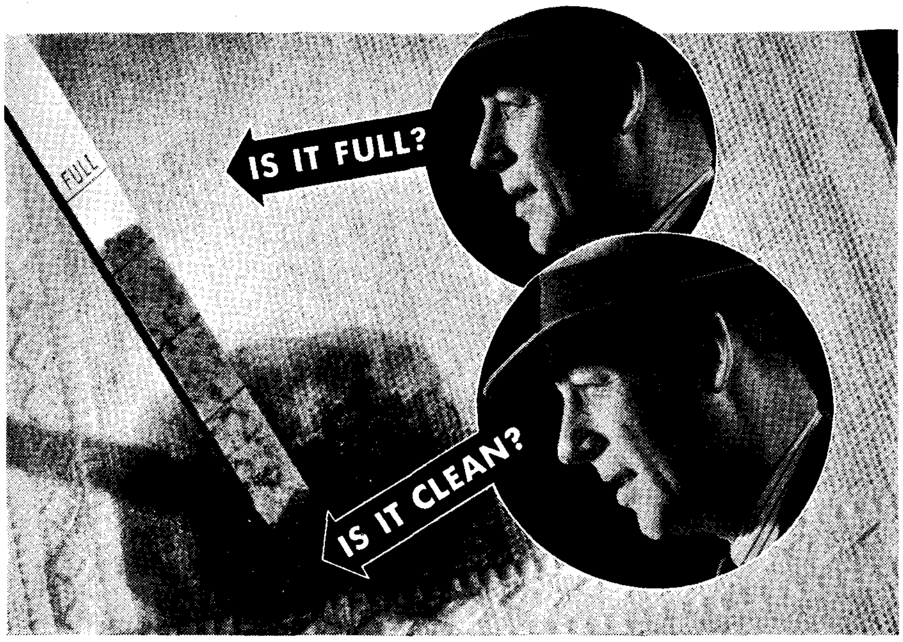
Out across the bay in the New Territories you lunch in a country house that is an expensive copy of a Chinese temple, but the plumbing is tiled, lavish and American. After lunch the guests set off in four cars to drive around the frontier. The hunt is out, Englishmen in pink coats streaming over the Chinese hillsides. The road winds past vegetable gardens like green pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and brown bare mountains. In half an hour you have reached the border. On the other side of a little stream and a row of barbed wire is Japan's China. The frontier cuts through the main street of a village. Chinese hang their washing on the barbed wire. Gambling games are forbidden in the colony, so villagers play a dice game and a card game over the barbed wire. The owner of the games sits in Japanese territory. One Japanese sentry is guarding a footbridge at the far end of the village. He is small and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. His rifle seems too big for him and he looks sad. The other sentry, looking bored and lonely, watches the gamblers. Beyond this dirty little village the road follows the frontier. On the Japanese side you see only a burned village and empty fields. It looks like no man's land already.

Why Hong Kong is a Prize

Hong Kong is rich. The symbol of its wealth is the massive Shanghai-Hong Kong Bank, a white building like a Greek temple crossed with a skyscraper, that towers over the harbor. The bank declared a dividend of three and a half million dollars this year. In the city are other great banks: Hong Kong is the banking and insurance center for South China. You do not see the factories that make everything from cement to firecrackers. But freighters of every flag, that will carry in a year $145,347,468 worth of exports, are loading across the harbor on the Kowloon side. Cargo is transshipped here for South China, Indo-China, the Philippines, Java and other parts of the Orient. Over 3,500 ocean-going ships enter and clear from this port annually.

Now a floating boom closes the entry to the harbor. This submarine net must be opened to let in freighters and liners. A luxury liner, its funnels marked with the round, red symbol of Japan, has passed through and is anchored off shore. Japanese nationals are leaving Hong Kong quietly. The ship is here to take them home. And today it has been ordered that no one "Shall display or publish any notice, list or advertisement" that tells the names, tonnage or sailing dates of any British, Allied or

Take an Extra LOOK
...IT MAY SAVE YOU MONEY


FULL
IS IT FULL?
IS IT CLEAN?

Let your regular oil check show you "How CLEAN" your oil is as well as "How FULL"

YOUR AC OIL FILTER SERVICE STATION
can give you this modern oil check FREE!

There's an AC Oil Filter Service Station near you. (You'll know it, by the sign, shown below). When they check your oil, these Stations use the AC Oil Test Pad which gives you that "extra look." You'll be money ahead to ask for this *modern* oil check—always.

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE
LOOK for this SIGN

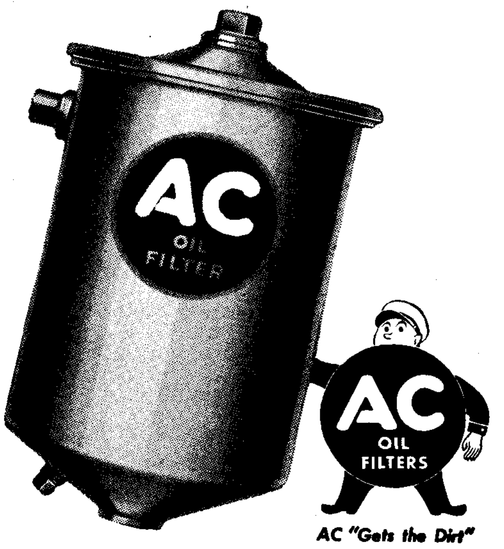
AC OIL FILTER USERS
Buick, Oldsmobile*, Pontiac* motor cars • GMC Trucks • Greyhound and Flxible buses • Allis-Chalmers, Eagle, Gravely, Ready Power tractors • Atlas Imperial and GM Diesels Continental and Gray Marine motors Marion Shovels • Koehring Road Machinery • Brown and Sharpe Machinery,—these are some of the vehicles, power plants, and machines on which AC Oil Filters are used for equipment. *Optional

NOTE: *Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.*

To drive your car most economically, you ought always to know *two* things about your oil. You should know that you have enough. *You should also know that it's clean.*

AC enables your service man to show you. By wiping your dip stick on an AC Oil Test Pad, instead of the familiar oily rag, he can let you see for yourself how clean your oil is.

Here's How it Works—
IF the spot on the Test Pad is clear, your oil is clean and safe.
IF the spot is dirty and dark—
1 Your oil needs changing.
2 You need a renewal element or cartridge.
3 You need an oil filter installed.



AC "Gets the Dirt"

SAVE MONEY with an AC OIL FILTER

Sludge and dirt clog piston rings. Then, engine compression drops, carbon forms faster, gas and oil are wasted. The only cure is an engine overhaul, and that's expensive. So, have an AC Oil Filter installed, and *keep your oil clean.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

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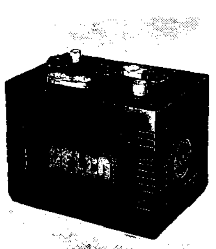

Delco batteries for every make and model automobile are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

British-chartered ships. The time bomb ticks away. The banks and factories, shipyards and docks are all in danger.

In Hong Kong the police function as surely as they do in England, and the censorship is reasonable. Because people can meet here without fear of being arrested or shot at as they are in Shanghai, Hong Kong is also a center of communications. For Free China representatives Hong Kong is a vital contact point with the outside world. The unnamed unofficial representatives of every faction of the Chinese gather and do business here too. Some are loyal to China and some are not. Japanese come here to meet very discreetly with Chinese or with foreigners. Spies can report here to any of their masters. There is a curious, steady, unseen movement of plot and counterplot, and the schemers and bargainers are hidden among the colony's two million inhabitants.

The war in China has driven one million Chinese into Hong Kong and the New Territories. It is common talk that five hundred Chinese millionaires have come here for safety since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese incident. The nonmillionaires, however, are mostly homeless and destitute refugees and this is the last place they can go. Now hideous overcrowding must be added to the poverty of the permanent Hong Kong Chinese population. People rent not a room but a corner of a room. In one room ten or twelve people sleep in lightless, airless, curtained cubicles that look like dirty Pullman berths. The houses are dark with damp cement walls and floors, no drainage system, greasy, narrow wooden steps leading up into a hodgepodge of partitioned rooms and bunks built like platforms between landings. The pavements in front of these houses are crowded with squatting Chinese, selling cooked and raw foods, begging, sewing, repairing knives, reweaving baskets, resting or just making their homes against a wall, having as all possessions a bundle of rags and a cooking pot. (They remember here that one bomb falling in the shopping district in Shanghai killed more than 1,500 people. People want to live no matter how they have to live. No one knows what panic would blaze through the Chinese quarters when the first house caved in.)

30,000 Street Sleepers

The Chinese working hours are from eight in the morning until five and from seven until eleven at night. If these laborers are lucky they sleep under some sort of roof on a board bunk with matting spread under them. They eat twice a day, squatting where they are, eating rice in a bowl that someone fills from an iron pot. Thirty thousand of them sleep in the streets. At night you pass them lying flat against the buildings, covered so that they look like shrouded corpses.

A barefooted ricksha coolie earns two U. S. cents for pulling you at a dog trot through the streets. If it's a long ride you give him four cents. A fourteen-year-old boy works as a carver in an ivory factory. For three months, under a weak light, he hollows out a solid ball of ivory so that finally it forms 18 concentric carved and latticed balls. The ornament sells for five American dollars when he has finished it. Another industry is collecting cigarette butts in the street and rolling them into new cigarettes. A man arrested for spreading disease this way says he cannot see well enough to do any other work. A hawker and his wife are fined for selling vegetables without a license. They have no money to pay the fine. The license costs one dollar. They live on twelve cents a day between them.

A woman is brought into court for trying to sell a girl. This selling is called *mui tsai*, an old Chinese custom which is simply slavery. The girl, now eighteen, was sold as a child by her parents for $125 in Amoy. Ten years later her owner brought her to Hong Kong and sold her for fifty dollars. She was a domestic-servant slave. Now her second mistress wants to sell her to a brother and she refused and brought complaint. The parents who sell their daughters usually do so because they cannot feed them; sometimes the daughters are sold to pay for a family funeral.

People living as these do take whatever pleasures they can find or afford. The pleasures are not cheerful to see. Guided by a friend who knows Kowloon at night I went to see what fun Chinese who live on twenty cents a day can buy.

Poverty at Play

The opium divan was in one of the tenements. At the front of the apartment was a carpenter shop and behind the opium bunks lived five families in their curtained cubicles. Only wooden partitions halfway up to the ceiling and uncurtained doorways separated the three sets of lives. Hard bunks lined the walls of the divan. In each one, four men (all small, all thin) lay in curled, uncomfortable-looking positions with their heads resting on porcelain blocks as pillows. A girl fixed the pipes. You can smoke three heroin pills or three pipes of opium for about four American cents. The heroin and opium are bootlegged. If the divan is raided it will open up someplace else.

The girls earn twenty American cents a day and work from three in the afternoon until about three in the morning. This girl was seventeen and seemed younger. She had a round, smooth, brown child's face. Her hair was soot-black, long and untidy. She wore tennis shoes and pants like the long, shapeless, woolen pants American children wear to play outdoors in cold weather. She had on a dirty, worn, tweed coat and she fixed the tiny heroin pill expertly into the porcelain pipe bowl. When she had given the pipe to the sick, thin, starved-looking man beside her, she would have a few moments for herself while he smoked. From under bent arm she brought out a live turtle. It was her pet. It waddled slowly away from her and she laughed with delight.

You leave the reek of the opium divan and the dazed, thin faces of the smokers and go into the street. After where you have been, the street smells fine and seems so large and airy. Down at the corner there is a tent which says "Cantonese dancing girls and magicians tent." You pay a penny and stand with the crowd. The canvas of the tent is dark gray with dirt. Behind a rope which separates actors and audience a girl is doing a half-hearted mixture of a tap dance and a hula to the music of a trumpet and an out-of-time drum. Her costume is a red jacket embroidered with spangles and white, loose pants. This is color and luxury, and the audience watches with pleasure.

Next door is the dentist's shop. The dentist's chair is a worn canvas deck chair placed out on the pavement. Hanging from his sign are dozens of long, grayish, jagged teeth, which he has pulled and tied together with string. It is always interesting, if you have neither four cents for opium nor a penny for the theater, to watch someone getting his teeth pulled.

Last summer the British government ordered the evacuation of English women and children from Hong Kong. On forty-eight-hour notice some 3,000 women and their children were packed into ships and sent to Australia. All the women remaining must qualify as nurses and have been assigned their posts. Most people think that this sudden brutal exodus on order had only one purpose: to inform the Japanese that the decks were stripped for action and Hong Kong would be defended if attacked. Since then the British have mined the channels to the harbor, laid down submarine nets, built air-raid shelters, underground munition dumps, heavy gun emplacements, searchlight and antiaircraft gun positions, camouflaged pillboxes and barbed-wire entanglements to block all landing places and passes across the island. They have laid in stocks of gasoline and food, enrolled civilian volunteers to augment army regiments. Everything the British say and do here repeats the warning issued to the Japanese when they sent their women and children away.

Strategically Hong Kong is not of major importance to the British. Singapore is their naval base in the East. They have a great city and a fine and valuable port here but their loss would not bankrupt England. However, there is more at stake than a military position. Hong Kong is important to the prestige of the English in the East and it is their last commercial foothold in China. If only because of the agitating millions in India, the British cannot afford to abandon any of their possessions in Asia without a fight. The white man rules in the Orient by superior organization, prestige and a threat of force. The collapse of Indo-China did not help the standing of the Western powers. England cannot permit another easy victory over Occidentals by the Japanese. The British know their strength in Hong Kong. Anyone living here a few weeks can see what their problems may be.

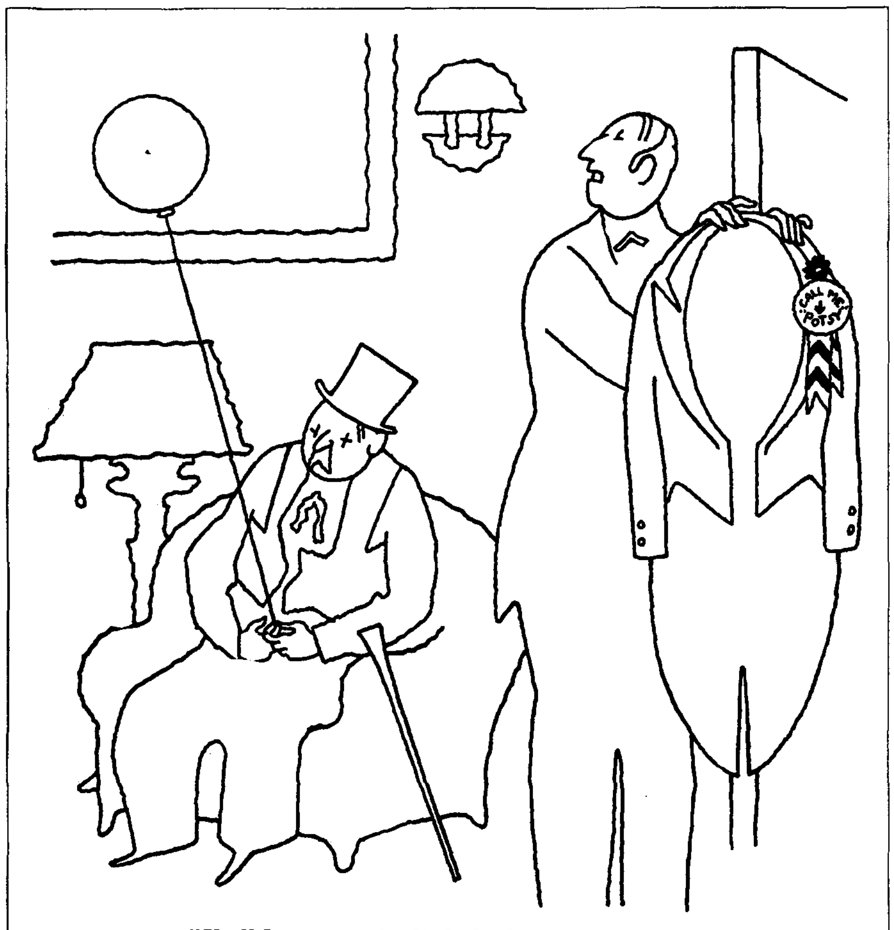
There was a trial black-out for two nights. Now, four weeks later, there is a cholera epidemic. In cool weather normally there is almost no cholera. In the first three months of this year there were over four hundred and fifty cases, most of which have been fatal. The toll mounts every day. There were 74 new cases on the last day before censorship stopped publication of the daily increase. The disease takes root quickly in street sleepers and undernourished coolies. The great city of Hong Kong has no adequate sewage system. Sewage disposal is left to the night-soil coolies who collect it from house after house. During the black-out they either did not collect or else dumped the sewage on any available ground. Cholera is one problem that has already arrived.

Consumption of water on the island of Hong Kong is 17.1 gallons per person per day. It is possible to bomb reservoirs.

There are approximately one and a half million people here, crowded into 390 square miles of land. But of that area only the island of Hong Kong is defensible, according to the ultimate British plan. The streets of Hong Kong would be deathtraps during bombardment from the sea or the air. The people cannot live without food or water in permanent hiding on the bare peaks of the island. What is to be done with them? The government is working out a scheme to move them to the small outer islands where presumably they would be safe because those islands are worthless to the Japanese. Meantime the entire European population of Hong Kong is a tiny 24,000. There are not enough police, Chinese or Indian, or enough European volunteers to put down a vast panic. And what about fire?

Then, evidently, there is the problem of food. Hong Kong lives on the hinterland. It cannot support itself. Even assuming great stocks of food, how long could the island withstand total siege? The Japanese surround Hong Kong and the New Territories by land already.

If you considered these facts, life on top of the time bomb would be extremely unpleasant. But in Hong Kong you rarely hear these matters mentioned. The English won Hong Kong in a fight and they are going to fight to keep it. They have never shown any readiness to relinquish what is theirs, and the island itself has been fortified until it would be almost as difficult to take as Gibraltar. The Japanese will find that out if they attack Hong Kong, with its wealth and poverty, its ease and misery, its harbor and its golf links. This green mountain of an island is England. The Japanese are expected to remember that.



"Shall I remove the little badge now, 'Potsy'?"

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Trail Town

Continued from page 18

a dance hall. What do you want in a woman? She's got the same heart and the same mind. And she didn't fool you. She told you the truth. If you're not interested, don't stand there blocking the walk."

HE WENT into Brinton's and got the buckskin, taking up his steady circling of the town. In the middle of the afternoon he struck out beyond the river bridge and caught sight of the fence standing across the trail, one thin black line in the sun. It was beyond four o'clock when he returned. Coming into Willow he saw Henry again, still by Brinton's. He reined up. "I told you to pull out, didn't I?"

Henry Dreiser said: "I can't leave her there."

"Don't go into that alley unless you want her."

"No," said Henry Dreiser, "I don't want her."

"Then let her alone. You've got your life. She's got hers."

"She can't stay there," said Henry.

"You turned her down. You made your choice in the matter. Don't let me catch you trying out your damned meddling respectability on her. She's straighter than you are. She's got more nerve. She laid it on the line clean and took her chances. There you sit, crying like a kid. You dropped your candy in the dust and you don't want it because somebody told you the dust was bad, but you still wish somebody would pick it up and wash it off and hand it back to you. You're a kid, Henry, and you don't belong here."

He rode on, leaving Henry crouched at the edge of Brinton's. He had roughed up the young man with his tongue; he had tried to break through and change the hard, inflexible things in Dreiser's head. It was five o'clock with the sun a low flash against the Aspens and all the color was beginning to run and change along Willow and along Race and the smell of dust got very strong and Bill Bexar rode out of town, heading toward the southern flats.

Race took on life. Charley Fair stood under the gallery, his crippled hand jammed in his front pocket. Tom Leathers walked out of the Arcade and disappeared in Briar. The War Bonnet stage came in and let off two people. Ford Green crossed from the courthouse to Webber's, throwing a quick glance behind him; and Chappie Brink, sober and trembling, stood on his uncertain feet at the corner of Ute, watching Green.

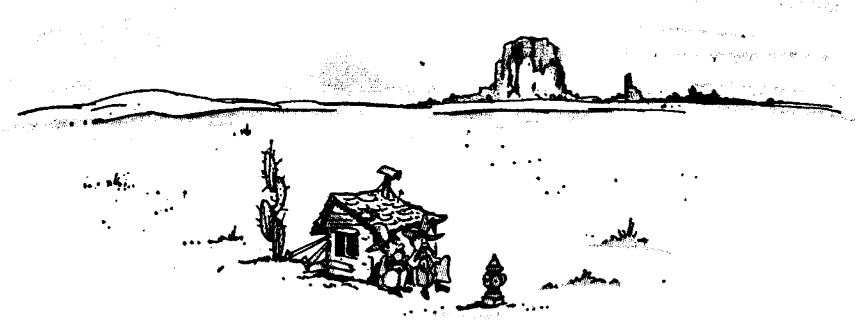
The break would come within the time set by Ad Morfitt. There was always a feeling about these things; it got very strong. Along Race the stage was being set slowly and the sense of it began to run in the town, so plain that it had caused Ford Green to cast his backward glance, so strong that it made Leathers stay in town, so strong that it kept Chappie Brink sober.

But, rounding The Drovers' in the last tour before supper, Mitchell could not keep his mind on it. He was thinking of Rita waiting in her room at Big Annie's and of Henry Dreiser who stood at the head of the alley and was obsessed by the hard right-and-wrong distinction in his mind. There was no way of telling him that right and wrong had its thousand shades. Sitting in the saddle and looking down on the town, all this was clear to Mitchell; but he could not make a young man like Dreiser see it. When he got into Willow again he found Dreiser still there. But he was not alone. Leathers faced him and pointed a finger at him. Mitchell came up in time to hear Leathers say:

"You're wrong if you figure she should come crawlin' up this alley to beg mercy from you. She belongs to herself. She did what she had to do and she don't owe you one damned thing. Take it or leave it like that. There ain't any room in this country for a tin-horn sport. You can't get back the chips you lost in this deal. Either you quit and pull out or you buy a new stack and start over."

Henry looked at Leathers, listening but too involved in his own mind to hear much. Leathers swung around and gave Mitchell a queer stare. He shook his head, turning back to the young man. "I'd like to be in your shoes, Henry. I wouldn't be standin' here. I'd be down there knockin' on her door and mighty glad I knew she wouldn't even stoop to cheat."

He walked away. Mitchell followed him. Mitchell spoke at his retreating back. "What you doing that for?" he wanted to know.



"It gives me a lower insurance rate"

REAMER KELLER

"Go on," said Leathers, not looking at Mitchell. "Go on and mind your damned business. Leave a man alone."

Mitchell put about and left his horse in Brinton's, remembering the way Leathers had said those words; and crossed to Webber's for his supper. It was around seven then and shadows began to roll blue and fluid through town. Near eight he rose and strolled to the lobby and was lighting a cigar when he heard a horse rush up Race, with a voice calling out:

"Cattle went through our fence! Somebody's killed! Where's the sheriff?" The voice, rising and rising, shouted that question again. "Where's the sheriff?"

AROUND four o'clock Bill Bexar headed for the homestead fence. He traveled without hurry and when he reached the covered bridge he drew aside to let his horse have a drink and spent a half-hour in the shade, later to go leisurely on. Beyond the bridge the plain was dark with Texas herds thrown off the trail to graze and wait their turn at the loading pens. Five miles from the bridge he came upon the fence stretched across the main course of the trail, with a narrow aperture left for the road itself to pass through.

Two homestead men stood at this aperture and guarded it with their guns. Bexar said, "Evenin', gentlemen," and passed through without disclosing his identity. He took everything in with his idle glance, the homestead wagons standing at intervals along the fence, the tents and stoves set up for temporary living, the group of men now working under the sunlight's full glare on the west end of the fence. They had pooled forces and were making one great enclosure of a half dozen or so quarter sections. Crews worked at intervals, digging post holes, and wagons moved in from the Aspens with pine posts, and another crew strung wire.

As he passed on he saw, in the south, the long, ragged line of another trail herd moving slowly forward. It was perhaps six miles away and coming head on for the fence.

BEXAR curved toward the Aspens, avoiding homesteaders and cattlemen alike. A mile from the gate in the fence he halted, to watch the herd move steadily forward, carrying a long dust mist with it. The trail boss, riding ahead, had seen the fence and called up a couple men with a wave of his hand and galloped forward with them; at the same time the homesteaders began to collect from the far ends of the fence line and move toward the middle portion.

When the herd was within three hundred yards of the fence one of the homestead men rode forward to obviously warn the trail boss. The trail boss flung out his hand, waving the homesteader away, and at the same time the punchers riding the flanks of the beef began to trot toward the head of the column, where the trouble would be. Bill Bexar was a mile from all this. Guessing what would happen, he waited.

The head of the trail herd struck the fence and stopped, and all these uplodding cattle began to jam and spread against the barbed wire, putting pressure on it. Suddenly one of the homesteaders, knowing nothing of the ways of cattle in mass, lifted his gun and fired a shot to the sky.

Bill Bexar lifted his reins as instinctive response. The horse moved around and started away, and then Bexar reined it back in time to see this trail herd, startled by the shot, suddenly lose its shape and break into a lumbering run. The Texans galloped at the edges of the herd to check the stampede and their voices came wild and keen over the distance: "Hi-hi-hi!"

It was then too late. These Texas cattle were fast as deer. The column ceased to be a column and the whole plain smoked up as the beef broke and rushed on, blind and frightened; they went through the fence in one surge, kicking it to pieces so that there was no trace of fence left. Before Bexar's amused eyes the desert was suddenly in motion, herd mixed with herd, all racing toward the river.

Part of the stampede veered his way, as he had foreseen. He wheeled the horse and, in the deepening twilight, idled back toward the wink and flash of River Bend's lights.

Bearing his message of disaster, the homesteader rode shouting along Willow as far as Balder's store, and dropped from the saddle and went in, soon followed by Franzen and Dug Neil and Brinton and Ford Green. Mitchell crossed toward Brinton's and got his buckskin and came out of the stable in time to see a small puncher hurl himself into Willow. Dried streaks of sweat netted the dust on his face. He said: "Doctor around here?"

"In the hotel," Mitchell said, and watched the little man rush at the hotel's porch and throw himself out of the saddle. Mitchell walked the buckskin to the head of Race Street and paused there, looking into the bright crosshatch of its lights. There had been the beginning inflow of the trail crowd; but now the news of the stampede ran the street and riders came from the saloons and left River Bend for the prairie. Charley Fair came outside his saloon, bulky and still in the gallery shadows; the women of the dance hall stood in a cluster at the entrance, their dresses a welter of color. Doctor Utten left the hotel with the puncher and crossed to Brinton's at a brisk walk. Dug Neil emerged from Balder's store.

"Dan," he called, "come in here a moment, will you?"

Mitchell turned the buckskin against the hotel porch and stepped down. At this moment Sherry Gault came forward from Gatchell's print shop, walking toward Webber's for late supper. Near the entrance she stopped and looked back at Mitchell and what he saw in her then was a perfection and a grace and a warmth that had been growing in him during the long year he had known her. She was the strength and the completeness and the personal glory a man dreamed of but never expected to find. She was the core of every campfire, the voice in the wind, the call that sounded in the deeps of the hills. These were impressions and half thoughts that raced violently through him as he came up to her and lifted his hat and passed on to Balder's. Then he shut her from his mind. He knew what this meeting would be and what his orders would be. Balder would tell him to close up the town. When he received those orders everything would come to its climax on the dust of Race Street.

BALDER'S room was full of men. The homesteader held up a handkerchief to cover a bruised mouth. He talked through the handkerchief. "They said to hell with the fence and came on. Somebody fired a gun and that was the end of the fence. It is a wonder half the men in front of that stock didn't get killed outright. My wagon went over, my wife and two kids with it. If they hadn't fallen under the wagon box they'd have been trampled to death."

"You sure the sheriff wasn't out there this afternoon?"

"No," said the homesteader. But then he pulled the handkerchief away from his mouth. "But there was a fellow riding around out there. Fellow with a yellow mustache. Wore two guns. First time I ever saw that."

"Where'd he go?" asked Balder.

"I don't recall. This herd was moving up to us and that was what we watched."

Balder turned on Ford: "There's your man. You'd better find him. If he saw it and did nothing there's something crooked in this."

The homesteader said: "What about us out there?"

Balder answered, "We'll do the best we can," and nothing more was said

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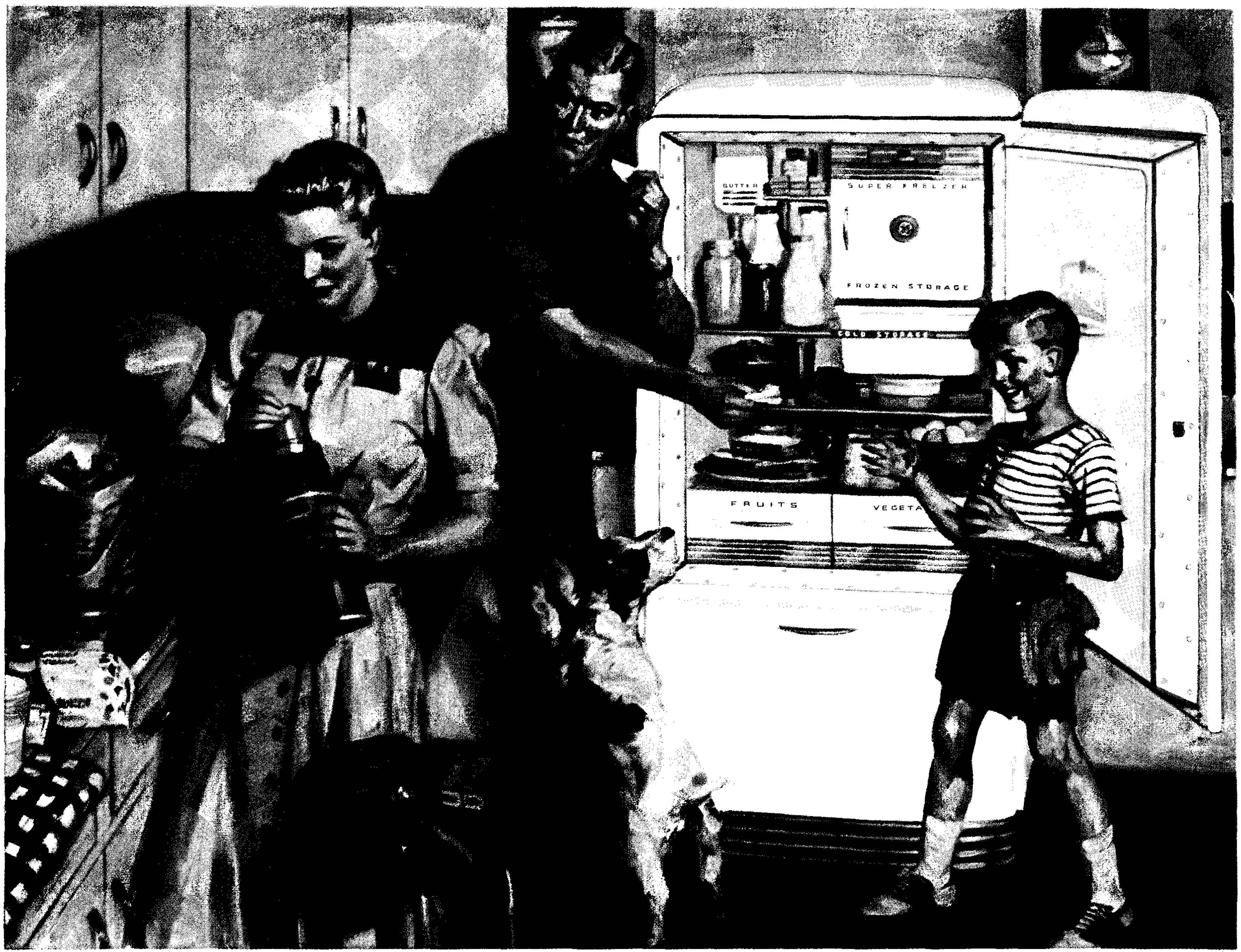

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for a long drag of time. The homesteader showed his dissatisfaction and left the room. Green sat dry and still until Dug Neil challenged him. "Well, what about it?"

"Something went wrong," admitted Ford Green.

Tom Franzen spoke up: "I watched that fellow this afternoon. He went into Charley Fair's for a drink and he stayed a good twenty minutes. Charley was in there with him." All this seemed to make an answer, for Franzen swung his question on Green like a ball bat: "You working with Charley Fair?"

Green lifted his head and was on the verge of an angry answer. But he met the combined attack of all the eyes in the room. These men had a common suspicion and showed it. So he said, "No, Tom," and held back his feeling.

"I see only two things," stated Tom Franzen. "Either you're workin' with him or else he and this Bexar played you for a sucker. Either way you got nothing to be proud of."

"Now," said Brinton, "what do we do?"

"That fracas out there," said Balder, "will settle itself."

Mitchell had said nothing so far. Now he contradicted Balder: "A bad guess. Inside of a couple hours this town will be swamped to the dashboard. Homesteaders and trail boys, all looking for satisfaction."

"That's your job," said Balder.

"Is it?" asked Mitchell.

HE GOT then the same sort of survey Ford Green earlier had received from the group. These men had their doubts of him. In the back part of their heads were all the rumors and suspicions of a year's making. They were solid men and good men for the most part, but they had that inevitable kink of reasoning, which was that any man paid to police a town necessarily picked up part of the town's dirt on his clothes. Some of them, he knew, had always been against him. Some of them had thought him too lax with Race Street and some of them had thought him too severe. This was the way of it in a town; a marshal rode the middle of the street and pleased nobody if he did his job well. Looking at them carefully, he read their minds and had his humorless amusement.

Balder shot back his question: "Isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mitchell, "it is my job."

"Then," said Balder, openly relieved, "take care of it."

But Mitchell added his casual afterthought: "My job, as long as I keep the job."

"What's that?" asked Dug Neil, and once more the crowd watched him, and he saw unease and faint fear move through the room.

"Ed's been a little dissatisfied lately," said Mitchell. "He's been dabbling with the idea of getting another man. You got another man ready, Ed?"

"No," said Balder, issuing the word reluctantly.

Mitchell looked down at the seated Ford Green. "You had a man ready. Where is Bexar now?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe back in an alley waiting for me to ride by," said Mitchell. "That was the original idea, wasn't it?"

Green remained pale and indrawn and cautious. When he looked at Mitchell every capacity for hatred showed in his eyes and every desire to destroy showed there, too. But he was a clever man and used his cleverness now. "That's a good excuse, if you want to quit. Why don't you quit?"

"I've been wondering," answered Mitchell, in the same unvarying tone, "why you hire your chores done. What are you afraid of, Ford?"

"Not of you," sighed Green, his voice coming out in a strained, wind-broken whisper. "Why don't you quit? You can step out now when the going is tough. The town paid you well, but you don't have to think of that. Light out for the hills. You have been a hero in time of peace. Just riding down the middle of the street. Don't take any chance on hurting your reputation now. Get a toothache and run for your hide-out. Leave word with Charley Fair before you go. Tell him everything's all right. You've done it before."

"Ford," said Mitchell, idle and even, "you're smart but your belly is yellow."

"Wait and see!" cried Green, and got up from his chair. "Wait and see!"

"I'll wait, but not long," said Mitchell. He turned on Ed Balder: "You want Race Street closed. That's what you called me for, wasn't it?"

"That's it," said Ed Balder slowly.

"No, thanks, Herbie, I'm on the wagon" WILLIAM STEIG

"When do you want it closed?" asked Mitchell.

"The trail's done for. It is time to change."

Mitchell said: "I know all that. Don't waste talk, Ed."

"Why, now," said Balder, "I've got to make you see it. You're thinking this is all for profit. But there's more to a town than that. A town is people trying to get along. The trail and the gamblers have had their turn. Now it is the turn for the homesteaders. Here we sit, trying to figure what is best. Sometimes it is a little hard."

For once this big storekeeper, struggling with a tough problem, made his try at self-expression; and in trying, rose above his love of authority and his self-esteem. He looked at Mitchell with some anxiety, as though he wanted Mitchell's understanding, and at that moment there was something to be admired about him. "We have had to get along with the good and the bad as best we could. That's the way with all towns. They grow up the same and they go through the same breaks. Some do it the easy way and for some it goes tough. Going to be tough for us. Close the street, Dan. Close it your own style."

"All right," said Mitchell. He stood in the middle of this group and found reason to smile. It was not a complete smile, for it had some regret and some foreshadowing of disaster in it and they saw this and kept still. But he asked one more question:

"Have you any idea where these folks on Race Street go from here?"

"Why," said Balder, "they come from somewhere and they'll go somewhere. I do not say we are doing the kind thing. We are doing what we have got to do. There's a lot of crying in this world."

"I wondered if you understood that," said Mitchell, and walked from the room.

He stood on the walk a moment, watching the big freighters roll down Willow for the long haul to War Bonnet. Race Street, he noticed, was filling up again and the lanes of light showed the steady dust stream which rose from the churning of horses' feet. The dance-hall music caught on and the Arcade barker stood at the edge of the walk, calling out: "Over here, boys! Best whisky, best games—a good run for your money and no complaints! Come on over! We've lots of chips on the tables! Take 'em away if you can! Our loss, your gain—no hard feelings! Come on in and hear the cougar howl!"

The townsmen came out of Balder's store and moved away. Mitchell watched Ford Green cut across the dust to the courthouse and pause at the door to look both ways on the street before he entered. Balder and Dug Neil halted beside Mitchell. Balder said: "I am going into Webber's for a bite to eat. The rest of the night I will be at this doorway with a Spencer carbine. Dug will be on The Drovers' porch. That's just to tell you where we are, if you want a little help."

They went away before he had an opportunity to answer; all he saw was the embarrassed look on Balder's face when the latter turned off, as though this had been better left unsaid. And still Mitchell kept his position, idle and unhurried from knowing that tonight all things started from him and all things would end with him. Two things he now noted: Chappie Brink moved over Race's dust to the courthouse stairs and sat down. Tom Leathers patrolled up Race, cast an inquiring glance at Mitchell and retraced his steps down the street, fading into the shadows around Horsfall's stable. The stars were electric bright in the depthless black of the sky and a small, slow wind came from the south.

FORD GREEN climbed the courthouse stairs and walked down the dark hall to his office. He had left his door open on leaving the office earlier and now confidently walked straight at it and banged his head hard against the panels. He stood still with a hand on the knob and was puzzled that it had swung shut. He opened it and stepped through, searching his coat pocket for a match to light the lamp. Bill Bexar's voice came from an unseen corner of the room: "Better leave it dark, friend. Said you didn't want me to be seen with you too much."

Green felt a thready pulse of fear. He stopped moving ahead and he said, "Where in God's name have you been?" and then quietly took one quick sidestep and put his shoulders to the wall.

"Out watching a stampede."

"Bill," said Green, "where do you stand? I'll play the sucker for nobody."

"Right where I was when you met me, friend."

"Why didn't you stop that fence business?"

Bill Bexar's voice had a ring to it, as though he smiled. "A little more fire for the pot. You wanted things to be kind of tough on Mitchell, didn't you? They'll be tougher tonight, in town. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Maybe," said Green, and let his mind feel a cautious path along this suggestion. Nothing more was said for a good thirty seconds and he heard nothing at all in the room; and so it shocked him when Bill Bexar's voice came to him from the hall. Bexar had crossed the room, passed in front of him and had gone out the door without sound. "I'll be waiting for you to say the word, friend."

"Where?" asked Green.

Amusement once more rustled across Bexar's words. "By the back of Brinton's stable," he said, and faded into the hall. His steps made their momentary loose echoes on the stairsteps. This room held all the strong heat of the day. Still motionless against the wall, Ford Green slowly sweated and struggled with his doubts. Presently he crossed to the window and looked down on Race. His glance ran from The Drovers' on up to Willow where he found Mitchell still idle in front of Balder's store. Green centered his attention on the marshal and the venom of jealousy began to change him.

AT THIS same hour the head barman in The Pride came into Charley Fair's back office, closing the door behind him. "Jett Younger's out in the alley."

Fair said: "Alone?"

"Brought couple of his boys in with him."

"Tell him to stay out of sight for a little while."

And at this same time Irma Gatewood came into the dark coach and found Hazelhurst waiting. This was their third meeting and the first time he had arrived earlier than she. The knowledge of his eagerness turned her warm and she stood in the aisle and knew the inexpressible gratitude of being wanted. He had never yet touched her by so much as the tip of his fingers and while she waited for him to speak she hoped he would at last break down the rigid barrier he insisted on placing between them.

"Mrs. Gatewood," he said, "this is wrong for you."

She tried to brush his doubts away. "Will we never get beyond that?"

"I think we never will."

"Yes," she told him, "we will." She was supremely confident. "There's nothing else we can do. I'm no child, George. I have been a faithful woman. I have never flirted, never stepped out of the straight path. I have been as strict in my judgment of what is proper and improper as any wife could be. Yet here I am, and never for a moment in the last four days have I felt it to be wrong. No guilt, no shame. It is as though I have been asleep and this is the wakening."

"You know what the town would say,"

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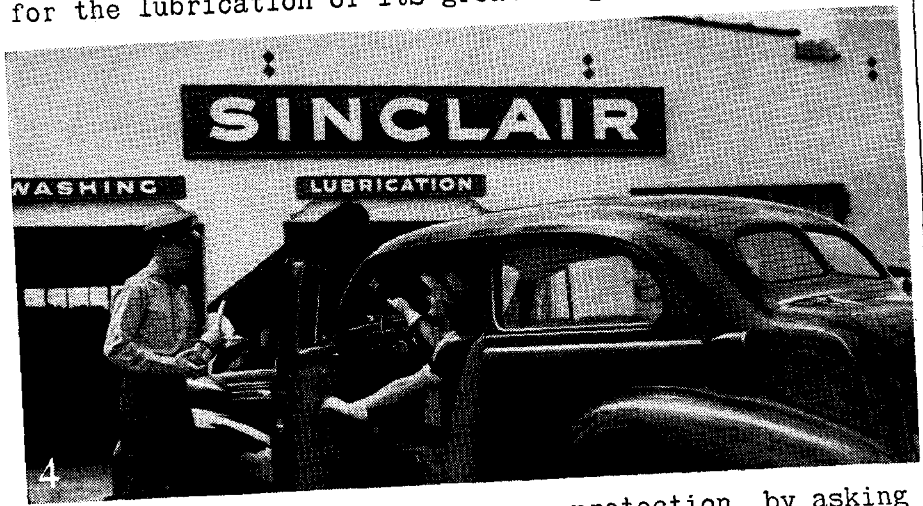

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he answered. "And what your husband would say."

"We have been married eight years. Isn't that long enough, if—" she stopped the rest of it, being loyal and without malice. She changed the question: "Isn't it possible for people to make mistakes—and to correct them?"

"Yes," he said, "but you are making no correction, Mrs. Gatewood. Not in me. You know what I am. You know what my life has been like."

"Perhaps," she told him, "this is correction for you as well."

"Ah, if I only thought that."

"Don't you?"

"I have looked on the black side of people most of my life," he told her. "I have had my own black side before me always. I know myself for what I am. I will never be any better than I am."

"And how are you bad, George?"

HE SAID: "You see me perhaps as having some gallantry. I dress well and I seem to live a dangerous life, which is perhaps true. You see the outside of George Hazelhurst. You know nothing of the inside. If there was not emptiness inside George Hazelhurst, why would he be living the useless, something-for-nothing life of a gambler? I have a good deal of pride. You see that. But it covers nothing worth having. Nothing at all, Mrs. Gatewood."

"Yes," she said, "I do think you're rather gallant. You are protecting me now."

"No," he answered, "I'm protecting myself. If you lived with me a month you'd have the whole cheap and dirty story of George Hazelhurst. I'd rather you never knew it."

She was gently laughing at him. "What do you think of me, George?"

"It would be rather easy," he told her in sober, reluctant truth, "to take you away. You must know that. There's been nothing in my life like this."

"Then take me away. It is what I want."

He was long silent, he was mustering up whatever will he had and whatever sense of right he had. She knew precisely what went on in him and she stood back and waited, serenely confident of the answer. He let a long sigh out of him. "You will always regret it. There is no glory in this, even though it seems the answer to everything. I've been running away all my life. Now you'll be."

"Take me away, George."

"Nothing will change your mind?"

"It isn't in my mind at all. It's in my heart. You don't change that."

"I'll meet you with a rig at the end of Willow after dark tomorrow."

"Couldn't it be tonight?"

His voice was really sad. "Heaven can wait a day. I can't leave tonight."

"Tomorrow night then," she said, her voice going strong and pleased through the coach.

He moved by her and was careful not to touch her. She had her impatient regret at that and she admired him the more. But his voice continued strange and depressed to her. "You know," he said, "life can trap a man very neatly. I wanted everything when I was young. Being impatient I took all the short cuts. Now here is the greatest thing a man can have—the love of a woman. The tragedy is I have nothing left to offer her. You can have no idea of how a man like me feels in a situation like that." He was at the coach steps, and added one more thing: "You must never be hurt. Good night."

MITCHELL'S cigar had gone out. He lighted a match and cupped it against his face so that for that moment his face was a target in the shadows of Willow Street, seen by half a dozen pairs of observing eyes. From the doorway of Webber's, Sherry Gault saw it and was struck by its composed, half-kind expression. Knowing the town and knowing all that had happened during the day, she realized more clearly than most people what Mitchell now confronted. When he left the west side of Willow and crossed the dust River Bend would break apart; and it astonished her that this man, who so exactly understood what his first forward motion meant, should not have put on that expression she had seen before—that bare and empty and really cruel cast of mouth and eye.

From the courthouse window, Ford Green saw the match flare. From their stations on Race, both Chappie Brink and Tom Leathers saw it. From his spot in the darkness of Neil's side alley, Jett Younger observed it, and Bill Bexar, who was now in the dark wall shadows adjoining Webber's—and not where he had told Green he would be—looked on.

Mitchell took in the good, strong savor of the cigar. For a moment he wondered about Henry Dreiser, who had disappeared, and for a while his thoughts turned to Rita with a deep, real care and he visualized her pale face and, though he didn't know it, he shook his head for her. One remembrance, Dick Lestrade, came to him, with its ache for the boy's misunderstanding, and afterward he had his bright vision of Sherry Gault, fair and beautiful, and he recalled how the drunken puncher had reached out to touch her, and he understood that puncher's feelings thoroughly—that disbelief in a dream against the hot and dusty day. Ad Morfitt came up the middle of Race Street, saw him and nodded and went into Ute. Thereafter, the outer edges of living faded for Mitchell and he faced Race Street and threw his cigar into the dust, watching its tip spray brightly as it struck. He walked across Willow, toward the Arcade.

A new crowd of Texans rounded The Drovers' and came up Race on the run, dim in the steady dust screen. He reached the front of the Arcade and faced the doorway and looked into the crowd and noted that this night the trail riders carried their guns. A shout from a man in the street drew Mitchell about because of a vague familiarity of voice, and he saw the new group of Texans. Cap Ryker sat on his saddle, ruddy and imperious in the flash of saloon lights.

"I told you I'd come back, friend."

Mitchell swung his shoulders around, putting Cap Ryker behind him. Long ago he had decided how this would go and now it was too late to change. He walked into the Arcade and stopped.

"Turn out the lights, boys. The street is closed."

STILL in Webber's doorway, Sherry watched Mitchell go down Race and pause before the Arcade's door, and as he did so her heart seemed to squeeze small so that breathing grew hard for her. She had no control over her mind. Her thoughts ran in a swift fury of activity, so that she was with him every step, so that she was ahead of him to visualize what would happen. Not knowing it, she fought his battles and saw his very body turn and move through the town's wild cross fire and she saw him drop and she heard him speak her name from the deep dust of Race Street.

He had turned from the Arcade's door to meet the sudden call of a man in the middle of the street, and then she recognized Cap Ryker who had fulfilled a threat to return and right his injuries. What puzzled her was Mitchell's indifference to Ryker. Mitchell, saying nothing at all, turned back to the Arcade door and stepped inside.

She crossed to the courthouse, knowing Green had gone up to his office. Running up the courthouse stairs she called ahead, "Ford—Ford," and noticed that his office was dark. But he was inside, for his voice came to her.

"What is it?"

She stopped at his doorway. "Why don't you burn a light?"

"Never thought of it."

She hated evasion, she hated secrecy and now she hated his being here under the cover of darkness, once more reverting to his alien habits. She said angrily: "Light the lamp, unless you're hiding from something."

SHE heard his quick, rough intake of breath. He moved along the room and scratched a match on the wall; he lighted the table lamp and by its glow she viewed the thin wedge of his face, its pointedness, its lean and bloodless caution. What really made her notice this was the change in his eyes. Every feeling he had seemed to drain into their green glowing pools. Against that liveliness the rest of his face was parched and dead. He hated her for her words and showed it. Somehow she got the idea he was greatly troubled, that his careful planning had been knocked aside, leaving him momentarily helpless and confused.

"Sherry," he said, "can't you keep your wicked tongue off me?"

"What are you afraid of?"

Not knowing that Mitchell had earlier asked the same question, she couldn't know how terrible the question was to him. It hit a bruised spot, making him flash back his outraged cry.

"Nothing—nothing on this earth! What makes people think I'm afraid? Have I ever backed up from anything? No! I've never run from a living soul in my life! I can fight! I showed you that when I tackled Mitchell! Damn this town! If a man is quiet and minds his own business, if he doesn't get down and roll in the mud like Mitchell they think he's afraid!"

"What they think," she said, choosing her words, "is that you are too sly. Nobody knows what is in your head. You have held yourself away from people. That's the penalty you're paying now, Ford. You can't look down on this town like a cat waiting to jump on something and still expect anybody to trust you." Her words carried her on and her logical mind came to something that shocked her. "Why, you're really not human."

He struck her with his question: "What are you here for?"

"Where's that sheriff you brought to town—that Bexar?"

"Out on the street."

"Hiding? Hiding and waiting for a shot at Mitchell?"

That unease and desperateness showed in him clearly. "No, of course not," he jerked out. "Sherry, don't talk like that."

"Get him, then," she asked. "Get him up here."

He watched her with a growing slyness. "Why?"

"He's got to help Mitchell tonight."

"That big man need help?" asked Green in a ragged, gritty voice. "That great man, that lion of courage, that master of the town?" He threw all his emotion into his talk; he went on with his jeering tone: "Why should he need help? He's got a gun and he's got his hands. Good hands, too. Maybe you noticed that. He's the lord here. A little man like me wouldn't be of any use to him. Bexar would just be in his way. Oh, no, Sherry. He's all right. He'll just pick the town up and move it away, and get on his buckskin and parade before the admiring spectators."

She had never actually faced this man with an open mind or with an inquiring heart. Everything in the past had been accepted without much thought; they had long known each other and she had seen much of him and had liked him. She had taken him for what he outwardly was and so gradually they had drifted into an engagement. Nothing had been very compelling; no other man had broken through her reserve to challenge her loyalty to Ford Green—no other man until one day she had noticed Mitchell's glance come to her and long remain.

In the beginning it had not mattered. For she had resented Mitchell out of some obscure reason and had thrown up her guard against him. She had heard stories of him and had believed them; she had known that he took his last half-hour each night at Big Annie's and had been repelled by the thought. As his presence had grown stronger with her and his personality increasingly a challenge to her, she had more deliberately resisted him. Never, until a short time ago, had the inevitable comparison between Ford and Dan Mitchell come up.

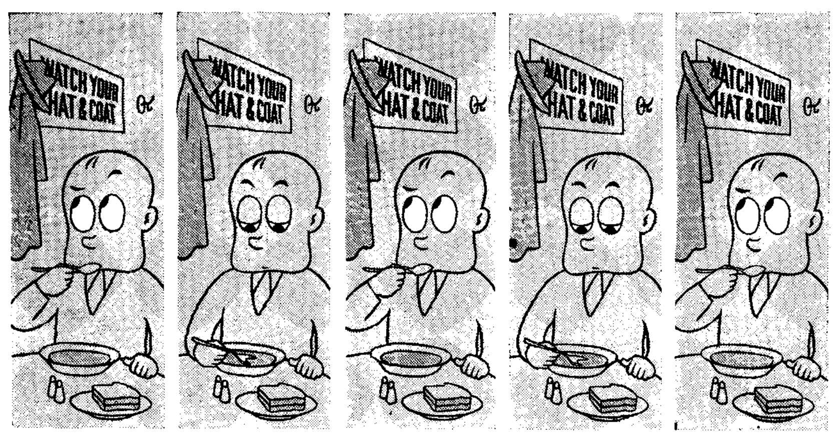
THAT had been only a few days before, with the first doubt of Ford coming to her with great shock and the first questioning of her own love of him somehow sickening her. That time she had evaded meeting an answer, too proud to admit that her engagement could be a mistake.

"Sherry," said Ford, "stop looking at me like that."

Now she had to meet her answer because the need of it was so urgent. No woman, she thought, could love a man and look at him as she looked at Ford Green this moment—with an almost cruel insight into what he really was—his evasive and tortuous mind that never liked daylight, his thin-skinned, acidly jealous pride, his pointed and fox-sharp face. And when, in greatest wonder, she asked herself how it was she had not seen all this before, she had her instant answer. Until Mitchell, no other man had come into her imagination to stand beside Ford and make his weaknesses apparent.

"Ford," she said again, "he has got to fight beside Mitchell tonight."

(To be concluded next week)



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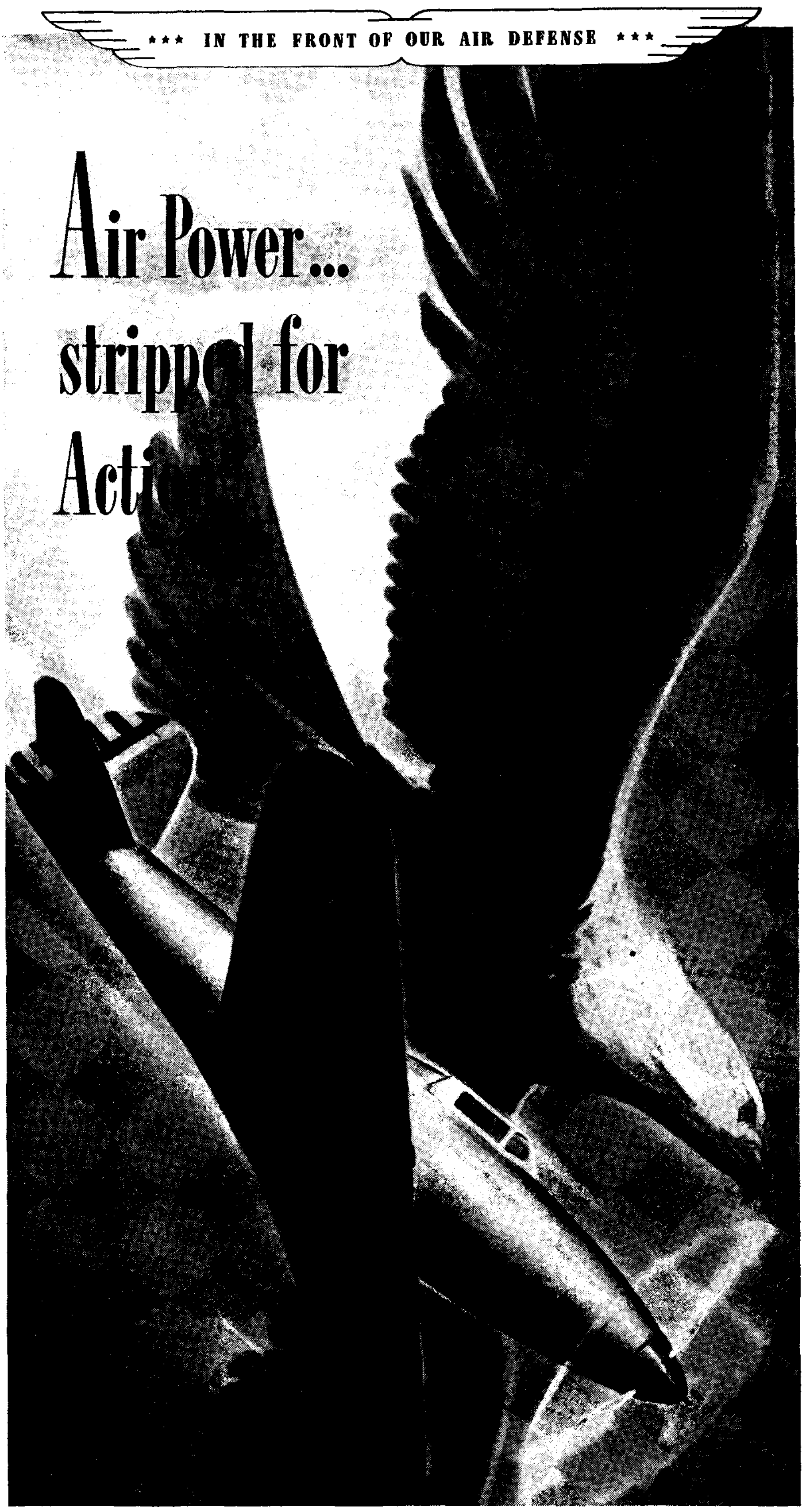
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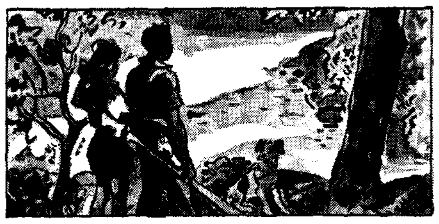

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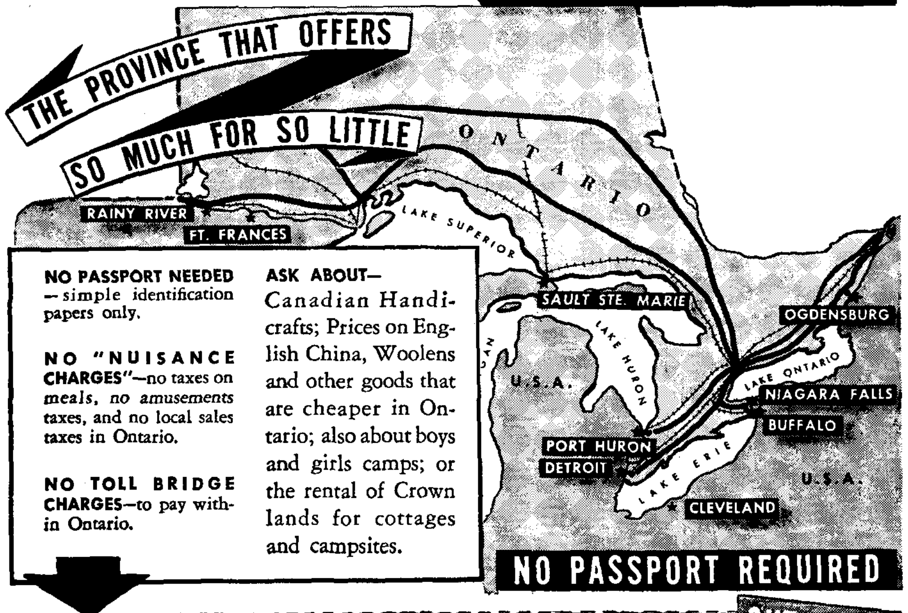

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When the Time Comes

Continued from page 15

He's got a grudge against the world, is all."

The house stood back of two great elms, with lesser trees ranged around it, and its roof and walls were spangled with sunlight and shadow.

"Mr. Bradley?"

Floyd, standing on the lawn, tried to locate the source of the voice. It was a girl's voice, light, tentative, with a lilt of amusement in it. He felt stupid because he was unable to discover where it came from. He cleared his throat.

"Yes," he said, addressing the house. "I'll be right down."

HE THOUGHT he caught a glimpse of a face vanishing from one of the screened windows upstairs. From where he stood he could see three outside doors—the front one and two others on the side where the porch was. She came out of one of the porch doors.

"I was trying to figure out which door to knock on," he said.

"Everybody does. The side of the house is really the front. Mr. Abbott said you'd be in sometime this afternoon, so we were expecting you. Ma's down the village shopping."

"I just got in," Floyd said.

"Can I help you?"

"Thanks, but I just got a couple of bags."

He got his suitcase and a smaller bag out of the luggage compartment in back; left his metal tool kit and a pair of wading boots. On second thought, he took his fishing tackle from the back seat. Through the windows of the car he could see her on the porch, standing on tiptoes, fiddling with a bird cage. She wore short yellow socks and sandals and she had a long, flowing, lithe body and a head of loose brown hair that fell to her shoulders. For an instant Floyd felt a strange, fluttering sensation in his throat, up under his ears.

"All right," he said. "I guess I got everything."

He followed her into the center hall and up a long staircase, keeping his eyes cast down as he climbed three or four steps behind her. It looked like Bill Abbott's room, sure enough: Bill's accordion on a chair, his green fly-rod case on a shelf, a pair of brown overalls hanging on a hook.

"We put the extra cot in for you," she said. She pressed her hand down on it. "I hope you can sleep on it. There's your towels and the bathroom's at the other end of the hall. Will you want breakfast and supper?"

"Whatever the others do."

If he kept his head up he found it difficult to keep his eyes off her, so he kept his head down. Her face was so bright and clean and lively and there was a dark liquid quickness in her eyes and a fresh red ripeness on her lips. He was sweaty and sticky and dirty from the trip, his shirt half out of his pants in back, his hair tousled, his shoes dusty.

"There's Ma now," she said, and went to the door. "Well, I hope you'll like it here and I hope you'll be comfortable."

"It'll be fine," he said, daring an upward look at her, wondering what kind of dull, dopey expression was on his face. Unreasonably, he blushed; and more unreasonably, he smiled. He had no idea how attractive his smile was. She gave a little laugh, soundless and uncertain, and for an instant there was a confused, retreating look in her eyes.

"Nora," a woman's voice called from the yard.

"Coming, Mamma."

Bill Abbott came in between five and six. "Hi, fella. You look great, you long drink of water, you!" He smacked Floyd across the back with a rolled-up newspaper and then tossed it onto the bed.

"I kind of washed up and shaved," Floyd said, grinning with pleasure. "Lill sends her love, and the kids are swell."

"Gee, I wish I could have 'em here. But her and two babies is three, and me four—and you can't get a house around here for love or money, and I'll be damned if I'll have 'em living in a tent. You ready to go to work?"

"Sure thing."

"Okay. Monday. I'll take you around to the boss tomorrow and we'll get that all settled, and you can start in Monday. Honest, Floyd, some of the bums they're sending in here as electricians'd turn your stomach. You're a godsend. Why'd you decide to leave the old home town? Wasn't Wade and Benninger doing right by you?"

"They were doing all right." Floyd wasn't going to tell why he'd left. He'd die for his mother, but how could he explain that he'd been unable any longer to stand her sighs and her long, sorrowful looks? "I just felt like a change," he said.

"How's your brother Joe?"

"We heard a week ago. He's fine. They made him a corporal."

"Well, the Army's all right," Bill said, "but I'll bet he sure misses his ma and Mary Bedecker."

Floyd said grimly, "Do him good to get away. I'm ready to go any time they call me."

"Sure, a little while is all right. But a man misses his womenfolks."

"That's a lot of talk," Floyd said.

Bill laughed lightly. "Okay, boy. Okay."

AT SIX a bell jangled and they went downstairs to supper. Art Sorensen was there sitting between a carpenter named Burke and a mason named Zimmermann. The men had a table to themselves and Nora did the serving. Sorensen, after one long, steady look at Floyd, turned his attention to a newspaper and devoured the news with the same bitter ferocity with which he ate. He and Zimmermann were the oldest at the table, and Floyd learned that both came from the same town and had grown up together. Zimmermann was a broad, heavy man, with soft brown eyes, a cloudy voice and scarred, calloused hands.

Outside, later, Floyd saw him drive off with Sorensen. And Bill Abbott, lifting his lip over the pipe he was smoking, said, "Well, there goes Art to get his Saturday-night load aboard, and Zimmy to see he gets back safe. Zimmy don't drink. A guy never had a better pal."

Floyd said nothing.

"It's the war Sorensen hates," Bill explained. "He near busts a gut hating it. And the politicians. He sure hates the politicians. His kid brother skint out to fight with the Norwegians and when they folded up he went with the British. There was just the two of them—no other kin. Art'd just put him in college, to get educated. He skint out. Tough."

The dusk came on rapidly and the tree toads whanged away in the woods beyond the meadow. The lights in the kitchen went out. In a little while Nora and her mother came out and sat down at the other end of the porch.

Bill knocked out his pipe. "I got some paper work to do. I think I'll go up." He rose and drifted toward the door, humming lightly in the soft, gathering darkness.

Nora said, "I was hoping you'd play your accordion a little, Mr. Abbott."

"Sure," Floyd called out from his end of the porch. "Why don't you, Bill? I was thinking the same."

"It's nice, this time, when the work's done," Nora's mother said, rocking.

Bill scratched his head. "Well, you know me. I sure like to play. I guess I could do my paper work tomorrow."

"Go ahead, Bill, get it," Floyd urged, rising, coiling his arm around a post, leaning there with his cheek pressed against it.

Floyd always got a great kick out of the way Bill liked to play. Bill was always shy about starting, but once he was sure you wanted to hear it he never needed coaxing. He was older than Floyd by five years, but he was his best friend and he had always taken Floyd's part when Floyd was just a shaver. Also, he had taught Floyd his trade, and there wasn't a better electrician than Bill anywhere in the country. Of course, since Bill got married they weren't able to do all the things they used to—like fishing, skiing, bowling, and things like that. Floyd still resented Bill's wife at times.

Bill played and Mrs. Winters rocked and patted the arms of the rocker and Nora swayed and hummed and whispered some of the words and Floyd leaned against the post, the red end of his cigarette glowing, the music swirling in his head and rippling through his body. Bill was a playing fool, sliding from one tune to another—anything, old or new, hot or sweet. Spanish, Irish or anything; playing wide awake or half asleep.

Bill said, "Floyd won a prize waltzing at the Grange last year. They played The Blue Danube—"

"Oh, play that—play *that!*" Nora cried in eager breathlessness.

Bill was letting go now, drawing the melody out in all its strong, swelling cadence. And Floyd came down the porch, a tingling all up and down his legs, down to the very ends of his toes—a feeling of warm tenderness big as a melon in his breast. It was as if Nora understood, for he didn't have to say a word. In a moment they were dancing and Bill was smiling and Mrs. Winters rocked in great, sweeping arcs, her feet thumping on the porch boards.

Floyd did not know how long Bill played. At first it was just the dance with him; the tentative testing of his partner's steps and timing—a polite reluctance to hold her too closely. He never knew exactly when, on a sudden surge of emotion, he held her tightly in his arms, his head singing, the long, sweet pliancy of her body molded to the hard irregularities of his own. He trembled a little and for a moment was ashamed. But she was looking at him, her head a little on one side, and in the intimate darkness he saw the shine of her eyes and the soft shadow of a smile around her lips. He felt overwhelmed with tenderness and laid his cheek against the sweet cloud of her hair. . . .

NEXT morning Floyd was polishing his car when Nora made her way from the house toward the road. She stopped to watch him and it was a minute or two before he looked up.

"Hello, hello," he said, and he was glad his voice was clear and carefree—not clogged up the way it had been the night before.

She bit her lip in a most attractive smile. "You certainly do concentrate on what you're doing. Want a paper from town?"

"Hang around a minute," he said, "and I'll drive you down."

"Oh, how nice. I'm not old enough yet to get a driver's license. I wish I were, so I could be more help to Ma. But in six months I will."

"Eighteen?"

"In six months."

"I'm twenty-one," Floyd said. He was a man, doing a man's work, earning a good man's wage.

"I thought you were about that—twenty-one or -two or something. It's lovely country around here, really. I could show you some wonderful drives."

"That's fine," Floyd said. "We must do it sometime."

"Oh, I didn't mean to bother you taking me. I meant I could show 'em to you on the map."

Floyd was nonchalant: "What's the sense of showing 'em to me on the map?"

IT BEGAN that way, really—casual, offhand, in a spirit of flippant devil-may-care. For Floyd had decided that the affair of the porch was a kind of dream, alien to his nature, disturbing, upsetting, of no significance. He decided this rather peremptorily, for the simple reason that he hated any kind of emotional disturbance. It was for a similar reason that he had left home. He liked to be strong in himself and of himself and he enjoyed simple pleasures—the feel of a fly rod in his hand, the hang of a shotgun, big meals, a good sleep, doing his work the best he knew how.

He liked working with Bill. All the activity on the new project thrilled him and he got on well with the men around him. For a while he tried to be friendly with Sorensen, but gave up, not caring much one way or the other, but puzzled because the man seemed to go out of his way to be nasty to him.

Sometimes he ran across Sorensen on the job and sometimes he stopped for a chat with Zimmermann. No matter what he was doing—working, eating, walking, reading the newspapers—Sorensen was always an angry, bitter man, silent except for an occasional explosive outburst against the world at large. Floyd steered clear of him, unable to make him out, unable to find a gauge for such continuous, unrelenting bitterness. But Sorensen and Zimmermann still went about together, the big man bland and soothing, the little man knotted in his endless futile hatred. Zimmermann still brought him home Saturday nights, carrying him quietly up the stairs.

Floyd began taking Nora to the movies regularly and if there was a dance anywhere he took her dancing. Once or twice he thought of parking somewhere along the river on the way home, but the urge within him was never strong enough. It was never as strong as it had been that night on the porch. He must have been crazy that night—plain crazy. Well, it was better this way—good clean fun and no strings attached. . . .

He never knew exactly how it happened, but he was dead certain that the idea had been farthest from his thoughts a minute before. It didn't happen on a hill in the moonlight or in the car or on the riverbank or under a tree; or any place he should have wished it to happen had he thought about it beforehand. He was coming down the stairs one morning on his way to work and she was coming up, and midway they turned sideways in order to let each other pass by. He took hold of her arms and stared at her and she stared back at him, grave and watchful and wary. Then he kissed her.

"Dear," she murmured, her lip trembling.

Her lip trembling that way made something twist far and deep inside him and he flung his arms around her—looking long and gawky in his work clothes; rocking her from side to side in his arms, feeling that big, tender melon

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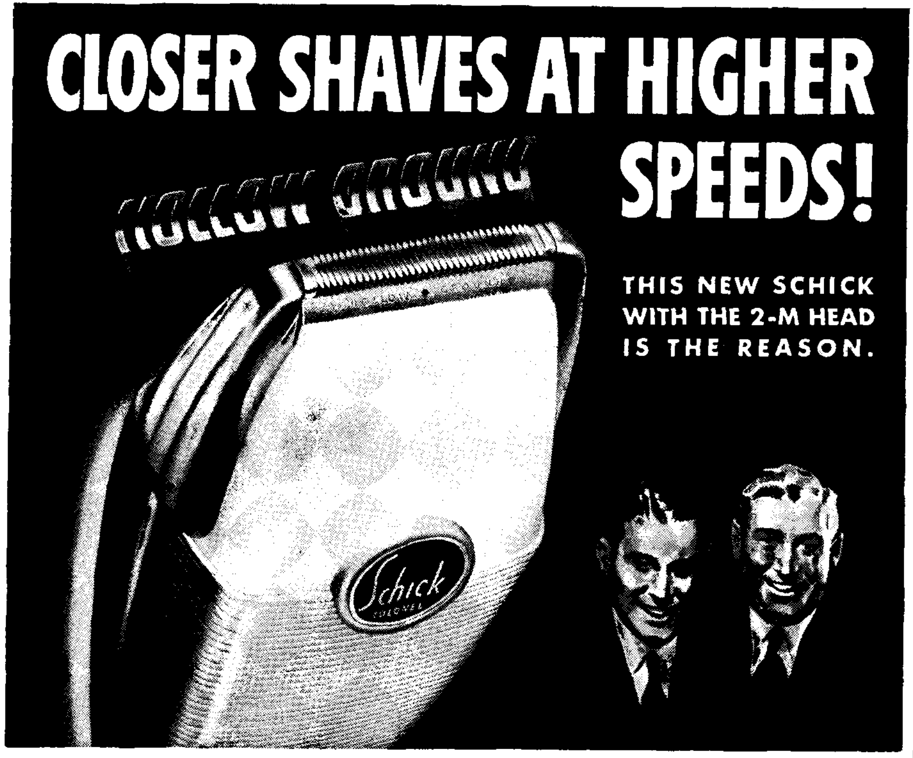

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swelling in his breast again. Nothing casual about this; nothing you could skip next time. She didn't flee in panic. He had never seen so much sweetness in a smile, so many lights in a pair of eyes, so much surrender in the way her mouth looked. She pressed her fingers softly against his lips and ran on upstairs and he drove to work in a daze.

He came back that night with a long face, a laconic sobersides with a glint in his eyes and dark rebellion in his heart. At supper he hardly looked at Nora and every bit of food he ate seemed determined to stick in his throat. It was cruel of him to act that way and he knew it and hated himself for it. But he hated all this tenderness and softness and mush too. It was what he had run away from when he left home. He loved his mother but he couldn't stand it. It gagged him. He wanted to stamp on it, crush it. He wanted to walk alone, untouched by anything that troubled him.

Grimly, as though in some way he felt obligated to do so, he asked Nora to go to the movies. From the way he had acted, he half expected her to refuse; and he wished she would, so that he might go somewhere and sulk by himself. For an instant her grave stare touched his face, and then she said lightly, "I'd love to." He also expected her to ask, sometime during the evening, what was the matter with him. But she didn't. He said good-night to her on the porch, from a safe dark distance of six feet, and she replied, "'Night, Floyd," in an altogether chipper voice. It was as if she had won some kind of victory, and this confused and irritated him. Just to show that he was independent, he went fishing with Bill on Sunday; they left early, not bothering to wait for breakfast, and didn't get back till late at night.

WEDNESDAY night he took her to a relief-benefit dance, telling himself that he did so because he'd bought the tickets a couple of weeks back and promised to take her. It was at Jackson Lake, in the big pavilion there. For two hours they danced, every dance. It was better to keep on dancing, he thought, than to sit one out and have to talk. But there was a long intermission at eleven and they drifted outside, bought a couple of bottles of pop, and went down to sit on a bench by the lake. In a little while she began to cry, so quietly that he'd never have known if he hadn't glanced at her, seen her head down, her shoulders convulsing.

"For goodness' sake, cut it out," he said.

"Go 'way and leave me alone."

"Will you please don't blubber that way?" he muttered.

"Why—why did you bring me here? Why do you keep on taking me out all the time?"

"You don't have to go out with me if you don't want to."

She cried harder.

He was angry and terror-stricken and he struck the bench hard with his fist. "Stop it, I tell you! You women, you women!" He felt the words running away from him. His voice was thick with anger and resentment. His hands gripped the edge of the bench and his lips felt tight and lean across his teeth.

"My mother's the same way!" he choked. "I couldn't stand it. When my brother was drafted, when he went away to camp, she bawled all over the place—and people standing around looking at her. I was ashamed of her, the way she took on. And then after my brother was away, she turned it all on me. I'd find her staring at me and her eyes filled with tears, as much as to say, 'You'll be next. They'll take you next.' It drove me nuts and I couldn't look at her any more. Babying me, crying over me—like I was already dead or something!"

He jumped up and strode among the trees; stopped and broke off a twig and stood shaking and breathing heavily and he almost wanted to cry. When he returned to the bench she was sitting quite still, twisting her handkerchief.

"Will—will you take me home, Floyd?"

No word passed between them on the drive home. It seemed to Floyd that all the thoughts one man's head could contain ground and churned behind his aching eyes. The times when he was a little boy, when his father was still alive and his mother was happy and jolly; and proud as a peacock when he pitched his team to victory in the school series. Sitting along the first-base line, with her hat batted over on one side of her head and her face flushed like it was something great he'd done. The funny crinkly smile on her face when he put on his first pair of long pants.

IN THE driveway, Nora fled from the car the instant it stopped. He drove on into the barn and sat a long while behind the wheel, motionless, like a man in a stupor. Then he walked to the porch and went in and climbed the stairs slowly and found Bill Abbott in the lighted corridor leaning against the wall.

Bill's face was glum and the look in his eyes told of the presence of trouble. He motioned to Floyd and turned and entered their room. Passing Sorensen's room, Floyd saw that the door was open; a glance showed him Sorensen sitting on a chair with a glass in his hand and Zimmermann sitting on another, facing him, holding a bottle of whisky.

Bill said, "Art's kid brother got it. He was one of the guys in one of those big English bombers—gunner, I guess. He got it. Art just got the news."

"Killed?"

Bill nodded. "Zimmy went down the village and bought a bottle of liquor. Art says, 'More,' and Zimmy pours him more."

"Think I ought to go in?"

"It's the right thing, I guess, Floyd."

Floyd dreaded it. He had his own troubles, a whole overwhelming mountain of them; and if there was anything that sickened him more than a crying, blubbering woman it was a blubbering man. But he went to Sorensen's room.

He gulped, "I'm sorry, Mr. Sorensen, about—about—"

"You're sorry," Sorensen cackled dreamily. "He's sorry. I'm sorry. All the world's sorry, bustin' out crying being sorry." He scowled crookedly; his pinched-up face was dark and malevolent. "Nobody asked you to be sorry! Nobody—"

Zimmermann reached over, gripped his shoulder, shook it. "Art!" he pleaded in his thick, cloudy voice, and shook his head.

"Leggo me!" Sorensen rasped, whipping his shoulder away, almost falling off the chair. Bent over, one hand on the floor, he glared up at Floyd. "Just about your age, he was. Skinny and clean-looking like you; like as if a dirty thought never crossed his mind. A baby. Like you. I saved and scrimped to put him in college, to get him, to keep him there. So he'd get educated and know things, know them smart, so they made sense; know what's right and what's phony. Not like me. Not be fooled by fine speeches and bigmouthed politicians and all the baloney the big shots dish out to the little dopes in the world." He sobbed. "And he tricks me! Leaves college and away he goes and they get him—they get him—like I knew they would!"

Zimmermann bent over, saying, "Art, now; now, Art, please," and trying to pull him erect. Sorensen struck up at him and tore free, staggering until the wall stopped him. Zimmermann stood helpless, his heavy legs spread, his heavy arms dead at his sides. An immense pity was in his face as he stared at Sorensen.

"You don't have to worry about me!" Sorensen flung at him, his voice breaking. "You go to hell, you; you go to hell! I don't need anybody to look after me. You—you—" His teeth cut into his lip and panic burned in his eyes. He blurted, "Get out! Go away. Why don't you? Why don't you go back where your people came from? Back there—back over! They killed my brother—your people back there—your—" He banged his fist against his mouth and blundered out of the room, knocking Floyd aside. He clattered down the stairs and they heard him running down the driveway, sobbing.

FLOYD was shaken. His lips were parched.

Zimmermann sat down heavily, letting his knees sag outward. All at once he looked old and tired and bleak.

"Look," he said, winded, as though he had run a great distance, "don't blame him. He don't mean it. He's all busted up. It hurts me, but I don't blame him. We grew up together. We was in the other one together, in '18, me and Art. He keeps fighting something, he don't know what it is he's fighting. It's all mixed up in his head. I'm his best friend, and he hurts me. You look like his brother some and he was nasty to you when you came here. He loved his brother and he was nasty to you. I don't know. It takes a lot of figuring. People all around everywhere hurt people they care a lot for. I don't know. I don't know. I think it's because they don't grow up. They stay kids. Kids hurt people, not meaning to. I don't know. Art's got a good heart. He hates himself more than anybody else could ever hate him."

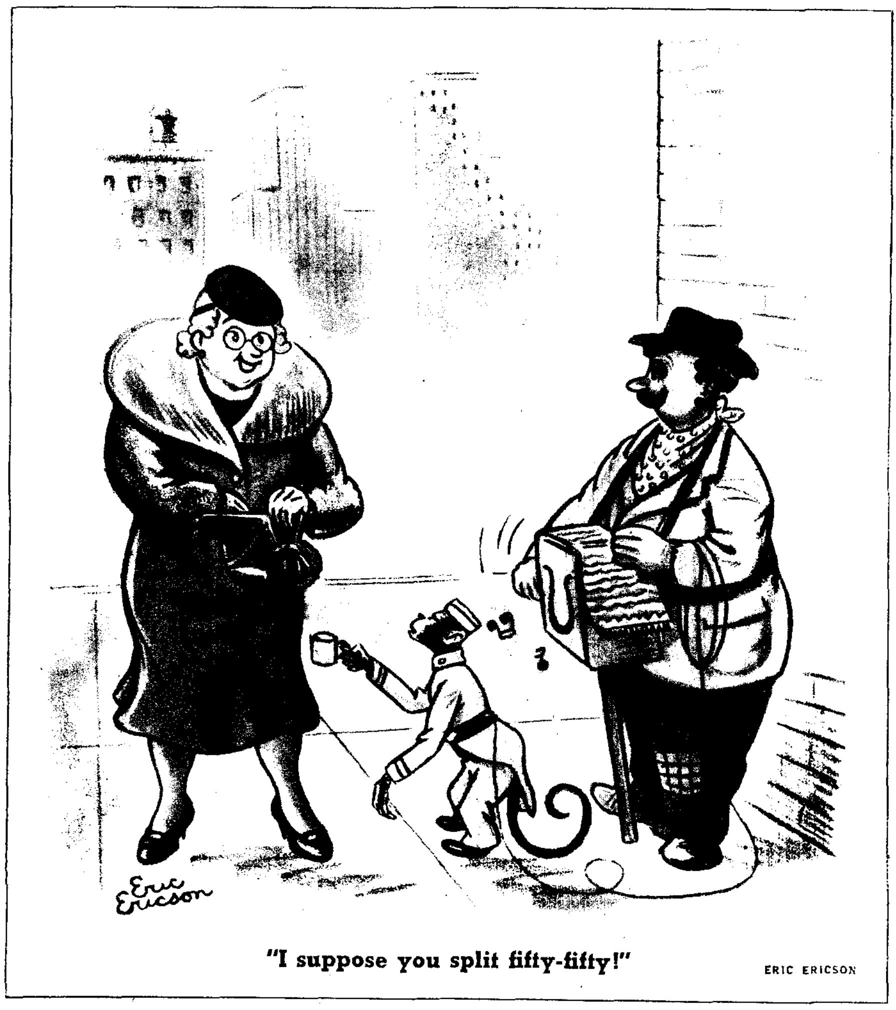
Floyd was stunned. He moved back to his room like a sleep-walker, leaving Bill with Zimmermann. He was stunned and shaken and for a while he did not understand why. Then he knew that it was because of something in Zimmermann, something great and wonderful in that humble, soft-spoken hulk of a man. A magnificent kindness. An illimitable pity. A great, nameless strength.

Floyd grimaced and felt shame flood through him like a torrent. He remembered Nora's face and the sweet surrender in her lips and the sound of her crying and the way her shoulders shook. And he remembered storming around at home, yelling, saying he was a man and didn't want to be coddled. And the white, empty, stricken look on his mother's face, as though he had slapped her across the mouth. You hadn't meant to hurt her. You hadn't meant to hurt Nora that way, either. Oh, you're a kid—a wise little brat of a kid in short pants, sneaking smokes back of the barn, being tough, swaggering, making faces, sneering at anything soft and tender, too big for your tight little britches.

Something sloughed off Floyd, peeled away and vanished, and he felt as if a wave of fresh air swept through his body, dusting out all the dark corners of his being. It seemed to him that all at once he was possessed of a vast, boundless knowledge. His ears hummed. His eyes glowed.

Suddenly he accepted a part of himself which he had thought strange and weak and unmanly and which he had fought at every turn. The desire to give something of himself to others, to people he loved.

NORA, he thought, leaning on the windowsill, staring into the darkness—Nora, where are you? In bed, probably, crying. Don't cry, Nora. Oh, baby, darling, sweetheart, don't cry, don't cry. I love you. I'll love you always and ever and ever, till death do us part, forever and ever, in sickness and in health—like the way the preacher said when Bill was married. It sounded goofy then and I sneered and I thought the look on Bill's face, all bright and shiny, was disgusting. I didn't know. I was a kid then.



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Continued from page 17

matter which direction the wind is blowing, there is plenty of paved surface for the departing plane to head smoothly and directly into the wind. That leaves the other circle of the dumbbell clear for landings, and so eliminates traffic jams when dozens of training planes are cluttering the land and the air simultaneously.

But all this means little to a nervous Joe as he trundles his seat-pack parachute up to a primary training ship with his instructor for a course in back-seat driving never experienced by the most henpecked husband. It makes Joe forget he has ever soloed before. The polite Navy term for it is, of course, dual training.

The "Yellow Peril" primary trainer Joe climbs into is a small, sturdy two-seater, not a whirlwind for speed, but it has controls just sensitive enough for Joe to learn, from a saltily eloquent instructor, the rudiments of taxiing, take-offs, climbs, turns, spirals and glides. And, hours and endless headaches later, if Joe can land it smoothly, put it into spins and recover from same, the lad will feel he is well on his way to his wings.

This spin-recovery test, by the way, is most important. Occasionally it reveals a spin-crazy pilot, a youngster whose reflexes freeze at this crucial moment—and this is an excellent time to find it out.

Why Joe Learns Fast

Seven hours of such dual training and Joe is checked for solo. If he and the plane, after several trials, come down respectively in one piece, Cadet Barker is allowed to solo a faster ship—an advanced model trainer—and repeat all the maneuvers he has just learned. He's getting on now, able to keep his place in small, three-ship formations and he averages an hour's flying daily. These flights are more fun. After taking off, Joe heads for one of the 25 small outlying fields spread around P-1 on the vast Texas landscape like a tablecloth and napkins drying on the lawn. Some of these outlying fields are located on the fabulous King Ranch, others on the Kennedy Ranch, another cattle-raising whopper. Practically all of them are just remote pastures, boasting only a wind sock and a flat square of turf to land on—if it hasn't been raining there lately.

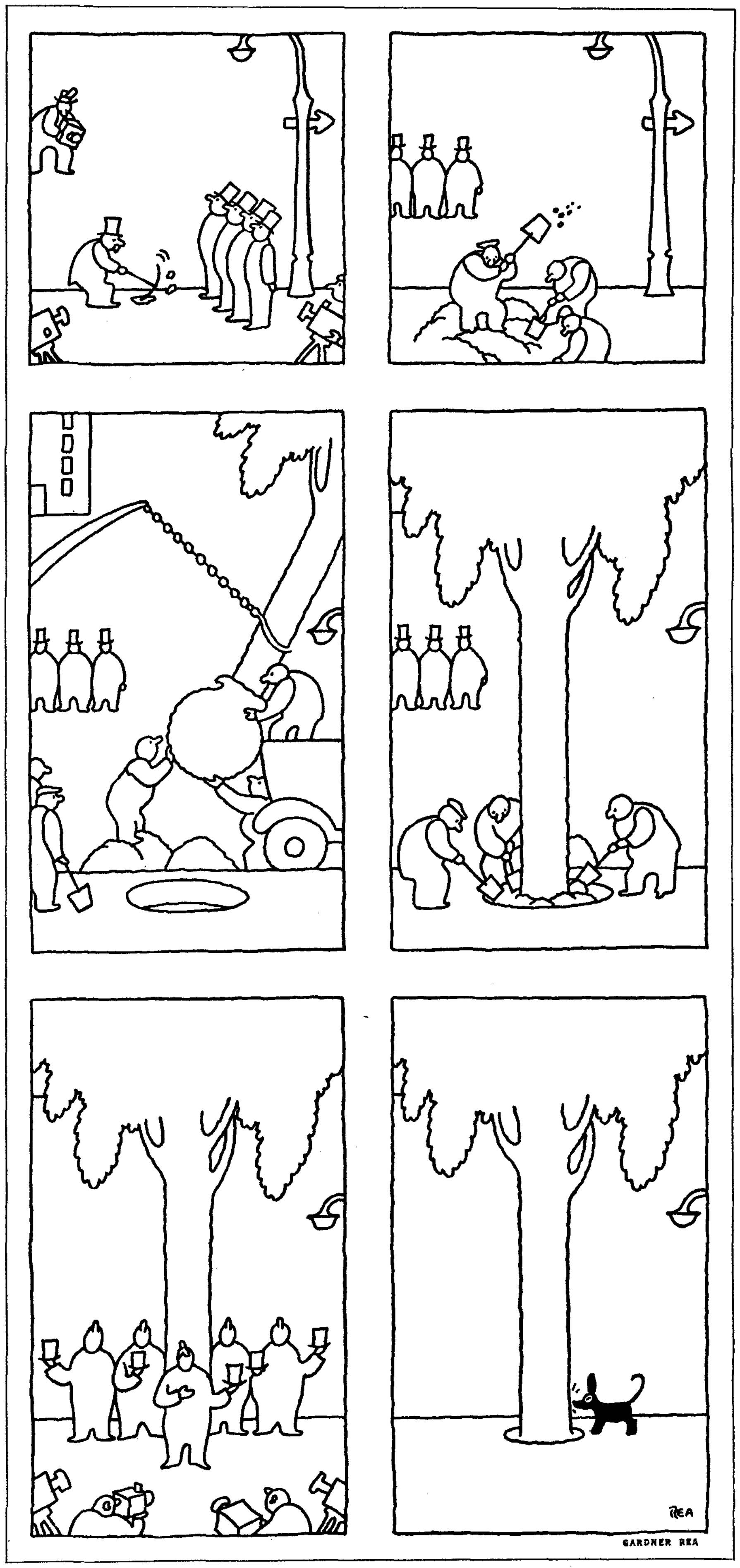
Even now Joe is far from being an ace. This is still primary, prep-school training. He faces twelve more hours of advanced soloing, aerobatics, precision slips and precision landings (dead-stick into a small chalked circle) before he gets a *final check to advance him to* basic training.

This step-up gives Joe the controls of a still faster ship—a Grumman fighter—and allows him to maneuver in nine-plane formations. He finds out how to fly by instruments, how to ride a radio beam into a landing.

Luckily for Joe, there are occasional breaks in this trying routine. His letters home report that he has made right field on his battalion ball team, that he gets in a round of golf now and then, swims in the quiet waters of the bay or crosses Mustang Island to try the breakers in the Gulf of Mexico. There's week-end liberty, too, from noon Saturday to eight Sunday night and a few hours every Wednesday. That usually means a trip into town in the flivver Joe shares in with three other cadets, and movies, soda fountains, a beer (no hard likker, Ma—cadet regulations) or a bull session in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel or the Nueces.

Here's a chance to pick up the local gossip. Corpus Christi, it seems, is taking this Navy boom in its stride, for the Corpus Christians are used to booms. After the first World War the high-price cotton boom upped the local wealth considerably, thanks to the black, waxy hog-wallow land of the adjacent Nueces Valley, "the richest land in Texas," which yielded a bale and a quarter an acre. Then the deep-sea channel the natives had been demanding for fifty years was cut through and Corpus Christi became an important ocean-shipping port, the thirteenth in total tonnage in the country. Next an oil boom, and today the port has the world's largest supply of fuel oil at tidewater.

There's another local industry now enjoying growing pains—tourists. For years ranches and planters from inland Texas have come down here to dip their toes in the Gulf and last year their forces were increased by tourists from



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FORD MOTOR COMPANY

MERCURY "8"

THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

Northern and Western states. Corpus Christi is on a direct route to Mexico, which is getting a big travel play this year, and the Texas city provides a good stopover point. Hotels, beach courts, restaurants and other local businesses profit accordingly.

So, Joe learns, the townsmen didn't raise their blood pressure dangerously high when first a construction crew topping 8,000 men came, built, ate, spent and went. Even the first influx of assorted naval uniforms caused only a small stir, although Corpus Christi and all of Texas hadn't seen the U. S. Navy at close hand since 1838. The more familiar uniforms of the wildcat oilmen, ranchers and cotton planters, the scrubbed khaki shirts and trousers, the cream-colored five-gallon hats with narrow bands still predominated.

The first inkling of a real invasion came with the housing shortage. Suddenly real-estate men were swamped with calls from officers and enlisted men arriving in Corpus Christi with their families. They wanted to rent houses and apartments for the duration of their duty at the naval station. The local realtors, who bought and sold outright, with possibly a little month-to-month renting on the side, were mildly bewildered by requests for leases, Army and Navy cancellation clauses included. One commander whose official residence at the station would not be ready for several months rented a house in town for the interim, but first he had to draw up the lease himself. "I gave the agent a pretty good break at that," he reported.

To the 200 new Navy families arriving in town every month the situation still is serious. Since January 1st an average of eight new homes a day have been finished, but that's still far from enough. Even the 500-house unit the USHA is rushing for enlisted men's families on the reservation and another 250-houser on the banks of Oso Creek near P-1 are admittedly inadequate. A building-materials man Joe met at a local pub told him that business was entirely too good, shipping orders were weeks behind and no one knew when they would ever catch up with the demand. Truck farms became real-estate developments overnight. Suburbs were spreading farther and farther from the town proper. In the rush to roof over the county, occasionally a builder would get a house finished, only to find he had put it up on the wrong lot. No matter, it brought an immediate sale.

Nothing to Worry About

That's one problem Joe and his fellow cadets can laugh off. The quarters the Navy provided for some 2,000 of them—ultimate capacity of that assembly line—were among the first buildings finished and they're quite comfortable, thank you, sleeping three or four men to a room, with ample showers and closet space and even a nickel-in-the-slot soft-drink machine down the corridor. There's no landlord arriving the first of the month and three lusty meals are within a few minutes' march.

It's Sunday evening and Joe, reporting back "aboard," isn't worrying about a housing problem. He's thinking about the next morning when he starts the last long mile of his course. His stretch at P-1 Field has been served and he's ready for the finishing touches at the main station. At this point his instructors have already decided on Joe's future specialty in naval aviation. Formerly a cadet was trained in all types of Navy planes. There isn't time now for this all-embracing program so at the completion of basic training the students are split up into three groups: carrier-plane pilots continue their course in fast, small fighters and dive bombers; patrol pilots go to the giant, long-range patrol-bomber flying boats, and the observation pilots also can forget about landing wheels—they'll be launched from catapults on battleships and cruisers.

Joe draws the carrier planes and during his next hundred flying hours he will have to remember that theoretically his only landing field is a rectangle of wooden deck tossing around on green waves far from any Texas landscape. He practices dive bombing with dummy bombs, he fires real machine-gun bullets at a sleeve towed by another plane, he mixes up in fighter and combat tactics over a carrier that isn't there (it will be when he gets out in the Fleet) and in dogfights he learns how to dive on the most vulnerable part of a bomber—its tail.

Troubled, exciting dreams disturb Joe's sleep these nights. He's Lieutenant Barker then, and the squadron he commands is on its way back to the carrier after making a satisfactory mess of a couple of enemy cruisers. But where is the Saratoga? It's pretty soupy upstairs now and gas is getting low. Joe isn't worrying so much about himself, but he does feel a stern responsibility toward the boys in those eight planes behind him. They're relying on him to get them all back safely. Well, Joe hasn't spent endless hours for nothing on "lost plane and homing procedure." Just as the squadron is getting down to its last few teacups of gas, Squadron Commander Barker swoops his plane down through the fog and leads them proudly in a parade on the Sara's flight deck . . . and, as reveille sounds, falls promptly out of bed.

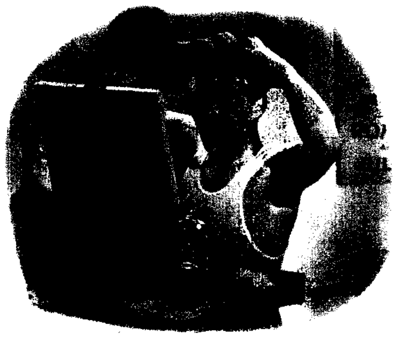
It's Ensign Barker Now

Joe's final check comes as an anticlimax. He has been through so many crises during the short six months that his mind, nerves, muscles and reflexes seem to move mechanically. And he's still in something of a daze when he lines up one fateful morning with a dozen other cadets before the only four-striper on the station, Captain A. D. Bernhard, the commandant. He hasn't time to think then about the dozens of entering cadets who didn't get this far, that estimated ten per cent who bilged the course—and the unestimated percentage of boys who made a wrong turn and will fly no more.

This is no formal ceremony. There are no blaring bands, no cheering crowds of relatives and schoolmates, and no speeches. No, it's more like being called into the boss' office and given a raise. Joe, standing there in his double-breasted blue uniform, a shiny new ensign's stripe on either sleeve and a self-conscious frown on his face, hears, "Congratulations, gentlemen, for a job well done. It is my happy privilege to present you your wings. They have been hard-earned and may you wear them to the credit and honor of the Service. Happy landings, gentlemen."

That's all. Joe and the other spang-new Navy combat fliers return to their barracks, soaring a little. Bags packed the night before will be picked up for the month's leave they get before they report for duty. Joe, who a year before had never been in a plane, has been ordered back to Corpus Christi as an instructor.

As his taxi rolls out to the main gate, he sees a marine sergeant halt an incoming bus. The bus is loaded to the gunwales with bright-eyed boys, the aroma of campus timothy still clinging to their sweaters and slacks. Spying Joe's taxi, the sergeant snaps a salute and, as Joe returns it—his first—his hand swings up again into a wave toward the kids in the bus. They don't hear his murmured, "Happy landings, gentlemen."



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(60% larger than regular $1 size).

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Stays on without binding, even in water. Keeps out dirt and allows air to enter. Can be removed instantly without pulling skin or hair. *Leaves no gummy stain.* Band-me-Quick is ¾" x 9", strong, but thin and light—a marvelous comfort. Medicated pad. Used by physicians.
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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for
GAUZTEX *Band-me-Quick*

Our New Army

Continued from page 22

"Sure," or words to that effect . . . Word got around that he'd given free lessons to all comers . . . The class grew . . . From all reports everybody is doing great; especially Pvt. Charbonneau, who is struggling desperately to keep one plink ahead of his pupils.

SOUTH CAROLINA

30TH DIV.

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. Before his number was called, Pvt. Thomas E. Lane was a civilian textile inspector in the quartermaster's depot at Philadelphia. Great gobs of fabric equipment, such as uniforms and blankets, had to pass his rigid examination; if the material was up to standard, Inspector Lane stamped it with his initials. Upon his arrival at this encampment Pvt. Lane was issued a uniform and a blanket . . . That's right; his initials were tucked away in obscure corners of the articles and Pvt. Lane found them. Says he: "If my equipment doesn't come up to scratch, there's nobody to blame but me."

ONE of the boys at Jackson has written a one-word description of the books to be had at the fort. The word is "punk." "I wish," he says, "we had some biography, history and other books worth reading." End of letter.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. Despite the streamlining of the new Army, paper work still induces major cases of megrims, particularly in the units made up largely of selectees. The prevailing sentiment was nicely summed up by a colored first sergeant of the 76th C. A., who started breathing hard at an irritating selectee on the rifle range. "Boy," he blurted finally, "I'd bop you right on the nose if it wasn't so much paper work."

LEARNING the simple phrases incidental to sentry duty has proved somewhat difficult for one Negro of the 76th. Not long ago, an officer of the day was sort of surprised when this colored gentleman challenged him with, "Halt! Look who's here."

ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. Lieut. Col. John R. Cobb, commanding the chemical warfare section of the 35th Division, decided some time ago that none of the men and officers at this encampment were going to neglect their gas training. Just to keep the personnel on its toes, the colonel sees to it that tear-gas bombs are released here and there at odd moments without preliminary warning. The result is that masks are more in evidence here than at other camps. Crank-operated klaxons are located throughout the area and the soldiers with doubtful senses of humor are beginning to tire of giving the crank a spin just to see men and officers dive into their masks. One of these side-splitting geniuses got hold of a tear-gas capsule and tossed it onto the stove in the tent of Sgt. John Dier, 134th Inf., who spent part of the night snoring in his mask, the rest of the night thinking up things to do to the gent who started it. If and when he caught him.

IN THE case of Pvt. Wm. Heady, Co. F, 138th Inf., an ancient Army wheeze backfired. Heady, just off guard duty and plenty tired, flopped into his cot immediately after evening mess; and just as taps sounded one of his tentmates woke him up. "Hit the line, Heady," yelled the funny man. "The reveille gun just went off." Heady, fully accustomed to getting up before dawn, anyway, crawled into his uniform, grabbed his rifle and sleepily formed a one-man line in the company street. Sgt. Sterling Martin walked by and asked Heady if he was waiting for a streetcar. "I guess," said Heady, "I'm supposed to laugh this off. But, look, Sergeant, I'm used to getting breakfast after I roll out of the blankets." Sgt. Martin nodded, marched Pvt. Heady to the mess hall and had oranges, doughnuts, bacon, eggs and coffee dished up for him. "Now go back," the sergeant said, "and tell those guys the joke's on them."

AT a press conference with soldier-correspondents, Major General Ralph E. Truman, commanding the 35th Division, suggested that mothers start baking cakes "instead of knitting socks that don't fit." The idea clicked. Biggest and quickest response came from mothers in Lawrence, Kansas, where a Mothers' Club baked 450 cakes, which were shipped over by a truck covered with appropriate banners. Now there are thirty clubs hereabouts (the largest is in Kansas City, with 2,000 members) and the lads are happier as cake eaters than they were as sock wearers.

MARYLAND

29TH DIV.

FORT GEO. G. MEADE. Maybe the situation has changed now, but last we heard, it was taking so much old-fashioned broom duty to keep things in order for the training of the 29th Division at this post that the soldiers were getting housemaid's knee. One field artillery battery commander was pretty griped when only six of his men turned out one day for drill; all the others were massaging pots and pans and, dusting up generally.

THE nurses at the fort's new 1,000-bed hospital are sore, too—in more ways than one. The buildings have been spread out over a large area to provide for possible expansion, and the nurses have to cover plenty of ground. One of them got busy with some arithmetic and reports that the sixty-six-building hospital has more than four miles of covered walks and corridors.

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The Union Pacific Railroad seems to have reached a new high in accommodation. Passenger trains on the Salt Lake–Portland run, carrying intermountain draftees from this post to Fort Lewis, make more stops than a milk horse, in order that draftees from little towns along the right of way in northern Utah and southern Idaho can say howdy to Ma and Pa. After a draftee train is loaded the conductor telegraphs ahead to station agents, who waste no time in spreading the word that Bill or Joe will be passing through at 9:15. The train stops at every home town for four minutes, and in a lot of cases there's a brass band waiting to give Bill (Joe) the works. How the train keeps a schedule is the problem of the Union Pacific but they like the stunt for the good will it works up.

FOR the peace of mind of some sergeant who would otherwise never be able to get through the roll call, the

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I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

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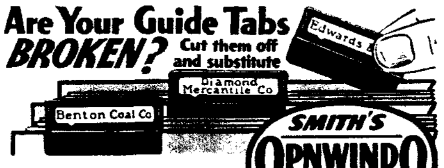

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Marlin
HIGH SPEED
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DOUBLE EDGE
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GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

Army had better take extra precautions to keep segregated some of the inductees who have passed through the Salt Lake City center in recent weeks. Their names were: Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Death, Walter Winchell, George Bernard Shaw and Nicholas E. Konstantaroupoulos.

ALASKA

9TH CORPS AREA

FORT RICHARDSON, Anchorage. It's time to give a thought to the outskirts of the Army. They may be clear out of the States but they're in there pitching just the same. At this post of the Alaska Defense Commission, which is part of the 9th Corps Area, the major units comprise the 7th Inf., 81st F. A., 75th C. A. (A. A.), 28th Composite Group and the 23d Air Base Group.

NEW arrivals are reminded of the memorandum regarding hiking or strolling away from the post. Soldiers are discouraged from walking alone; matches in a waterproof case are always carried by at least one member of the party; allowances have to be made for sudden drops in temperature. Individuals have to check out from their organizations, giving the contemplated time for return. . . . Not mentioned in the memo is that fact that grizzlies and other nonplayful bears have been coming out of hibernation and are grouchier than a top kick with a toothache.

SOME of the boys up here have been wondering if some of the girls in the States would like to write to them. An eighteen-year-old lass named Barbara Swindorf has been writing some sixty-eight letters a week and probably needs help. The Alaska Service Record, Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, Alaska, will deliver the messages. Incidentally, and with an abrupt switch in geography, Sgt. George Russell, 6th Bomb Group Recreation Center, France Field, Canal Zone, says that many of the 1,080 men there guarantee to answer all letters from gals.

GENERAL

THIS department promised to publish the names of all newspapers which are putting home-town soldiers on their free mailing lists. Following is the roundup to date: The Barnstable Patriot, Hyannis (Cape Cod), Mass.; The Clifton News, Clifton, Kan.; The Bangor Daily Commercial, Bangor, Me.; The Long Island Traveler, L. I., N. Y.; and the Sun-Advocate, Price, Utah. It's a start.

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans gives us a gentle bawling out for advising you that the word cadre is pronounced cad-ray. He's right. Mr. Webster says it's kä-dre (approximately like fodder). But ask the next soldier you meet and see what he says.

TO THE rescue of the gentleman in Elyria, Ohio, comes Mr. Thomas T. Heney, of New York City. If you will recall, the Ohio citizen was about to be drafted and wanted to know what he was going to do about all his leases, auto loans, bank loans and other financial impedimenta. His local draft board didn't know, he said. Mr. Heney says they should have known about a little booklet entitled A Manual of Law for use by Advisory Boards for Registrants, compiled by the American Bar Association and published by the Government Printing Office. Our copy, which we haven't read but assume contains advice on how to get out of hock on $21 a month, is on its way to Ohio in, we hope, the nick of time.

MR. EDWARD F. KLENKE, Jr., of Barksdale, Wisconsin, was interested in the report that men of the 31st Division at Blanding, Florida, are making pets out of flying squirrels. "How," he writes, "could I contact someone down there and offer to buy one of these squirrels?" If there are any for sale you'll probably hear about it, Mr. Klenke.

VARIOUS criticisms about the environment around Army camps gives a certain March Field, California, staff sergeant something to beef about. "Why the heck," he asks, "don't the people look around in their own yards before they talk about the Army? I'm a regular and I'll tell you for sure we don't and never did get into as much trouble as the fellow at home with Mother watching. In the Army you make your choice between right and wrong and if you get too much wrong Uncle Sam tells you off. I was in the old Army which consisted of what the public called roughnecks, but I've quieted down so much since joining up you wouldn't know I was the same guy. Don't get me wrong—I'm no angel—but, brother, I watch my step because Uncle Sam will make you respect the uniform one way or another. Yes, sir. The people who kick the Army ought to look around home plate first."

THINK that over, Mrs. McGillicuddy.

G. W.

CHARLES RAY

Nurses Nancy Doyle, Charlotte Lysaker and Mae Peterson at Camp Robinson, Little Rock, thought their identification tags were too plain. Some paint and ribbon did the trick

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DRIVE A CAR
You can Fly
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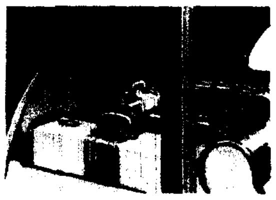

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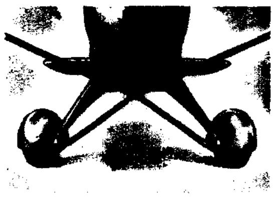

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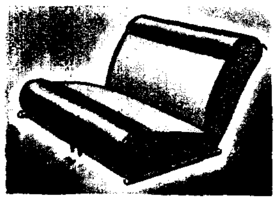

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Kid Mercury

Continued from page 19

his career. Mr. Day wrote as follows:

"There is only one thing lacking in the sensational story of Leslie MacMitchell's rise to fame as a miler. I have yet to read that as a child MacMitchell suffered a burn, or scald, or some such accident that left his legs so scarred and weak that doctors despaired of his ever even walking.

"The F.B.I. had better get busy on MacMitchell. It is against the rules of Mile, Inc. for any member to have had a happy, healthy and normal childhood."

Mr. Day had reference to the mysterious coincidences which have bedeviled virtually every top-drawer miler of the last decade. Cunningham's legs were scarred horribly in a Kansas schoolhouse fire. Bonthron was supposed to be crippled for life after he was shocked by a high-tension electric wire. San Romani was run over by a truck and begged the doctors not to amputate his leg. Mangan was run over by a milk wagon. Venzke's leg was drilled by buckshot when he was a youngster.

For the benefit of Mr. Day, MacMitchell had his dose of misery too. When he was seven years old he had such a stiff attack of diphtheria that he was confined to bed from July to October. The doctors had to re-educate him in walking when he did get up.

When he finally did learn to walk all over again, the neighbors' children wouldn't play with him. Said he was diseased and, besides, he couldn't run fast enough to be a good guy in cops and robbers. Now the same brats pay to see their old chum run. Life is very strange.

A Coach's Big Moment

Leslie gave no indication he could run faster than the next kid until he won a couple of 100-yard races at Camp Pequot, near Bear Mountain, in the summer of 1935. That fall he returned to George Washington High with a vague desire to go out for some team, but he had no special preference. Stanley Teitelbaum, a friend, persuaded him to try for the track team and presently Tommy Greenwald was experiencing that tremendous bang which visits a coach upon seeing a natural athlete for the first time.

Coach Greenwald knew he had something in the gangling 15-year-old kid, but there was no telling immediately whether the youngster was a sprinter or a distance runner in the making. Greenwald was trying to develop a mile relay to replace his combination of Bob Dixon, Jimmy McPoland, Fabian Francis and Bernie Bergman, who had graduated en masse the previous term after winning the interscholastic title twice at the Penn Relays. Greenwald tried MacMitchell as a quarter miler and he made the relay with the greatest of ease.

There is a legend in circulation to the effect that the urge to become a great runner suffused MacMitchell the night he saw Gene Venzke tie the then world indoor record of 4:10 in 1932. It is so much sauce of the apple. MacMitchell was a competitor in the first track meet he ever saw, in January, 1936, and he ran the second leg on George Washington's winning mile relay.

Another amiable falsehood would have you believe MacMitchell never lost a race until he was run into the ground at the Millrose Games in 1940. He was licked frequently and decisively in high school. Although he won the national interscholastic 1,000-yard and cross-country championships in record time, he was defeated in six straight mile races until he finally crashed through in 1937 at the Stuyvesant meet. After that MacMitchell was invincible among the schoolboys, and another freak circumstance was responsible. Greenwald had been telling him for two years that he needed cross-country work to develop his stamina, but Leslie would have none of it.

"I swore I'd never run the silly thing after seeing fellows collapse at the finish line with spittle frozen on their faces," he confesses. "I thought it was stupid to run yourself into a coma."

He still felt that way about it in 1937 when he returned for his senior year, but he came back from camp weighing 175 pounds—almost twenty pounds more than his present running weight—and Greenwald sternly ordered him to the hills to shed the excess suet. MacMitchell discovered it was no effort to run three or five miles, and those gold medals he was accumulating weren't hard to take, either.

"Cross-country made MacMitchell what he is today," Von Elling explains. "Few milers seem to realize the race is a test of strength more than speed. There are ten thousand runners in the country who can break sixty seconds for a quarter mile, but there aren't ten who can finish a hard mile with a last quarter under a minute.

"All experts agree that the four-minute mile, when it is run, will be done by a man putting together four quarters of approximately a minute apiece. It won't be done with a frantic spurt at the start or end of the race. All of us look to MacMitchell to give four minutes a whale of a try because he is the only one around who is strong enough to bear down for a long stretch without losing the sharp edge of his speed.

"The boy is bound to improve with age because he loves to run. He's still so green that he hasn't even begun to master judgment of pace. That comes only with experience. Cunningham had a stop watch in his head; he could tell you to the split second how fast he ran every step of a race. Right now MacMitchell misses the timetable I map out for him by as much as four seconds for a quarter of a mile. When he learns how to rate himself properly, you can throw all existing records out of the window."

Among other things, MacMitchell will have won more intercollegiate championships than any other man in history by the time he has completed that preliminary phase of his career. He already has accounted for six individual I. C. 4-A titles and by a conservative count he has a half-dozen more coming to him. At the moment he is gunning for the half-mile and mile crowns in the I. C. 4-A and N. C. A. A. meets and no citizen in his right mind will bet against him.

There is not the slightest touch of the prima donna in MacMitchell's make-up. He should have been in bed nursing a bad case of intestinal influenza the night he was humiliated in the Wanamaker Mile of 1940, but he never told anyone he was ill and he never offered it as an excuse. The diphtheria left him with a condition of the heel bones which makes the pressure of his light running shoes pretty painful. The N. Y. U. people would get him shoes fashioned from the feathers of the dodo bird if he asked for same, but MacMitchell merely cuts out the backs of his standard shoes and continues to go with the wind.

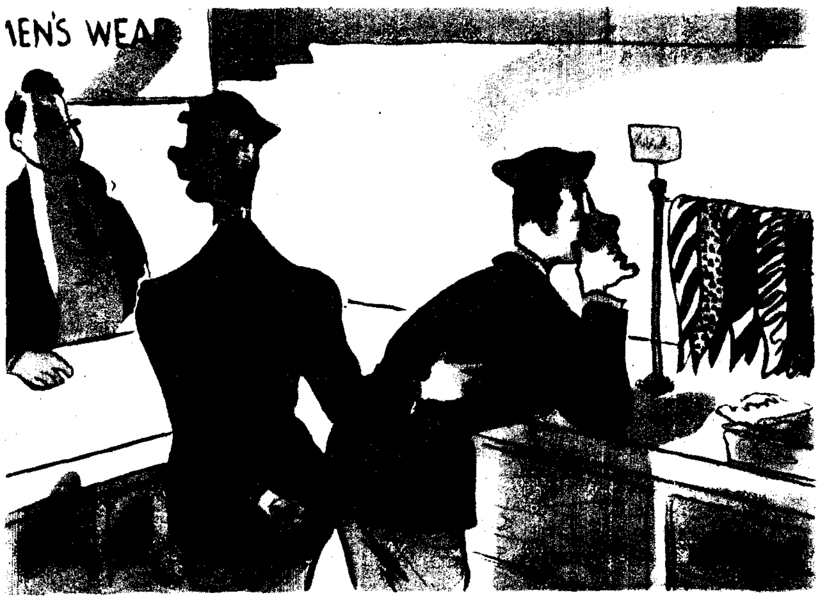
It's All Over Now

The idea that rugged, milk-fed farm boys make the best milers has been fractured thoroughly by MacMitchell. He was born in midtown Manhattan, and has lived there all his life. His father, a machinist, died when he was nine, and his mother, Mrs. Mary MacMitchell, has been supporting him ever since by working as a housekeeper for a doctor. It's been a tough life for her, but the end of struggling is in sight. Her boy is studying physical education and with his personality, prestige and scholastic record, can have his pick of the country's cushy jobs after graduation. His classroom average at N. Y. U. is 89 per cent.

Another reason for MacMitchell's giddy potentiality has been suggested by Dr. George Deaver, of the department of physical education at N. Y. U.

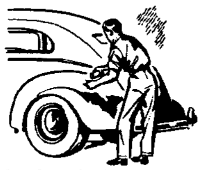
"The boy has the amazing heartbeat of 38, one of the lowest on record," Dr. Deaver reports. "The average is 72. A low pulse is indicative of superb physical condition. It's most important to an athlete since it eases the pressure on the heart when violent exertion is necessary. Cunningham's heartbeat was 40, and I understand Nurmi's was 42. Those fellows will live a long, long time."

MacMitchell may even live to see the records he yet will inscribe erased from the books. But don't bet on that, either.



"No, thanks—we were just reminiscing!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

I FIGURE IT'S
A Lot For The Money



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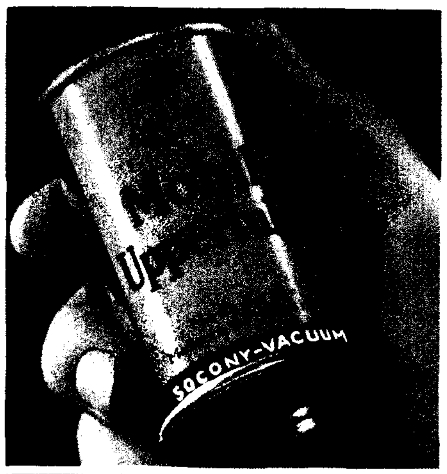

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Great Day

Continued from page 14

she studied Pygmalion for months to capture Wendy Hiller's Cockney accent and finally won the part of Ann in Northwest Passage. The publicity department went to work and she was becoming famous as Ann—when the studio decided to film only the first half of the novel, where Ann does not appear.

Previously she had tested for the role of Maeva in My Son, My Son but Edward Small considered her too little known. Frances Dee got the part and then collapsed on the set. Propinquity was again on the job, Miss Laraine Day's theories to the contrary, and she was the only tested player available for the part. She did well in that and was borrowed by Walter Wanger for Foreign Correspondent, which was even better. Then she went back to Dr. Kildare, which tries her religious soul.

"Six more in a nurse's uniform—that's what they have planned for the next two years," she says, gritting her teeth.

Life with Mr. Hitchcock

She enjoyed doing Foreign Correspondent because it was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, who is a wag. Whenever she looked up in a tense scene and found a strange man drifting across the set, that would be Hitchcock. Since Hitchcock is about five feet high and measures eight feet across the beam, this would be an interruption.

"If there was an eating scene, you could lay odds on it that the food would be doped," says Laraine. "That would be Hitchcock again. Nobody's going to get stiff and formal on his set."

Laraine lives in a rented house in Cheviot Hills with her mother and twin brother, Lamar. Lamar takes some pride in the fact that he was born fifteen minutes ahead of Laraine but where this will get him in history is debatable. The Johnson family is also lofty about Grandfather Charles C. Rich, who was sent to California by Brigham Young to found a Mormon colony. He bought a tract of land for $600 and founded the colony on a bit of ground which is now the center of San Bernardino. The colony failed.

Laraine is five feet five in height, weighs 110 pounds, and although she is reluctant about drinking, she eats like a cormorant. Nothing seems to fatten her up, including a notorious California concoction known as the "nutburger." She also goes heavily for chocolate cake. Instead of being a sweater girl, she is a tailored-suit queen off the screen, wears them in all stripes and colors and doesn't pay too much for them. She confesses that Chloe is her favorite song, at which even her admirers lift a brow, and her favorite book is Victoria, by Knut Hamsun.

Like other acting maniacs, she goes around insisting that she is not "good-looking enough" to be an ingénue. She wants to be a character actress, although everybody in Hollywood knows that a character actress is merely a good-looking somebody who got too old for the parts. She hopes M-G-M will allow her to play Sinclair Lewis' Bethel Merriday; she would like to suggest the filming of Booth Tarkington's Presenting Lily Mars; she would like to do the role of May in Anne Parrish's The Perennial Bachelor, this being a minor part and not the lead. She would also like to play the role of a tramp in some picture.

"As if there weren't enough tramps around Hollywood," say the M-G-M people bitterly.

Although her preoccupation with her Little Theater group, the Wilshire Players, and her teaching all seem a bit grim, she appears to be enjoying herself. She even has a little gag about what she wants to do when her screen career is over; she wants to pick the new names for the actresses. Gets most of her suggestions from the names of her thousands of cousins.

"Mercelline, Verlee, Owena, Varley, Elldred, Orisse," she quotes. "How about those for interesting screen names?"

The obvious answer to this is that just as soon as Brenda has been done to death, the matter will be considered.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

made over the ground by the airplane, and air speed is simply the speed through the air. They are seldom the same.

Take a 200-mile-an-hour airplane: It is flying into a head wind of 50 miles per hour. Still the air speed reads 200 on the pilot's instrument board, but it's making only 150 miles per hour over the ground. If the pilot turned around and flew with instead of against the wind, he would have a ground speed of 250 miles per hour, but his air-speed indicator would still show only 200.

Consequently, it doesn't mean very much to speak only about air speed. Same thing for ground speed.

WHILE engaged in clearing up some of these passenger-confusing things on the airlines, we'd better take on the "cold front" that sometimes grounds ships.

Airline people state that a cold front occurs at a point where warm air goes out and cold air comes in. The mixing of the two creates what they used to call a "wind shift," because the wind does shift—as much as 180 degrees.

In the winter a cold front produces icing conditions, snow, sleet, low ceilings and severe turbulence—bumps to you. In summer it results in nasty thunderstorms.

PEOPLE always laugh when an airman is thrown by a horse and gets injured. That is why Wing Commander D. F. Anderson of the Royal Air Force, now on duty in this country, has been wearing a sheepish look along with an arm in cast and sling. For 20 years he has flown British planes throughout the empire as a fighter pilot with the R.A.F. and he holds the Distinguished Flying Cross. But a very impolite American horse brought him to earth in a crash.

However, a broken left elbow could not be allowed to interfere with his important duties in connection with the delivery of American-made planes to Britain. He had to get from Washington to Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, in a hurry. The airlines were booked solid. So he ordered out the cabin monoplane assigned to the British embassy and flew up to New York and back alone—operating throttle, switches, radio transmitter, stabilizer settings and control stick with one hand. F. R. N.

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A Spot of Adversity

Continued from page 12

"Carey here, sir."

"Carey, don't try again. It's too dangerous—you just missed the masts. The whole area is fogbound. Montreal area reports good visibility. Proceed to Montreal and land there."

At Montreal was the nearest field big enough to let the bomber down comfortably but Montreal was three hours away. Every man on board knew that three hours' flying meant the extreme limit of their fuel reserve.

"Very good, sir. Setting course for Montreal. . . . Nick, check with the operator for wind changes."

Riley slid from his seat to examine the lead-ins from the reserve tanks in the wings. He noted the readings of all the gauges, figured distance, ground speed and gas consumption and slid the slip to the commander.

"When we get to Montreal," he said, "we'll have one quart of gas. Maybe one quart and a half. Those fellows on the ground, their pencils are too sharp, they figure pretty close."

"I don't mind going to Montreal," said Carey. "My wife is there. Kind of surprise her, dropping in."

"That your new wife?" kidded Riley.

"New and only."

Riley went on with his gripe: "They should have let us down at Halifax. We could have cruised around and waited for a hole. Weather clear at Montreal—maybe it won't be by the time we get there, with storms all over the map. I suppose Wing didn't stop to figure on that one."

"Take over, will you, Riley?"

THE commander walked the few steps back to the cabin, stepped over the bombardier's legs and sat down at the navigator's table. He pushed back his helmet and his fair hair shone under the light. He was a good-looking boy, his young, smooth face was serious as he bent over the map. The station gossip was that his people had money—he was never quite broke. His pencil traced their course across the Bay of Fundy, north along the border of Maine and New Brunswick, west to the valley of the St. Lawrence.

Something struck the cabin with the sound of a thousand whips. The commander went forward to stand beside the pilot.

"Everything happens to us," grunted Riley. "Sleet—and plenty of it. Deicers working."

"Climb her."

The aircraft nosed upward trying to get above the clouds which were making the sleet. The ice forming on her skin was building up a great weight.

She climbed—but like a weary bird. In that thin, cold air, the men could sense the feeling of effort and exhaustion. One wing stalled, the aircraft swung around it in a sickening spin. The men in the cabin grabbed and held on. The spin merged into a whistling dive, the dive leveled off with both Carey and Riley horsing back on the stick. Sweat gleamed on their faces.

"That's better. That cracked off a ton of ice. Climb her again?"

The commander shook his head. "We can't get above it. Keep her as she goes. This stuff will be snow shortly."

He was right. The gray streaks under the navigation lights changed to a whirling whiteness which gave back gleams of red and green. The wind seemed to be increasing, backing to the northwest, becoming a head wind. Nickerson kept calling Montreal on his key. At last he raised it. The message came in, fragmentary and storm-riddled: "Snow . . . northerly gale . . . no ceiling . . . some holes. Are you coming in?"

"Keep her open. We're coming in."

The aircraft bored through the snow, eating the miles, eating up gas. They were more than halfway now. Radio reception faded, returned, grew spotty. Nickerson hunted the static-ridden air, trying to find the Montreal operator again. A thin trickle of Morse squeaked in the receivers. He bent forward on the table, clasping his hands over his head to shut out the noise of the engines.

"Base calling, sir. Wing commander."

Carey came back to stand beside him. "Go ahead."

Nickerson blocked out the letters on his pad as they came:

"MONTREAL CLOSED TIGHT . . . VISIBILITY NIL. . . .CLEARING ON COAST. . . . RETURN TO HALIFAX. . . . ACKNOWLEDGE. . . ."

"Your slip is showing"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The commander stared down at the message form, his face stiff. Disaster, which had dogged them through the night, was moving in.

"Send: NOW NEARER MONTREAL THAN HALIFAX. . . . INSUFFICIENT FUEL RETURN HALIFAX. . . . SUGGEST YOU ALLOW ME TO PROCEED."

Nickerson's fingers played ziz-ziz on the key. Again he hunched to catch the thin whisper:

"BLIZZARD MOVING DOWN ST. LAWRENCE. . . . MONTREAL SAYS NO LANDING. . . . RETURN. . . ."

NO MATTER what orders come out of the air, only the commander gives orders in an aircraft. On him is the final responsibility for the life of his ship, the lives of his crew. Carey stood still, his face fixed in thought.

"Send: AM RETURNING." Then into the intercommunication: "Change course, two-minute turn to port. Course 140 degrees. Check that, Nick."

Without a backward glance, Riley had instantly banked the ship across the beam, straightened away on the new course. Carey came back to the copilot's seat, shoved the message pad across to him. Riley took it in with narrowed, sober eyes.

"That's a tough one, skipper. A spot of ardua . . . I guess you might call it the real, old ardua." He was fond of quoting the air-force motto—*per ardua ad astra*. Through adversity to the stars. "Hope we find those stars."

"BE KIND of nice," said the commander bleakly, "to see some stars now." He sat staring at the instrument board. "We might have made Montreal. We'll never make the coast . . . But there are plenty of frozen lakes to sit down on."

"That's all we need, skipper. Just give me one little hole and one little lake, no bigger than your boot. And we're down."

They fled on across the gale. The aircraft shuddered and fell through pockets. Outside there was nothing to be seen except the smoking swirls of red and green under their lights. In the cabin, the three men had belted themselves to the fuselage. They knew what was happening. They watched the clock.

Riley broke the long silence: "We should be coming to the clear."

"Drop down a bit. Say 3,000 for the hilltops."

At 3,500, Riley turned a knob and a panel opened in the belly of the ship. He turned it again and a flare dropped. There was a fierce, hard burst of light, which became a falling blur. It was swallowed in the murk.

"No good. This stuff is down to the ground." Carey twisted in his seat. "I'll have to tell the boys—"

"Listen, skipper—" Flying Officer Riley hesitated. He was embarrassed. "You never know about these snowstorms—there might be an opening below us. I'll ride her down. You and the boys bail out."

"Gnats."

"It's a matter of pride with me—I've never bailed out yet. I rode a ship out of the snow on the Mackenzie once—never felt a jolt. Fifty feet off the ground it was as clear as daylight."

"Wonderful country, the Mackenzie," said Carey, and clapped Riley's shoulder as he went by him. He sat down in the circle of light at the navigator's table and drew a message form to him. . . .

"About that missing chute, skipper—" said Pilot Officer Nickerson. His long, homely face seemed longer, more serious than ever. "I think I know what happened. You remember the ground crew cleared out that collapsible rescue buoy just before the take-off. A mess of stuff there was with it too. I think they must have taken Peters' pack with it. They left one bag—it was a patent drogue to prevent the buoy from drifting, but it did look like a parachute pack. I think Peters saw it hanging there and took it for granted that it was his pack."

"That's what I think, too," said Carey, writing.

"The kid feels pretty bad about it. What will they do to him?"

"Nothing. I'm not going to report it."

Nickerson fiddled with a pair of dividers. "Are we going to crash, skipper?"

"Yes." Carey folded his message and tucked it into the front of his flying suit. With a jerk of his head, he summoned the gunner and the bombardier to the table. They knelt beside him in the circle of light. He spoke into his mike *so that Riley could hear too*:

"This is it, boys. We have fuel for just a few more minutes."

THEY listened gravely, as if it were an ordinary operations "brief." The commander drew a circle on the map.

"We'll probably come down in this area. It's thick bush—a few lumber camps. Nick will give each of you a map to take with you. Remember—after you are down, it is generally best to stay near where you landed, because then the search parties know where to look. But if the bush is very thick, you must get to a clearing and light a fire—a big fire, ten feet square—and when you hear or see planes, throw green brush on it to make a big smoke. If they still can't see you, go north and sooner or later you will come to roads and settlements. . . . Of course, our case is complicated by the fact that we are one parachute short."

Peters, the gunner, made a sudden movement.

"Flying Officer Riley has volunteered to fly the ship down, taking a chance on landing in the snow, leaving the chutes to us."

Peters made an odd noise in his throat before the words came:

"No, sir—don't let him. I'm the one who lost his pack. It wouldn't be square—"

Peters had come to adolescence at a bad time. With many of his generation he had drifted through odd jobs and no job at all. Only in these last few months in the service where he had been taught, disciplined and trusted had he known anything about responsibility.

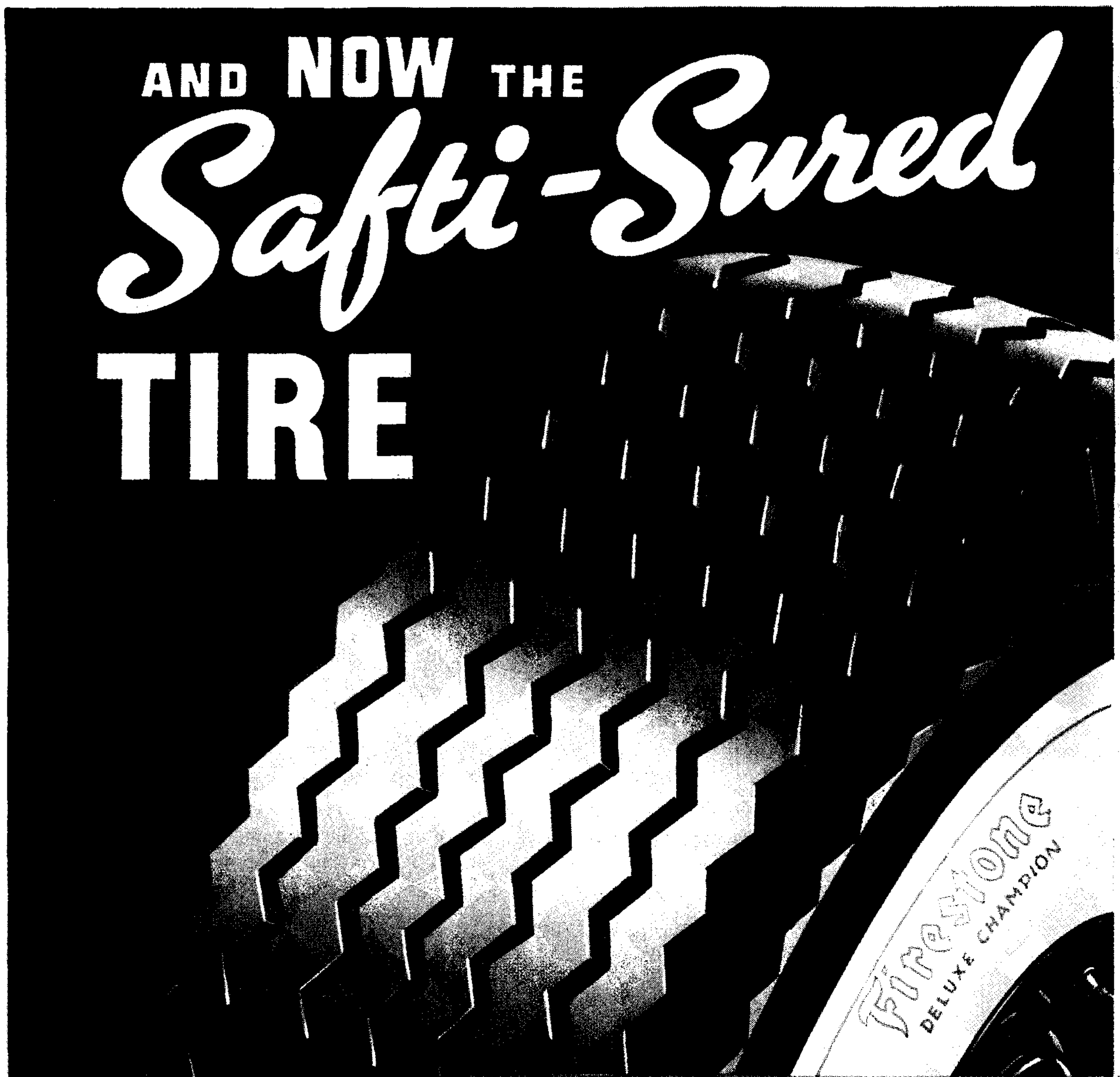
His face was white, his hands trembled on the edge of the table.

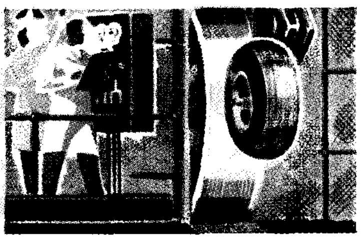
"You other fellows go ahead. Don't mind me."

"There is one chance. A very slim chance," said the commander.

Three faces were lifted to his with a

AND NOW THE *Safti-Sured* TIRE





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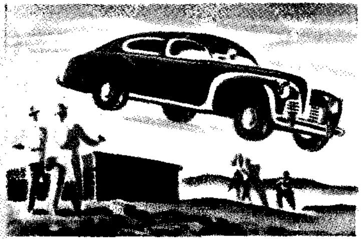

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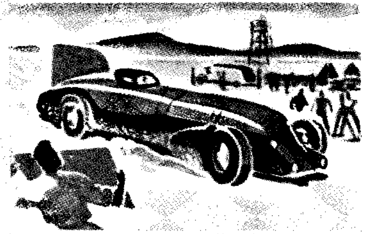

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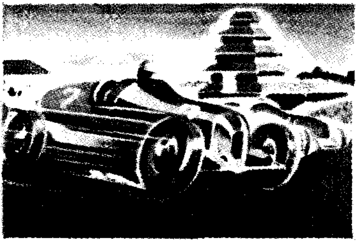

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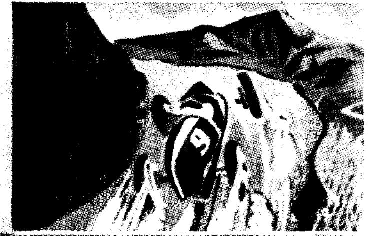

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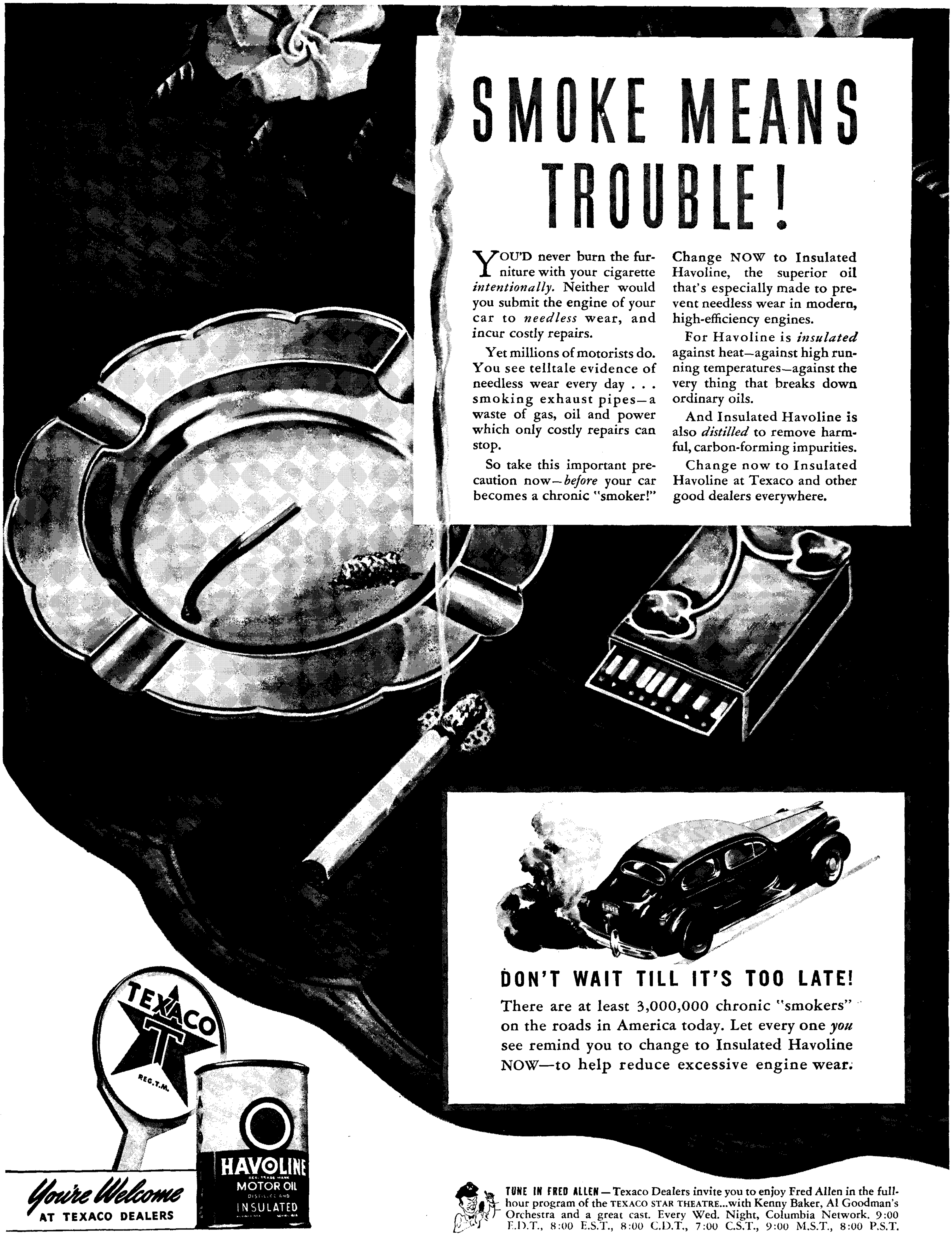

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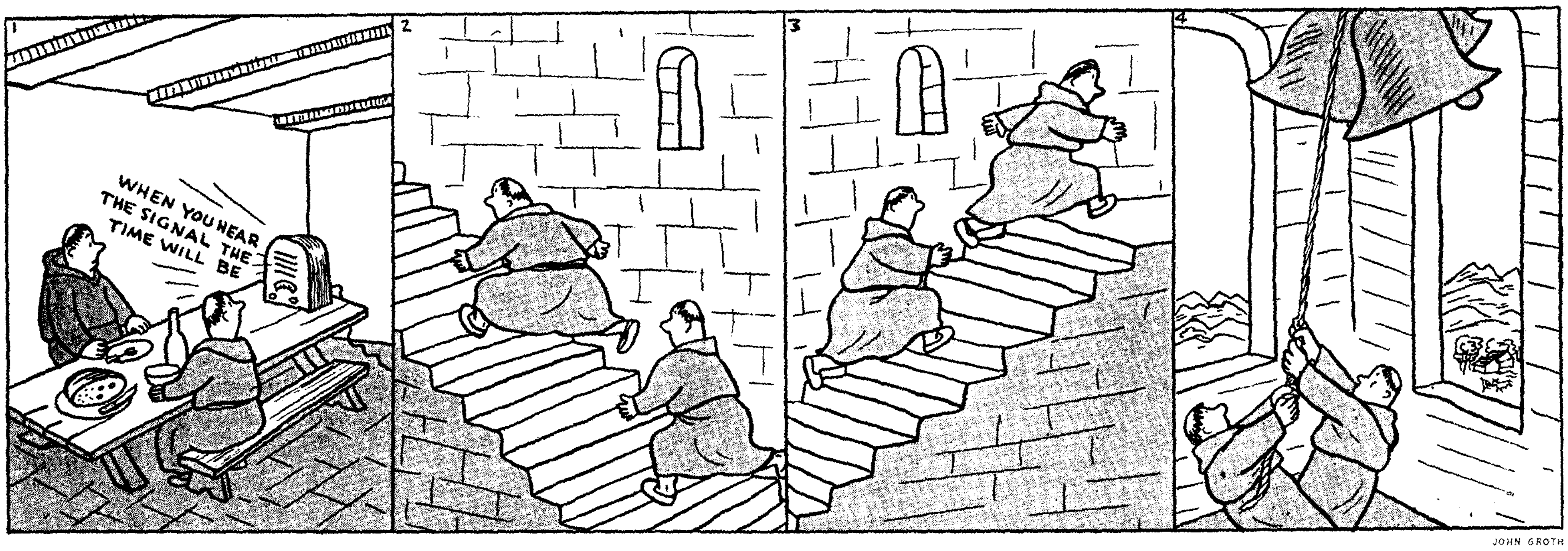
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WHEN YOU HEAR THE SIGNAL THE TIME WILL BE
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JOHN GROTH

sudden hope. He had never failed them yet. Twice he had pulled them out of things when they thought they were lost: once, out over the ocean when the ice sent them into one spin after another: once when with compass and radio haywire they had been forced down off the Labrador coast.

"One of us must take Pete down with him."

He waited to let the meaning of his words sink in.

"The standard twenty-four-foot chute will support up to about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. We have one large chute on board, a twenty-eight-footer. There is a possibility that it might be equal to the combined weight of two of us—without too much increase in the rate of fall."

Riley's voice came drawling through the intercommunication:

"What happens to the passenger when the chute opens, skipper? You know there is a sort of jerk. As a matter of fact, they figure that a man is hanging on the straps then with a force equal to six times his own weight. What's going to happen with two men in the straps?"

"I said it was a slim chance. But it's the only one I see for all of us to get down. We'll make a rope harness as strong as we can."

"I volunteer, sir," said Nickerson.

Adams lifted his broad, blunt face. "I'll take the kid along."

"You see, it's a question of weight. Riley and Adams, they're both about a hundred and eighty. They're out."

"I'm the skinniest," said Nickerson.

"Ever jumped before, Nick?"

"No—but I don't mind."

THE commander looked at him, seeing not him but the two little girls he had brought to the station one day. They were skinny and dark and serious, comically like their father. They would grow up and perhaps still be skinny and homely—and true and clear and the salt of the earth. The father of the Nickerson kids rated a better chance.

"You'd look rather like the long and short of it, you and Pete," Carey said lightly. "I'm sort of average size and shape. I'll take him down with me. Bombardier, you will go first, then Nick, then Pete and I—Riley last. Packs and belts. Put your belts inside."

They unzipped their flying suits and buckled the emergency belts over their uniforms. These contained iron rations, matches, compass and knife.

"Now the ropes."

The commander clipped the big breast pack to his harness. Peters stood close against his back and about him Adams and Nickerson wove a cradle of rope. The bombardier's ham hands worked slowly and adequately, his lips pouted in concentration. They stuffed splints and felt pads between the ropes and their limbs, lest they be amputated at the first shock and they tried to arrange the lines around their upper bodies so that they would not foul the shrouds when the parachute was released.

Nickerson stared at the enmeshed figures with sick misgiving. Adams stepping back to examine his handiwork, shook his head. "It's a mighty sleazy-lookin' rig—" He held out his big, thick arms. "Look, skipper, just let me take the kid and jump—"

RILEY looked over his shoulder. There was hurry in his face, he kept his voice casual: "All gauges nearing empty."

"Right. Bombardier, stand by the escape hatch. Nick, send this message: POSITION APPROX. OVER BORDER LAKE HALIFAX BEARING 315 DEGREES TRUE. . . . GALE DUE NORTH. . . . NO VISIBILITY. . . . FUEL EXHAUSTED. . . . ABANDONING AIRCRAFT. . . ."

The thin thread of sound trickled into the ether. They could imagine the warm steel-and-concrete control room at the base. The stiff faces of officers and men, the noise dying in the common rooms, the slow bonging of the alarm in the corridors . . .

"There is just one thing more. There are several lakes below us. Most of them are frozen, the large ones may be open. Be ready to release your harness instantly—and if you do fall into open water—don't give up. Get ashore and get a fire going at once. There is always shelter enough in the woods to start a fire, even in a blizzard."

"Break out the escape hatch."

The cover of the emergency hatch, situated behind the wing on the port side whirled away into the darkness and a tempest of air broke into the cabin. Its cold struck through their flying suits.

Nickerson picked up his maps, sextant and drawing instruments and stuffed them into his suit. Adams stood by the escape hatch; he shouldered his way into the rush of wind to the threshold. Holding by one hand, he turned and looked back, waiting for the word of command. His face was as calm as if it would be at an order to stand by for rack inspection.

"Bombardier, go."

The man dove hard into the wall of wind. The opening of the hatch was black and empty, as if he had taken all the snow with him. As he jumped, Riley ruddered the ship away from him so he would not be blown against the fuselage.

"All set, Nick?"

The tall, thin form of the navigating officer stooped against the curve of the skin. He stood with his back to the hatch, as one turns to say goodby before leaving a lighted room. With a half-smile on his homely, tired face, he lifted his hand and saluted.

"Good luck, gentlemen," he said.

Without turning, still smiling, still looking toward the light and his friends, he took a step into the darkness and plunged instantly from sight.

"Our turn, Pete."

Peters wet his lips.

"Well, we're all dressed up for it."

"Keep her on the course, Riley, till the motors *fail*. Cut all switches and jump."

"Very good, sir."

"And give yourself plenty of time." They moved toward the hatch, an awkward four-legged bundle.

"Got your knife, Pete?"

The gunner held a clasp knife in his free hand, ready to cut the ropes.

"Don't drop it—or we're sunk."

The skipper turned his head for a last look at his aircraft. It had been his first command and he was about to lose it. For an instant there was a wild sadness in his face, then it was serene and hard again.

"So long, Riley old boy."

"So long, skipper. Be seeing you, kid."

They too turned from the lights and lurched into the darkness.

Riley banked the airplane, swinging off the beam into the wind. With his eyes on his wrist watch and the bank and turn indicator he circled backward. The thin singing came back into his ears, he turned down the beam, heading again over the spot where they had jumped. He would fall more slowly and drift farther, so he would have to jump before he reached that point.

If they survived the first shock—if the straps and shrouds were not ripped from the chute, they would plunge down quickly. The gale would help them a little—it also might bang them hard into a hillside. If they fell into open water they would be drowned before they could free themselves from the ropes. If they fell into the trees, they might be so injured that they could not help themselves. There were only two things that could help them; he found himself repeating them aloud: Let them fall into open snow—and let them find an updraft. The wind pouring down into the valleys, bouncing off the rocky faces, created powerful upsurges that might arrest their plunge.

In any case, he was going to find them, if it was the last thing *he* did. The engines hummed sweetly, faithfully. The hands of the fuel gauges lay against "empty."

He unfastened his belt and stood up beside his seat.

"Okay, baby, you can quit now. We're all washed up."

The starboard engine coughed, missed, backfired and was silent. The port engine held on a little longer. He listened to it, his head cocked. It had been his favorite engine, he was proud it was the last to quit. The clear, sustained whistle of the wind filled the silence.

Riley eased the stick forward into a glide, snapped off switches. He wound the stabilizer to make her tail heavy and adjusted the automatic pilot. She was still on her course, she would die with her nose toward home.

He stood beside his seat, mechanically balancing himself against the tilt of the floor. Here she goes—two hundred thousand dollars' worth of plane and another fifty for equipment—washed out. The air-speed indicator flickered like a snake's tongue. The altimeter needle lying over on its side was shouting, jump!

Still he stood there. He was trying to get something clear in his mind, to see again the pattern he had seemed to see for an instant, a pattern in all this muddle. All over Europe the planes were being washed out and the men with them. And over here, the skipper wrote a letter to his wife, took a kid on his back and jumped. No one told him to do it; he could have told somebody else to do it, but he did it himself. And barring a miracle, someone would have to tell his wife.

THE skipper's wife was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Not a side-line girl, but full of *zing*. In there all the time, giving and getting. He remembered her. Rolling the bones at Shorty Inskip's party and winning Shorty's uniform, bit by bit. Her bearing as she went to tell Jeff Arthur's mother that Jeff was dead. Standing in the dawn on a station platform looking after the skipper's train.

It was her face the skipper had seen as he stood there. His sadness was for her, for she was going to be hurt. Riley tried to imagine her as the skipper would have seen her. She was standing by the navigator's table, bare armed and lovely, her heart in her eyes. The skipper's uniform cap was lying on the table, perhaps she would pick it up and hold it in her hands. Its badge with the silver crown and wings glinted in the light, the badge that meant through adversity to the stars.

"I have to go now."

"I'll be waiting for you—always."

It was an understood thing. Two people like that, close together, they didn't need to talk. They seemed to have seen the pattern that eluded Flying Officer Riley. "The only chance for all of us," the skipper had said. The skipper had everything and little Peters didn't have much. Perhaps that was it. The more you had the more you must be willing to share it, whether it was a meal or your life or just ordinary freedom.

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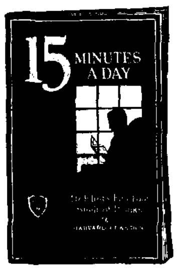

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The Tides of Lundy

Continued from page 23

were sweeping last month. You had a brush with a Dornier they told me."

"Aye—" he said slowly. "My brother was shot off the bridge."

Captain Sleat set his cup down and lurched out of the room. The St. Agnes stood on her head suddenly, and the tea mug clattered to the floor.

"Your brother," said Macedon, "on this trawler?"

"Aye. Hugh Strumble. He was captain of her. Seven years." And his face went distant and dark over his tea.

Leonard Macedon began to see it: A captain and an engineer, each one thinking—

"The Jerries had potted the Esmeralda," the Welshman said slowly. "Bristol trawler." He swallowed some tea. "We came up to take the chaps off her. When we got there the Esmeralda was gone. The blokes in the boat had no better sense than pull into Lundy Cove. There's no landing there, you see. Not in that weather. Only rocks and the straight cliff. They'd be pounded to pieces. We put in to get them. Tricky tides. Hugh could handle a craft in that water; I don't know another man I'd trust to do it."

"You picked them up, then?"

"Aye—but the Jerries came back. We were helpless in there. They dropped down and raked us. See?" He pointed to a ragged row of punch holes in the cuddy bulkhead. "They got five of us. They mowed my brother down on the bridge."

"And so they assigned—"

"My engines!" In two strides Rob Strumble was out of the cuddy and down the engine-room hatch.

LEFT alone over his tea Leonard Macedon saw it clearly enough. A traditional rivalry sharpened, pointed, made ugly by loss. And the tension of patrol didn't help it any. All the faces in that trawler, the firemen stepping up for a breath of raw air, the gunners, the deck crew, even the cook—they all had the worn and wary look.

Rob Strumble came back, with a smear of grease above his eye. He poured out the last tea in the pot. "Hear those engines? There's a connecting rod works loose if you don't watch it, but when they're right they're smooth as rain."

He cocked his matted head and his eyes shone softly. Leonard Macedon thought of the great velvet turbines of the Vigilant while he listened to the thumping old rockers below them. But there was something in that big fellow's pride—

"I worked them seven years," he said. "All in this trawler?"

"Aye. Hugh and me was aiming to buy her. Had the first payment, almost—when the war came."

A voice cut through the rhythm of the engines: "E boat! E boat ahead!"

Rob Strumble made a dive for his engine-room ladder and Leonard Macedon raced up to the bridge. On the bridge wing Morry Sleat stood giving orders. "Cover up those depth charges! Man the for'd gun!" The sailors sprang to their stations and the gunners mounted their platform. There was a sudden tension over the littered ship. Morry Sleat was shouting into the engine-room speaker: "Steam! More steam!"

Leonard Macedon, braced against the bulkhead, peered through his powerful glasses. He raced into the wheelhouse and clamped the wireless phones on his head. When he put them down he spoke sharply.

"One of our boats!" he said.

"Are you sure?" Morry Sleat asked.

"Certain."

For a moment Morry Sleat stood poised, like a fighter crouched and ready. Then the tension left him. The orders went back to the deck. The men stepped down from their stations. Their faces sagged, dissatisfied. The British motorboat rushed past them in a furrow of foam. A hand raised for a moment on her blurred, up-tilted bridge.

A moment later steam began to blow on the stack. The St. Agnes was lunging through the empty sea, her deck plates throbbing. Leonard Macedon looked at the trawler's captain.

"You could ring your engines down." Then he corrected himself; he wasn't on the Vigilant now, with an engine-room telegraph and a battery of indicators. "You could order them—"

Silently Morry Sleat picked up the speaking tube. But before he spoke he saw Rob Strumble climbing out of the hatchway. He dropped the tube and stepped out onto the bridge wing.

The Welshman kept on climbing. He took the bridge ladder three steps at a time and stood facing his captain. His hair was matted with grease and his big face gleamed with sweat. When he spoke it was in a slow, black wrath:

"You'll be wanting to burn my boilers out."

Leonard Macedon saw the captain tense. "Go back to your stokehole," he said tightly.

The Welshman stepped up closer. "You'd gladly shake my engines apart."

A blood vessel began jumping in Leonard Macedon's throat. He saw Morry Sleat's hard fist knotting on the bridge rail. There would have been blows then, but a sudden pounding clatter came up from the engine room. Like a startled animal Rob Strumble leaped down the ladder and into his hatchway. Leonard Macedon breathed a prayer of gratitude for that loose connecting rod.

Later he wasn't so sure. Perhaps blows would have been better. Perhaps blows would have settled it. As it stood the crew was taking sides—the black gang lining up against the sailors on deck.

HELPLESSLY, Leonard Macedon pondered it through the long, unsleeping night. A dull glow showed through the asphalt paint on the engine-room skylight and in the wheelhouse a faint wash of light, like a little bowl of vapor, came up from the compass card in the binnacle. Otherwise the trawler was black as the starless sky; it pitched and rolled in the darkness. It was a relief, at last, in the gray light of daybreak, to get an order.

Leonard Macedon put down the earphones and turned to the man at the weather glass.

"Here's a new stint for us."

Captain Sleat lifted his unshaven face.

"We're to mine Lundy Narrows."

He saw the fierce look cross that lean face and he would have called it fear if it had been another man.

"Lundy Narrows," the skipper repeated, as if it were a strange name.

"They might try to seize Lundy. A submarine or a flying boat—they could land a squadron. They'd command all Bristol Channel from up there. A few batteries on the cliffs, you understand."

"Aye, but—" Morry Sleat stared at the sea. "It's bad water. A ship can't go through there."

"They might try with E boats."

"But in this weather. The tides—"

"It's an order!" Lieutenant Macedon said sharply. "The Admiralty wants this entrance sealed."

Slowly Morry Sleat turned to his wheelsman. "Port helm," he said between his teeth. "Thirty degrees. Sing out when you raise Lundy."

Two hours later in the gray morning light they were under the somber loom of Shelter Rock. Captain Sleat called the engines down to half speed and they went gingerly toward the Narrows. A thunder boomed along those cliffs; a white and angry lace assailed the granite wall. The trawler began to tremble.

"Tides of Lundy," muttered Morry Sleat, and his eyes narrowed on the restless water over her bow.

It didn't look so ugly. There was a good space of seaway, walled by Lundy on one side and the low hump of Rat Island on the other. But Leonard Macedon found his fingers tensing. A seaman could feel the tide rip under him, treacherous and strong.

A RUMBLE sounded aft where the men were hoisting mines out of the herring hold. Captain Sleat's voice rained down on them:

"Lash those mines! Lash them fast!" He ordered the lookout down from the bridge. "Give them a hand down there. Lively!" They had a contact mine in a cargo sling. It swung as it came up through the hatch coaming. "Steady that gaff!"

It was touchy business, handling TNT in those swirling waters. Morry Sleat seized the speaking tube.

"Engines astern! Astern!"

At that moment Rob Strumble climbed out of the engine room. He stared at the swirling tide and the dark wall of Lundy. Then he raised his shaggy head. "Port your helm!" he roared at the wheelhouse.

In the back of his mind, with a curious, irrelevant and bitter humor, Leonard Macedon realized that here was a story he would tell in wardrooms and officers' clubs for the rest of his life. A captain shouting orders to the engine room while the engineer roared commands at the bridge—and all the time the tide rip swept them toward the hidden ledges. To a naval man it was grotesque, fantastic, fabulous.

But now in those racing Lundy currents the St. Agnes shuddered. There was a ghost of grating under her bottom plates, and Morry Sleat sprang to the wheel. He knocked the helmsman aside and stood there, tense as a tiger. Slowly he eased the spokes over. The seas roared up the granite cliff. The trawler rolled clear; her keel felt clear water.

"Full speed ahead!" cried Morry Sleat.

Down on the deck Rob Strumble shook his head. "Port helm!" his deep voice thundered.

A spasm of anger twisted Captain Sleat's face. He raced out of the pilothouse and down the ladder. He stood beside Rob Strumble, his fist jerking. The deck crew crowded forward from the herring hatch, and as though they heard a signal the men came up from the fireroom.

Leonard Macedon stood on the bridge with the gold chevrons on his shoulders. But he had no authority here. Lieutenant Macedon was not an officious man. Perhaps that was why he had been assigned to these heroic, headstrong men with their wind-scarred faces and their blasphemous tongues. At any rate he knew now that his place was not in the midst of a quarreling crew. He was as far outside the trouble on that trawler's deck as though he still stood on the signal bridge of the Vigilant.

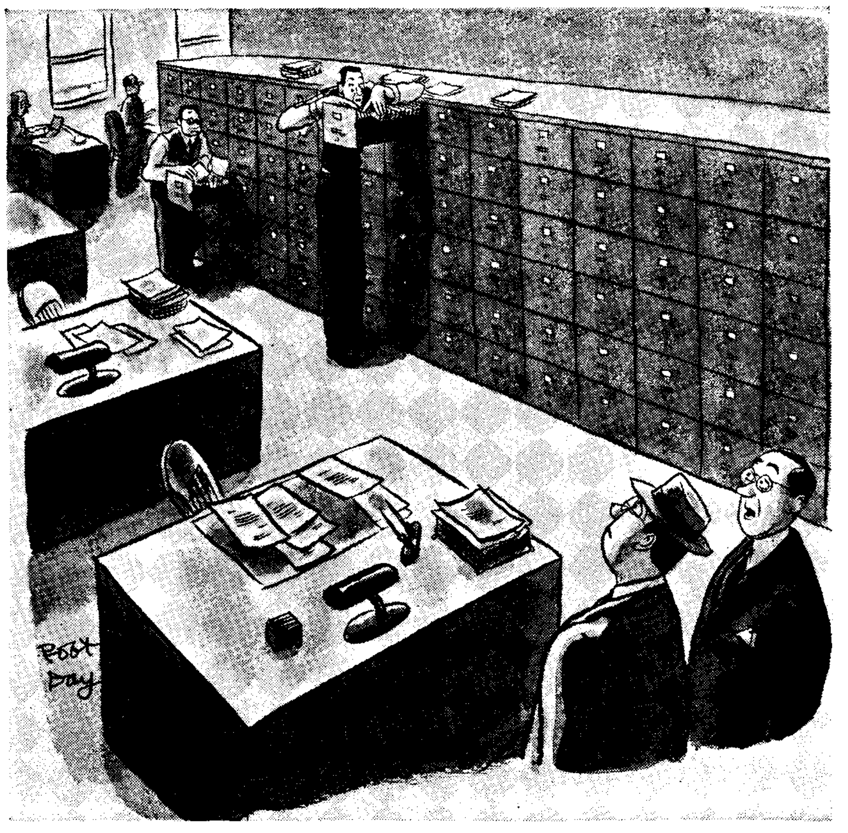
This was something that naval discipline could not touch. Those grimy men of Bristol and Cardiff, with their homes in ruin behind them and the ruinous seas ahead, would have to work their impasse out themselves—perhaps by blows and bloodshed. But Leonard Macedon felt a sadness. The petty personal things rising in this dark hour above the need of England. He thought of it quietly, with an impersonal bitterness. Forgetting the big things in the perverse obsession of the little ones—that was the way of human beings.

Down on deck the men were milling, their faces ugly. In another minute the knotted fists would fly.

Like a whisper Leonard Macedon heard some new voice at his side. The hydrophone was buzzing. He clamped the headset on. The next instant he raced to the bridge wing with the phones still on and the wires trailing. His voice hurtled down on them:

"U-boat sounding! U-boat!"

They looked up blankly. Then their



"The people who sold us the files recommended him" ROBERT DAY

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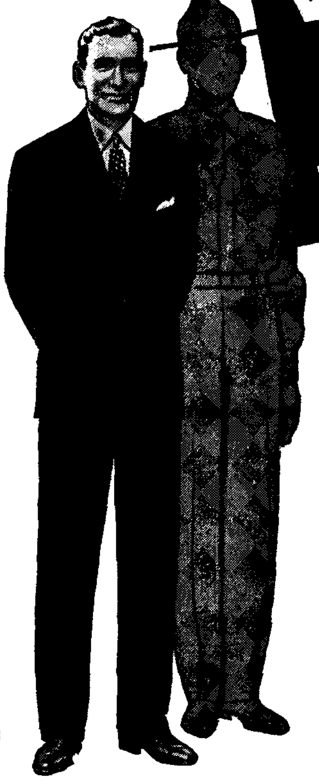

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faces cleared and sharpened. For an instant he read there an astonished gladness, a deliverance. Someone pointed a rigid hand. The snaky head of a periscope gliding—not four lengths away.

"Man the depth charge!" Captain Sleat's voice rang like metal.

His men raced aft.

"Steam!"

Without a word Rob Strumble dived into his hatchway.

In the pilothouse Morry Sleat put the wheel over. The trawler swung in an abrupt arc and from the weather glass Leonard Macedon pointed. A white furrow glided past them, half a length astern. It raced on, silent, toward Lundy. A roar, a rolling thunder, an erupting cloud of spray told them the torpedo had found the massive, impervious target of Shelter Rock.

"Starboard depth charge!" Morry Sleat cried. "Over!"

From the trawler's fantail a big black cylinder plunged into the sea.

"Steam!" he pleaded. "Steam!"

The explosion lifted them. It sent a great, swelling ripple under the sea.

"Port depth charge! Over!"

Again he lifted the speaking tube: "Steam!" It was not a command. His voice was *different*. It was a burning, urgent purpose communicated from the bridge to the viewless engine room. "Drive her!"

A voice rumbled back. "Aye!"

AGAIN they were lifted. They rocked and pitched in that underwater agitation. When the stern raised up the propeller blades raced madly. On deck the men wrestled with the lashing on their mines.

From the bridge wing Morry Sleat and Leonard Macedon scanned the empty waters. There was no patch of froth, no web of oil, no telltale sign.

Then the water broke. Like a sluggish black whale the submarine rose to the surface. It was close, to starboard, less than half a mile away. The conning tower was twisted and the craft's low superstructure had a crumpled look.

"We've damaged him," Morry Sleat said with the glasses to his eyes. "Forced him up."

A hatch opened under the twisted superstructure and the U-boat's crew swarmed up to man their gun.

The trawler's gun crew didn't need their captain's orders. They were already at their stations, crouching behind sandbags on the foredeck, wheeling the three-incher and lowering its sights. They fired first, but the trawler was pitching too steeply. The shell looped over their target. It dug up a fountain in the sea beyond.

The U-boat answered. A shell whistled past the trawler's stern; another sprayed her decks with water. The next one struck amidships, smashing a lifeboat that hung outward in its davits and shattering the engine-room skylight. Before the sound had ceased another shell landed. It was a solid hit and the trawler trembled. Her upper amidships plates were punctured. Sea water poured noisily into the engine room.

The U-boat was drawing away. "Steam!" Morry Sleat pleaded into the speaker. "Steam!"

Out of the broken hatchway climbed big Rob Strumble. His wet dungarees clung to his body. His eyes smoldered under the dark mat of his hair.

"Engine room is flooded," he said in his slow, burning anger. "Where is he?"

Captain Sleat pointed. "He's drawing away from us. He can't submerge but he can outrun us. He's too fast for a trawler." His voice sagged. "Sixteen knots anyway."

Rob Strumble stared over the gray water. The submarine was hauling away fast. It made a small, diminishing target, and the trawler's gun crew were firing wildly from their rolling deck. The U-boat wasn't throwing any more shells; their gun was too light to be effective at a distance. Perhaps they thought the trawler was finished. Already they were drawing out of range.

On the foredeck the gunners ceased firing. There was a silent, baffled anger over the ship. The only sound was the sullen wash of water in the engine room.

Slowly Rob Strumble climbed up the smoke-black funnel. He stood on the iron ladder tying down the safety valve while the water ran out of his shoes.

On deck again he called down through the shattered skylight to his firemen: "Take off your draft doors. Slice those fires. Build up steam." He looked up at the bridge. "It will take a pair of men on the hand pumps. I can't waste steam to keep the water out of her."

Morry Sleat shook his head. But his voice held a grudging softness: "We can't catch him. He's too fast. You'd shake your engines apart."

"I'll need two men on the hand pumps," Rob Strumble repeated.

The men didn't wait to be told off. A couple of sailors ducked down the ruined hatchway. The engineer swung down after them.

From the bridge wing Morry Sleat stared down where the sea water began to pulse out of the trawler's side. Already her engines were quickening. He muttered something.

"How's that?" Macedon asked.

"Oh—I said—stubborn bloke." He focused his lenses.

The U-boat was only a dark, low shape on the gray sea, racing back to the coast of France.

"Sixteen knots," Morry Sleat said. "One of the new ones." He shook his head. "A trawler couldn't even keep up with her."

By that time the St. Agnes was throbbing. She took the seas squarely. She slogged through them. She lifted over. She drove on, stubborn and angry. Far ahead the U-boat changed course. Silently Morry Sleat shouldered the helmsman away and took the wheel. He cut off the angle and gained a little. His eyes began to gleam.

THERE was a roar from the fireroom as the safety valves on the boilers blew off. Beneath that steady drone came a rumbling voice and the metal din of shovels. From the wheelhouse they could look down through the gaping skylight to the red glare from the furnace door. Rob Strumble moved through a bloody shaft of light. Abruptly the roaring stopped. There was a clatter of slice bars and a clang of shovels. Smoke poured like wrath out of the funnel.

"He's tied the boiler valves down," said Leonard Macedon.

"He's racing." Morry Sleat kept his eyes glued on the U-boat.

The submarine shifted course again. Through his glasses Leonard Macedon watched the dark shape lengthen out.

"He's not steering smartly. Maybe his steering gear is injured."

Silently Morry Sleat put his wheel over, cutting off the angle. "We're making up," he said, a few minutes later. "We're gaining."

They were all aware of it now. The gunners gathered over the broken skylight and shouted to the men below. They carried new rounds of ammunition forward. Then they came back to the engine-room hatch.

"Keep after him! We're gaining!"

Rob Strumble was up to his waist in water. But he had his gauges trembling and his arrows crowding the last, red-illumined figures on his dials. It was bedlam down there, the shovels clanging, the forced draft whining under the fires, the engines stamping. He couldn't hear their words but he saw their faces above the ruined hatchway.

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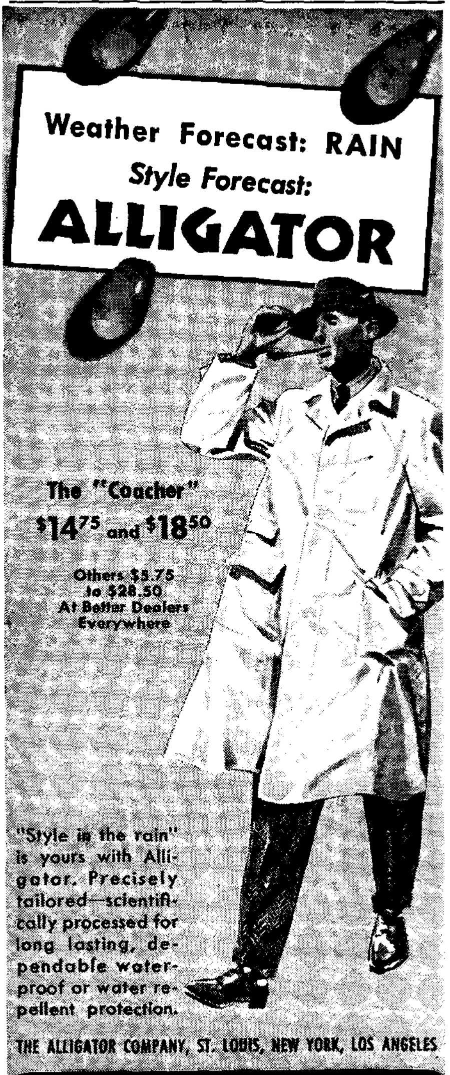

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"Keep it up, Rob! We'll get him!"

He grinned back, wading along the frenzied driving arms. The black water around him vibrated like jelly.

In the wheelhouse Morry Sleat picked up the speaking tube:

"You're gaining. We'll soon close range. If you can keep her driving."

Rob Strumble's voice roared back: "Aye!"

Every man in that trawler knew how old her boilers were. With the valves tied down and the steam lines pounding, they could go out any minute. An engineer down there would be blown clear through her sides. And the rest of them would be scattered high enough. But it was joy, a deep, exultant joy that filled their faces while the U-boat's twisted superstructure grew clear on the gray sea.

THE submarine veered off course again. Morry Sleat's hands were restless on the wheel. He pressed the advantage. He gained with every degree the U-boat wavered. His eyes narrowed, gauging the interval. Then his voice rang down:

"Firing stations! We're closing range!"

The men sprang forward. As though the laboring engines had one last effort in them, the pounding rhythm quickened.

"Fire! Keep firing!"

The first shot was short. The second shell sprayed water over the gliding black target. Another one erupted at her bow. Then a shell landed squarely. A jet of blackened water fumed up from the sea. Another shot followed, and another, as the dull roar of the explosion floated back. Sea water licked up at the U-boat's mangled superstructure.

"Stand by!" Morry Sleat shouted into the speaking tube. "Enemy sinking!"

It was quiet then, with the engines rocking slowly. Two grimy firemen stepped out of the hatchway and stood at the rail. Rob Strumble appeared, dripping oily water, with a sweat rag knotted at his throat. His chest was still heaving as he climbed up to the bridge.

"There." Morry Sleat pointed to a spreading sheen of oil on the sullen waters. "That's all that's left of him." He uncapped a tin of cigarettes. "You'll be ready for a smoke."

He held the match cupped in his hand and when Rob Strumble looked up the captain's eyes met him squarely. "We couldn't have done it on the Esmeralda," he said, shaking his head. "I never saw any man get so much out of his engines."

Rob Strumble drew deeply on his cigarette. "Takes so much out of them," he said ruefully.

The cuddy was wrecked, its port bulkhead smashed by the same shell that had shattered the engine-room skylight. But the cook had a pot of tea smoking in the galley. Afterward they went down to look at the engines. The big driving arms were rocking slowly and the pistons rose and fell. Everything seemed to have stood that terrific vibration. But when the water was all pumped out of her they saw what had happened. The engine foundations had shifted five inches on their riveted steel bed.

"They were doing a full eighteen knots," said Morry Sleat softly.

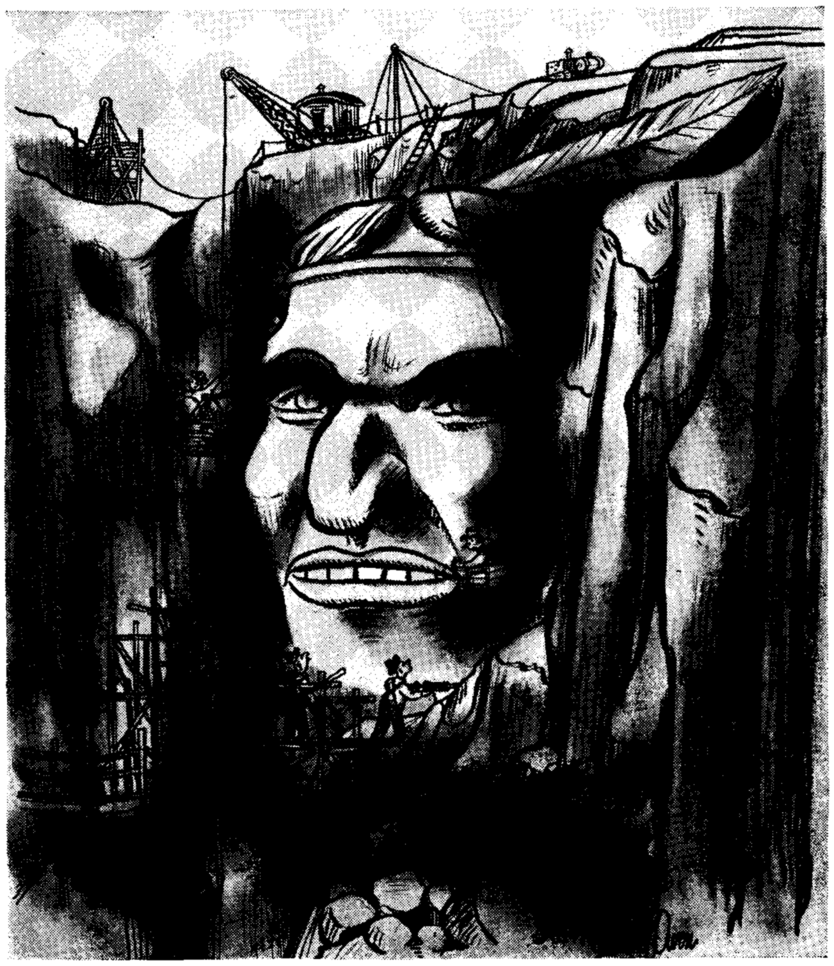
"They won't ever do even their fourteen knots again," Rob Strumble said quietly. "But that's what you save them for—the big things."

The big things—thought Leonard Macedon. The big things. Those limping, sobbing engines had been the pride of Rob Strumble's life.

"She's earned a trip to the steam fitters," Morry Sleat said.

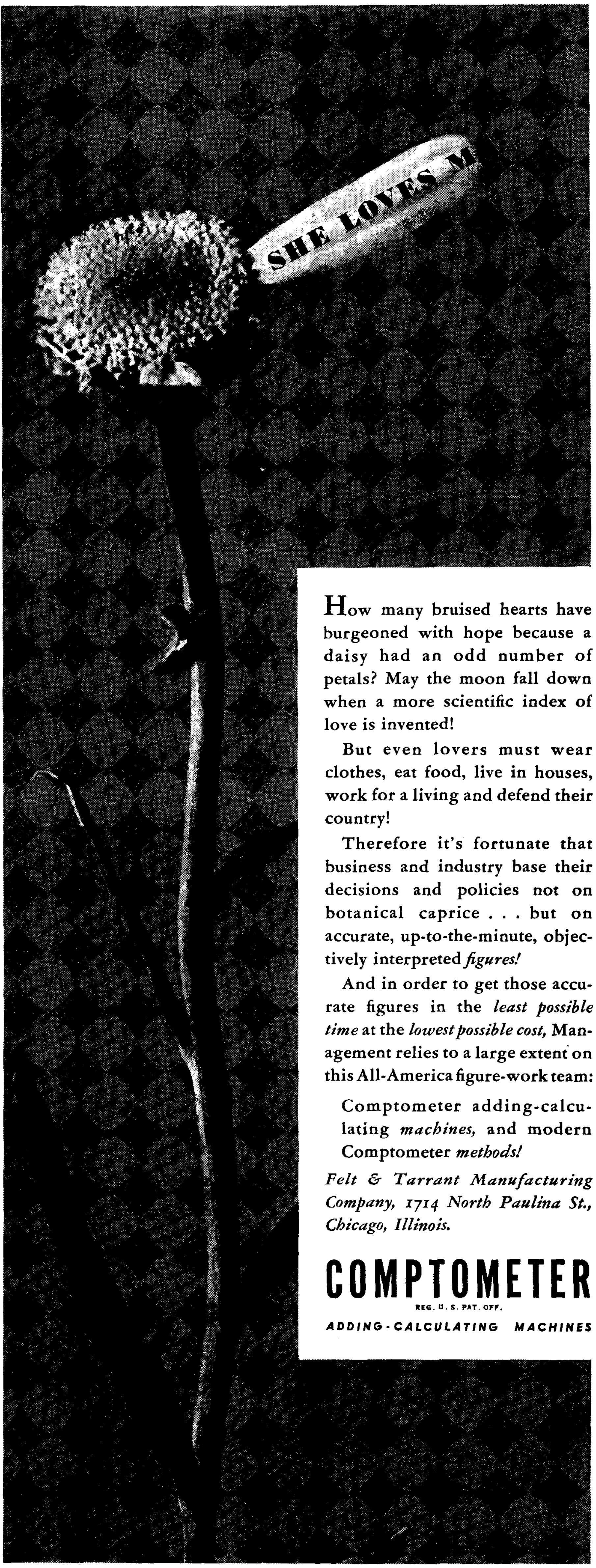
"Aye," said the Welshman. "She has that. But first we go back and mine Lundy Narrows. Ain't that so, Skipper?"

Lieutenant Macedon turned, trying to think of the answer. But Rob Strumble wasn't asking him.



"As long as we had to strike gold, we couldn't have picked a better place!"

FRANK OWEN



How many bruised hearts have burgeoned with hope because a daisy had an odd number of petals? May the moon fall down when a more scientific index of love is invented!

But even lovers must wear clothes, eat food, live in houses, work for a living and defend their country!

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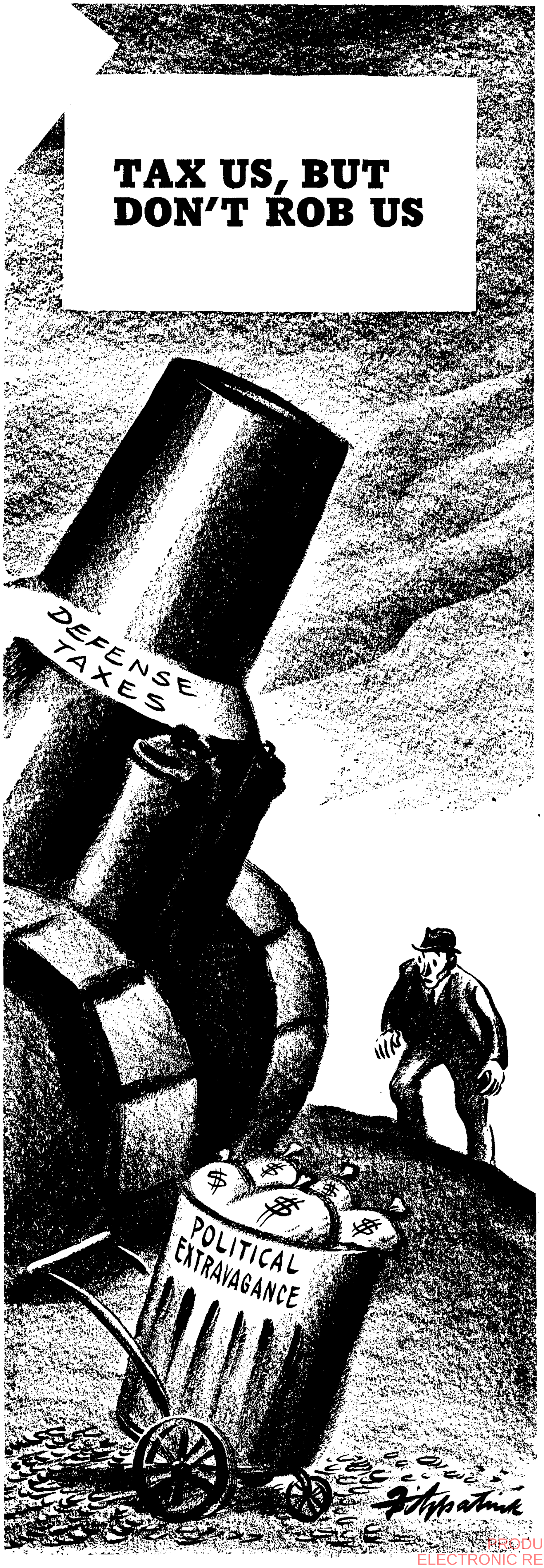


THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated.

THE above words might have been written yesterday, or they might be written tomorrow. It so happens that they were written in the winter of 1777-78, by Tom Paine, philosopher of the American Revolution.

They might have been written for the encouragement of several millions of present-day United States taxpayers, facing prospects of income taxes and other taxes, next year and in succeeding years, which will break all United States records. The words were written for the encouragement of Continental soldiers wintering with George Washington at Valley Forge, when the fortunes of the free and independent United States of America were at their all-time low to date.

All of which is to say that it is going to cost enormously, in almost every imaginable kind of taxes—visible and invisible, individual and corporate—to safeguard our American system against dangers looming overseas; and that we'd better reconcile ourselves to that fact.

We believe that the great majority of Americans already have so reconciled themselves; and then some. We believe most of us are willing to see Congress enact any new tax law that our economic system will bear. FREEDOM, to borrow Tom Paine's capital lettering, looks more nearly priceless from here every time Adolf Hitler knocks over another country, puts all its people on semistarvation rations, shifts great blocks of its population into strange and unfriendly areas and lets his supergrafter political friends begin "buying" all its paying business enterprises with worthless paper marks.

We think Americans will pay any price for freedom's survival in some parts of the world, especially our own part—if they are sure that the bulk of this heavy tax money is to be spent for that purpose.

At this writing, the facts are not convincing on that point. The politicians are asking us to make sacrifices which will hit every one of us, but politicians have not yet made real sacrifices themselves.

All hifalutin arguments and excuses aside, there is something fishy when we are assured by the Department of Labor that hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of jobs are opening up in the defense industries, but no visible move is made to cut relief expenditures in proportion.

The farmers are on their way to better farm prices than at any time since 1929. Some of them already have arrived there. Yet Congress at this writing is entertaining a $1,340,000,000 farm bill that includes a $450,000,000 parity-payment item which the Administration has called unnecessary but has done nothing to block.

Practically all government bureaus are screeching that they are vital to national defense and must have as much money as ever, if not more. Forgotten, apparently, is the President's promise to pare normal government expenditures to the bone and give defense complete priority. Not forgotten is the dubious $280,000,000-plus St. Lawrence Seaway project.

The politicians, in short, are determined up to now to go on living in the style to which they have become accustomed, while the rest of us skimp on both luxuries and necessities.

We do not think the American people will stand for this, or that they should.

We do not think, indeed, that they can stand for it. The idea, zealously nurtured by politicians, that taxes in the United States are small compared with taxes in Great Britain became a phony beginning in 1937. In 1938 and '39, the percentages of national income taken in taxes in the two countries ran almost neck and neck. Britain spurted ahead of us with the imposition of wartime taxes in 1939 and 1940; but our forthcoming tax laws can be counted on to close most of that gap. The politicians in this country can tap no such "margin of unused taxable capacity," to use a tax students' term for it, as some of them may honestly suppose they can. Counting federal, state and local taxes, we are taxed very heavily already.

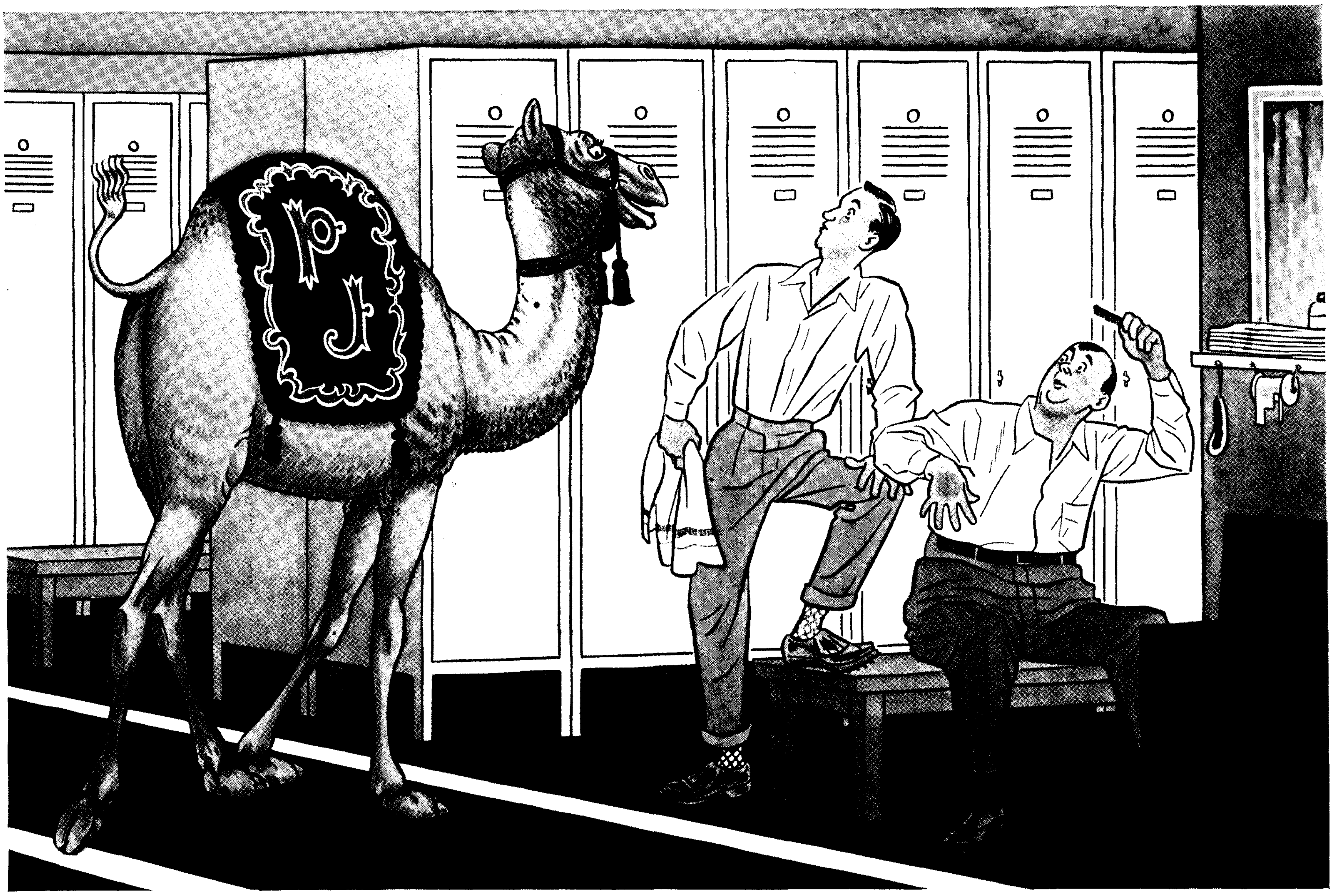
So there has got to be some economizing all along the political line, from White House to dogcatcher, as well as all along the common-citizen line.

Specifically, we'd recommend that city dwellers, townspeople and farmers everywhere band together and force local authorities to shave expenditures—which local authorities can do and will do as soon as they see that the voters who elect them mean business.

We'd also recommend substantial reductions in the state income taxes now levied by some of the 48 states. Such a proposal was greeted in California recently with loud objections by the governor and his political pals. We hope California voters will remember the episode next time they go to the polls in a state election. Same as to other states where such things have happened or may happen.

As for the federal government—well, it dredged up a lot of new income-tax payers this year by means of lowered exemptions, and properly so. It will have many more of such next year; and again, properly so. Our national safety is worth practically any price.

Nevertheless, millions of people are now interested in federal taxes and how they are spent—people who never were thus interested before. Hence, Washington had better see that we get our money's worth in rearmament. The days of tossing government money to the winds in serene confidence that the public will be too dumb to understand are gone, we believe, for at least a generation.



"Pardon, Effendi, did you mention whiskey?"

MAN: Oh come now—if we were discussing pyramids or palm trees, you might be of some help. But what's a camel know about how to get the best buy in whiskey? And what are you doing in this locker room, anyway?

CAMEL: A thousand pardons, effendi—but I am merely performing my life work. Wherever voices are raised in discussion of whiskey, there I go. You see, I am a symbol—the symbol of *dryness* in whiskey.

MAN: All this is very interesting, my long-lipped friend. But what has dryness to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: I'm glad you asked me that, oh son of a thousand wise men. For *dryness*, believe me, is a much-to-be-desired quality to look for in a whiskey. Dryness—or lack of sweetness—is the quality that allows one to enjoy the true mellow flavor and delicate aroma of a whiskey—unaltered and unimpaired!

MAN: H'm, you must be a *college* camel—all that makes a lot of sense. But isn't that rare quality of dryness sort of expensive?

CAMEL: Come closer, little brother—and tune your ears to sweet music: There *is* a whiskey called PAUL JONES that possesses this quality of dryness to a remarkable degree. It is a rare whiskey—and a *rare* buy! Its price, as many wise whiskey buyers know, is very moderate. In fact, so many people have discovered this great buy, that its popularity has increased five times in the last two years!

MAN: Say, thanks—I'm glad to learn about this PAUL JONES. Won't you play a round of golf with us tomorrow?

CAMEL: Ah, effendi, my regret knows no bounds. I play only the 19th hole.

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